

Bush, In A Lonely Place

caressing the marble and stone

love that was special for one

the waste and the fever and hate

how i wish you were here with me now

the body that kills and hides

matches an awful delight

one like a dog 'round your feet

how i wish you were here with me now

the hangman looks 'round as he waits

gullet stretches tight and it breaks

someday we will die in you arms

how i wish we were here with you now