

Nick Cave, Moonland

When I came up from out of the meat-locker
The city was gone
The sky was 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
And everything moves slow

Under the stars
Under the ash
Through the sand
And the night drifts in
The snow provides a silent cover
And I'm not your favourite lover
I turn on the radio

And it must feel nice
Well, very very nice to know

That somebody needs you
And the chilly wind blows

Under the snow
Under the stars
The whispering DJ
On the radio
The whispering DJ
On the radio
I'm not your favourite lover
I'm not your favourite lover

And it must feel nice
To leave no trace
(No trace at all)

But somebody needs you
Ad that somebody is me

Under the stars
Under the snow

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

In moonland
Under the stars

In moonland
I followed that car

