

Scott Walker, That Night

The snow was on the hill
The fields were soft and white
We touched and time stood still
On that hill, on that night

Your glances said 'begin'
Begin this strange affair
Your glances begged 'begin'
And we loved sweetly there

Time will pass, memories fade
Of a bold bizarre charade
Of a kiss in the night
Out of time, and sight

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On that hill
On that night...