

Sisters Of Mercy, Afterhours

One more night spent on your mirror
Black Maria, in your eyes
This stuff so strange and lonely
England fades away
In your eyes
Two O'clock in the morning
Ninety-four degrees
Through the stillness through the heat
The cars go by on fifth and breathing slow
Get up off the floor and angel put your clothes on
It's time for us to go
Let's take a ride