

The Go-Betweens

"The statue"

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I blow the dust from your lips and beg forgiveness
But there's too much moonlight on your skin
I rise and face the day
Another weary sinner
I can't feel your touch in the blaze of noon

At night I haunt the boulevard
To the songs of Sacha
I need the touch of fingers on my skin
Then the sunrise seeks you through a maze of dragons
And drops its touch
On the fir trees in the wind

They say that ice will melt
Marble can blind you
Doesn't matter what you felt
No-one can find you
To remind you

Cause you're a statue nothing can hurt you
You've lost the touch
Cause you're a statue nothing can hurt you
You've lost the touch

No-one can find you
Or move you

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