

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

"Moonland"

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When I came up from out of the meat locker
The city was gone
The sky's full of lights
The snow provides a silent cover

In Moonland
Under the stars
Under the snow

And I followed this car
And I followed that car
Through the sand
Through the snow

I turn on the radio
I listen to the DJ
And it must feel nice
It must feel nice to know
That somebody needs you
And everything moves slow

Under the stars
Under the ash
And through the sand
And the night drifts in

The snow provides a silent cover
And I'm not your favorite lover

I, I turn on the radio
And it must feel nice
Well, very, very nice to know
That somebody needs you
And, and the chilly wind blows

Under the snow
Under the stars
The whispering DJ on the radio
Whispering DJ on the radio

I'm not your favorite lover
I'm not your favorite lover

And it must feel nice
To leave no trace, no trace at all
But somebody needs you
Oh, oh and that somebody is me, baby

Under the stars
Under the snow

Your eyes were closed
You were playing with the buttons on your coat
Back of that car

Moonland
Under the stars
In Moonland
I followed that car

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