

Alannah Myles, Everything Missing

Two lips pout
Too cold for kissing
Smoke pouring out
Fireplace is hissing
The perfect night
The ideal bride
Everything tried
Everything missing

We sat on the bed
It was dark
Everything he said was dead on the mark
Everything was missing

I went down
For my midnight session
To find someone
To cure my obsession
He said, come on
Let me read your palm
Nights get long
In my profession

We sat on the bed
It was totally dark
And everything he said was dead on the mark
With everything missing

No complaints
Long black train
To ride you blind
To the end of the line
And there I might find
Everything...