

Anita Lipnicka & John Porter, Bones of love

Shes sipping a cappuccino
Like a cat sipping out of a bowl
Hes black espresso
To start his heart from going cold
Hes thinking cognac
But afraid his hands might shake
Shes checking her make-up
Her smiles giving nothing away
You better kill me before I kill you
You look good in black
Wholl pay the bill and keep on walking
Will get a hole in their back
Two faded tourists
Their visas have long expired
Two forgotten journalists
Whose headlines have retired
Whats that in his pocket?
They aint Chinese banknotes
Whats that in her handbag?
Thats no bar of gold.
Two suntanned lovers
Love didnt die, it just went dry
Fading into the sunset
Those bones of love passing by