

# Craig Armstrong, Stay (Faraway, So Close)

Green light, Seven Eleven  
You stop in for a pack of cigarettes  
You don't smoke, don't even want to  
I see you check your change  
Dressed up like a car crash  
The wheels are turning but you're upside down  
You say when he hits you, you don't mind  
Because when he hurts you, you feel alive  
Is that what it is?

Red lights, grey morning  
You stumble out of a hole in the ground  
A vampire or a victim  
It depends on who's around  
You used to stay in to watch the adverts  
You could lip synch to the talk shows

And if you look, you look through me  
And if you talk it's not to me  
And when I touch you, you don't feel a thing

If I could stay... then the night would give you up  
Stay, and the day would keep its trust  
Stay, and the night would be enough

Faraway, so close  
Up with the static and the radio  
With satellite television  
You can go anywhere  
Miami, New Orleans, London, Belfast and Berlin

And if you listen I can't call  
And if you jump, you just might fall  
And if you shout I'll only hear you

If I could stay... then the night would give you up  
Stay then the day would keep its trust  
Stay with the demons you drowned  
Stay with the spirit I found  
Stay and the night would be enough

Three o'clock in the morning  
It's quiet and there's no one around  
Just the bang and the clatter  
As an angel runs to ground  
Just the bang and the clatter  
As an angel hits the ground