

Steve Kilbey, Cousin / Angel

Red light, white light, shining, burning bright
Cousin/Angel's staying overnight
A ragged strip of flame, a fool's delight
Drop in deep, horizon out of sight

No I don't want to know (I don't know)
And I don't want to see (I don't see)
And I don't want to be like you
Be like you

Red light, white light, shining, burning bright
Angels glide, bearing beauty cold
Cousin/Angel's staying overnight
Overland and back into the fold
A ragged strip of flame, a fool's delight
Full of stones endless story told
Drop in deep, horizon out of sight
Distant hands with nothing left to hold

Red light, white light, shining, burning bright
And I don't want to be like you
Cousin/Angel's staying overnight
And I don't want to be like you
Overland and back into the fold
And I don't want to be like you
Distant hands with nothing left to hold
And I don't want to be like you