

Rialto, When We're Together

The lights come on, I track her moves: locking the door, crossing the room. She's on the phone again

I call her up and disconnect, wait by her house once more to check, stare through the window of her

So here we are, alone again; I'm in the dark, she's in her frame, her window bay.

I play the film back through my mind with a few new scenes I've designed; maybe I'll write her one

Together, together, together, together...

(CHORUS)

Together, when we're together,

Together, when we're together,

Together...