

Stephen Duffy, The Lost Girl In The Midnight Sun

Spanish is the loving tongue
The lost girl in the midnight sun
Is lost and young
She comes as if from a dream
And asks me what does living mean?
I'm lost I'm lost

We build in sand before the tide
I understand that we can't hide

The revenge of suburban spite
They turn their backs upon the light
They're wrong they're wrong
The narrow minded who cannot learn
From bearded boys and lank haired girls
Who were right
Right on.

In the hours of idle dreaming
Ten gold leaves my blood is bleeding
We build in sand before the tide
I understand that we can't hide
And try to hide that we don't understand

Come and live out on the beach
Where new Victorian blackouts bleach
Oh come oh come
Reject their values and their fear
Money isn't worshipped here
Oh come oh come
There will be times of joy and sorrow
Don't put off life until tomorrow
The spark of human kindness catches
A little flame among the ashes
Truth will only come in snatches