

Klimt 1918, Ghost Of A Tape Listener

I know, end is near. I haven't had a dream; who and what to blame?
Now, how can I see? I take a Polaroid from there; at the close of the day.
It's an endless time. Yes, I swear.
This is creepy fun in our ghost town.
We take a walk on an empty street
we scream for ice cream. Despite my daydreams.
I got wicked fashion sense, I don't miss their summer trance.
I could stroll for miles and miles
moonbathing under trees.
In the mood to leave my town, I take a ride.
I don't need no nicotine when I long for you, tonight.
And please don't care if they say I'm off the rail.
I could loose my way if you want my love.
Lights are turning blue and smile
is blooming like there is no more time.
We'll be strong. No break before the dawn.
Wishing well of ghosts.
It's all about to be.
I don't sympathize, I won't realize.
I will be here, outside.
In the mood to leave my town, I take a ride.
I don't need no nicotine when I long for you, tonight.
And please don't care if they say I'm off the rail.
I could loose my way if you want my love.

I'm quite scared of the German pope
but I don't miss my summer love.
I could stroll for your eyes
when I long for you tonight.
I got wicked common sense
I don't miss your lonely dance.
I'll be strong wishing well of ghosts.