

Tuxedomoon **"Incubus"**

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Thin man in a powder blue suit
With eyes that slice you through
The cut of his clothes was strange indeed
A hundred years too soon

A passing stranger with no business here
A rest stop on a voyage through time
A rest stop

A passing stranger in a dream we had
The man with the patented face
The one with the telescope eyes
The man who walked away

Someone handed me a gun
Hit the switch and ran
I laughed and shot at the ceiling
I laughed and shot the walls

The smell of fusing metal
Permeates the scene
Music plays in empty halls
Music plays in empty halls

Underneath the street lights
A stranger calls your name
He flickers to a halt
And slowly fades away

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