

# The "The Twilight Hour"

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Your laying on your bed - & making shadows on the wall  
It's almost too hot to move -  
Outside your window -  
People are driving home from work - for the weekend.  
But your waiting for the phone to ring -  
Your gonna tell her exactly what you think.  
You practice getting your mouth around the words  
that explain the way you feel.  
You've been scared to show your real self -  
In case she doesn't like what she sees -  
You've been a "prostitute to humility" -  
She's invaded your life & you've got to  
Live apart - in order to...survive -  
You were emotionally independent -  
But starved of affection.  
But now you've been trapped by tenderness  
& been beaten into "submission"..  
It's now way past the hour she usually phones -

& you've decided not to tell her your little joke  
Where could she have got to.  
Why is she torturing you -  
You roll on your side -  
& run your fingers through your hair -  
Your scared of losing her -  
& facing yourself -  
A red sky at night may be a shepherds delight,  
But your cutting chunks from your heart.  
& rubbing the meat into your eyes.  
She can't leave you now - you've given up all your  
friends  
Your relying on her - for your independence  
She can't leave you here - alone & defenseless  
Your relying on her for your independence  
YOUR RELYING ON HER  
Thomas Leer - synths  
Zeke Manyika - drums  
Camelle G. Hinds - bass guitar  
Matt Johnson - synths, instruments, percussion, vocals

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