

Chris Rea, Auberge

On the hard fast train
On the road to gain
Something gets right through to your telling bone
There's a sudden itch
An electric twitch
Sometimes I swear this body's got a mind of its own
This is the naked truth
This is the light
There's only one place left to go

Auberge

You meet a silent type
On a windy trail
With a shiny cloak and an unseen silver dagger
You can talk till you ache
Give yourself one more break
You can tell by the look on his face
that it just doesn't matter
This is the naked truth
This is the light
There's only one place left to go

Auberge

Give me a weekend
Give me a day
Don't like what I'm seeing though I hear what you say
Think with a dagger
And you'll die on your knees
Begging for mercy
Singing please mister please
This is the naked truth
This is the light
There's only one place left to go

Auberge