

KooLTURE

"Sufferings Come Every Night"

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He sees the autumn moving in closer
He sees that tree shed one more leaf
And his heart breaks into pieces
Â'Cause his girl has got away, away like a thief
He tries to unload his pains, his pains on the canvas
He tries to get her face right out, out of his mind
But seems sheÂ's still, sheÂ's still there in the attic
Close to the easel, watching him, watching him all the
time

Drawings of clowns and pictures of saints
He waits for the moon, the moon to paint
Colours of love under neon lights
Sufferings come, they come every night

He looks up at the stars, at the stars through the
window
He feels like theyÂ're making, theyÂ're making him
blind
And his eyes get lost in the darkness

ItÂ's a nightmare, itÂ's just aÂ... a misterious sign
He lives in a world of fancy and silence
He lives a dream thatÂ'll never, will never come true
Days go by with the slowness of sadness
Caught in a dream heÂ's stolen, heÂ's stolen his youth

Shapeless figures and girls in the nude
The will never, never be on view
Colours of love under neon lights
Sufferings come, they come every night

He smokes a cigar and then looks for a brush
He stares at the sky and starts crying in a hush

Drawings of clowns and pictures of saints
He waits for the moon, the moon to paint
Colours of love under neon lights
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