

# Madeleine Peyroux, Blue Alert

There's perfume burning in the air  
Bits of beauty everywhere  
Shrapnel flying, soldier hit the dirt

She comes so close  
You feel her then  
She tells you No and No again  
Your lip is cut on the edge of her pleated skirt  
Blue Alert

Visions of her drawing near  
Arise, abide, and disappear  
You try to slow it down  
It doesn't work

It's just another night I guess  
All tangled up in nakedness  
You even touch yourself  
You're such a flirt  
Blue Alert

You know how nights like this begin  
The kind of knot your heart gets in  
Any way you turn is going to hurt

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She breaks the rules so you can see  
She's wilder than you'll ever be  
You talk religion but she won't convert

Her body's twenty stories high  
You try to look away, you try  
But all you want to do is get there first  
Blue Alert

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