

# Peter Murphy, Jungle Haze

You smile at me  
With your lost eyes  
In awe of what you think  
Your heaven thick with wanderlust  
Your gold  
Just cold cold steel

Where is love in that Jungle Haze  
You're building temples made with sand

You call on them  
to kiss your feet  
When you should kiss their hand  
Your heaven thick with dust  
Your wishing  
Still so clean

Where is love in that  
Jungle Haze  
You're building temples  
made with sand  
Leave your city  
Leave your dream  
Let the silent sway

Come hear the silent sway