

# Steve Kilbey, Number Eleven

Plane crash in the desert, everybody walked away  
Suitcase open to the breeze, light lifting up pretty heavy  
So we climbed out, looked around us  
Your shirt stuck to your skin  
Wreckage shimmered under sky, nothing on the horizon

I know you can keep me warm

Have you ever seen the evening, the way it opens up

Lie down under a wing, we breathed in everything

I know you can keep me warm

The stranger in me shuddered, your eyes were partly closed  
My hand deep in the still white sand, the stars dropped down so near  
And I hope they never find us, just to disappear  
We left it all behind us, now you'll find us here