

Blitzkid, Hopeless Night

Sitting in this room
as the fan hums away
with an incessant chatter
like the humming in my brain.

Head between my knees
cos' im wondering where you are
It's not quite dark outside yet
And there are no guiding stars.

Where are you tonite,
my love?
Why are you not here?
Your ringing phone goes on forever...
and forever..
A Hopeless Night is born.

It's Friday Night again,
when the streetlights melt the heat.
I'll be smudging up my windows
while these strangers and these lovers meet.

I'll kill the lights
I should anyway
All the light is finally gone.

and imagine that my knees are yours
and this humming fan, your song to me.

(chorus)

I'm Trying.
Your'e hiding.
There's a ghost at my door.
A Hopeless Night is born

(chorus)