

# Del Amitri, Evidence

Saturday night, the lights are all lit up  
There's a bottle of wine beside an overfilled paper cup  
And the cigarette she left lit is all burned up  
But the heat from where she lay is not

Like smoke from factories, we leave our heat behind  
Like wound down batteries, hearts stop sometime

And between these sheets her perfume lingers on  
And in a couple of weeks all the evidence will be gone  
Like a dust free patch where a magazine lay  
A girl leaves a gap when she goes  
But someone else fills it up someday

Like smoke from factories, we leave our heat behind  
Like wound down batteries, hearts stop sometime

She took away the daydream leaving nothing but daily life  
She took away almost everything  
But if you look you'll find  
Evidence she left behind...

A blue bar of soap left on the sink  
And lipstick 'round the last glass she used to drink  
And those burnt-up books of matches that she kept  
And heat in the mattress where she slept

Like smoke from factories, we leave our heat behind  
Like wound down batteries, hearts stop sometime  
Like smoke from factories, we leave our heat behind  
Like wound down batteries, hearts stop sometime  
Hearts stop sometimes