

Nits

"Strangers Of The Night"

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(Hofstede/Kloet/Stips - Hofstede)
We're strangers of the night
Looking at each other in the window light
You say: Let's go this way tonight
The city turns
The city burns
And I am in the back of the car
The city turns
The city burns
And I don't know where you are
Slowly the light changes
Window to window
Your hand is cupping the light of a match
Printed roses on your dress
Dark and light in folding of clothings
Body is Braille
Body is Braille
A wagon full of big-eyed cattle
Boys with potato-faces
Girls with red hands
My head is rolling full of ocean
She's a pet bird to be proud of (Julie)
You lack leadership qualities
A white steamer stuck in the afternoon
He told us to double back, double back, double back
Random birds in small backyards
Catching the morning ferry
A dark curtain of rain
A dark curtain of rain
Body is Braille
Body is Braille
A dark curtain of rain
Your hand is cupping the light of a match
A telephone rings
An aeroplane flies
We are catching the morning ferry
In a dark curtain of rain

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