

Craig Armstrong **"Stay (Faraway, So Close!)"**

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Green light, Seven Eleven
You stop in for a pack of cigarettes
You don't smoke, don't even want to
I see you check your change
Dressed up like a car crash
The wheels are turning but you're upside down
You say when he hits you, you don't mind
Because when he hurts you, you feel alive
Is that what it is?
Red lights, grey morning
You stumble out of a hole in the ground
A vampire or a victim
It depend's on who's around
You used to stay in to watch the adverts
You could lip synch to the talk shows
And if you look, you look through me
And if you talk it's not to me
And when I touch you, you don't feel a thing
If I could stay... then the night would give you up
Stay, and the day would keep it's trust
Stay, and the night would be enough
Faraway, so close
Up with the static and the radio
With satellite television
You can go anywhere
Miami, New Orleans, London, Belfast and Berlin
And if you listen I can't call
And if you jump, you just might fall
And if you shout I'll only hear you
If I could stay... then the night would give you up
Stay then the day would keep it's trust
Stay with the demons you drowned
Stay with the spirit I found
Stay and the night would be enough
Three o'clock in the morning
It's quiet and there's no one around
Just the bang and the clatter
As an angel runs to ground
Just the bang and the clatter
As an angel hits the ground

