

## Hitchcock Robyn "Flavour Of Night"

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Long slender shadows pulsating in windows  
While feathery curtains hide fountains of eyes from the  
light  
A different disease in another translation  
Though you don't understand a familiar sensation  
But who needs to talk when you're caught in the flavour  
of night  
And you, yeah you, with your ice cream hands  
You, yeah you, are my friend  
All that you want could be happening for you  
Just like the road that unrolls there before you tonight

Eyes you don't trust the fingers have beckoned  
How long you got left--well, how long do you reckon  
But who goes to waste when they're tasting the flavour  
of night  
And you, yeah you, with your ice cream hands  
You, yeah you, are my friend

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