

Del Amitri, Evidence

Saturday night, the lights are all lit up
There's a bottle of wine beside an overfilled paper cup
And the cigarette she left lit is all burned up
But the heat from where she lay is not

Like smoke from factories, we leave our heat behind
Like wound down batteries, hearts stop sometime

And between these sheets her perfume lingers on
And in a couple of weeks all the evidence will be gone
Like a dust free patch where a magazine lay
A girl leaves a gap when she goes
But someone else fills it up someday

Like smoke from factories, we leave our heat behind
Like wound down batteries, hearts stop sometime

She took away the daydream leaving nothing but daily life
She took away almost everything
But if you look you'll find
Evidence she left behind...

A blue bar of soap left on the sink
And lipstick 'round the last glass she used to drink
And those burnt-up books of matches that she kept
And heat in the mattress where she slept

Like smoke from factories, we leave our heat behind
Like wound down batteries, hearts stop sometime
Like smoke from factories, we leave our heat behind
Like wound down batteries, hearts stop sometime
Hearts stop sometimes