

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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The kind of knot your heart gets in
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Blue Alert...