

# Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark "Christine"

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As the sun descends too quickly  
Behind the distant city  
She will ride under the water  
She will leave her son and daughter

Reduced to lying naked  
To feed those she holds sacred  
She is bare of clothes and beauty  
On display in her nudity

If someone calls her name out  
All she ever hears are cars  
Through the window in the bathroom  
Through the broken glass and bars

Seeking comfort in the wallet  
Where she placed eighty dollars  
When the last one has departed  
She can slide into the darkness

And slowly down the river  
The current pulls her under  
And it bathes her in its splendor  
Is unmoved by her surrender

And faint through the water  
The lights like brittle stars  
Someone called her name out  
She no longer hears the cars

Christine  
Christine

Christine

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