

# Nick Cave, Moonland

When I came up from out of the meat-locker  
The city was gone  
The sky was full of lights  
The snow provides a silent cover

In moonland  
Under the stars  
Under the snow

And I followed this car  
And I followed that car  
Through the sand  
Through the snow

I turn on the radio  
I listen to the DJ  
And it must feel nice  
It must feel nice to know

That somebody needs  
And everything moves slow

Under the stars  
Under the ash  
Through the sand  
And the night drifts in  
The snow provides a silent cover  
And I'm not your favourite lover  
I turn on the radio

And it must feel nice  
Well, very very nice to know

That somebody needs you  
And the chilly wind blows

Under the snow  
Under the stars  
The whispering DJ  
On the radio  
The whispering DJ  
On the radio  
I'm not your favourite lover  
I'm not your favourite lover

And it must feel nice  
To leave no trace  
(No trace at all)

But somebody needs you  
Ad that somebody is me

Under the stars  
Under the snow

Your eyes were closed  
You were playing with the buttons on your coat  
In the back of that car

In moonland  
Under the stars

In moonland  
I followed that car

