

Scott Walker, Wait Until Dark

Who cares how cold and grey
The day may be
Wait until dark
And we'll be warm

Our place of love
Is where we face our dreams
Together
Where our fantasies take form

When I can't feel your nearness
In the night
My disappointments disappear

A cheerless day may bring us
Little dreams
That seem to miss their mark
But oh my darling
Wait until dark

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