

David Gray, Debauchery

Drunken ferry boat woman
Swayin' on your sea
If I turn on the gasfire
By the rain rattled window
Won't you sail over to me

The hail storms tumbles
The rail line rumbles
You move in the porch with me
On an overcast day
The pale winter city
An afternoon's debauchery

Your blouse your skirt
I'll undo them so gentle
With beautiful care
I'm a lonely man
With five bottles of wine
I'd like you to share

The hail storm tumbles
Rain line rumbles
You move through the doors with me
On an overcast day
The pale winter city
An afternoon's debauchery

Orange street light
Afternoon becomes night
You drink your wine from a mug
There's cats at the backdoor
The snow is two inches
You roll down your tights on the rug

The hail storm tumbles
The rail line rumbles
You lie on the floor with me
Come closer my love
I'm badly in need
Of an afternoon's debauchery