

Tim Booth**"Strange Street Affair Under Blue"**

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Just for you with your open hands
Waiting for the touch of man
Clutching with your blackened gloves
You try to capture all the doves
That flee into
The forest before you

You wish to catch and cage me now
I wonder if you remember how
Hard it was to say the names
Of mirror dreams and cheated games
And on the wall
You framed your first lover

Your form intrigues me with the glow
I'll remember you I know
Though I forgot to lock the chain
Around you with a prayer for rain
To bring the call
To drive you back into my bed

Ahhh....
She turns away
Telling me to follow for a while
Ahhh....
She waits

You'd be touched if you would touch
But you only reach and taunt
Will my taste stay grey and blue
If I try to turn from you

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