

## **Del Amitri**

# **"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

So from the well swept streets of Jackson Heights  
To the dockside drudgery  
Every thing's now a replica  
Of what it used to be

But since they tarterd 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  
But 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 phony 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

Yeah, for all I care it might as well be  
The surface of the moon

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