

Amitri Del

"Surface Of The Moon"

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Snow in a soulless city covers up the cracks in the road

As a wastrel buys her cigarettes and wipes her pretty
nose

Like a part-time Elvis imitator these streets I knew so
well

Have been pasted beyond recognition with a temporary
smell

Now the midnight train eases out leaving everyone
marooned

And without her it might as well be the surface of the
moon

>From the well-swept streets of Jackson Heights to the
dockside drudgery

Everything's no a replica of what it used to be

And since they tarted up the trenches and painted the
bridges blue

It seems less like a home to me than just a place they
bury you

Now we're lit up like a cathedral in our frozen concrete
ruin

And without her it might as well be the surface of the
moon

So I need her and I love her that is true

But I'm stuck here like some shipwreck still holding on
to you

So when they beat out the tramps and patch up the
slums

Everything will be fine

There'll be a new facade for us to hide behind

So on the ancient trails of our coupling in the places we
used to meet

I am amazed by the lack of memories that I thought
would flood through me

And the riverside where we first kissed has now been
reduced

To a phoney old world market where only shoppers get
seduced

Now your arms embrace me strangely in your
unfamiliar room

And for all I care it might as well be the surface of the
moon

Yeh for all I care it might as well be the surface of the
moon

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