

David Sylvian, The Scent Of Magnolia (Portobello)

In the coldest hour something's going down
Whatever pierced the heart it didn't make a sound
I am terrified but I'm not losing sleep
If I'm falling then I'm falling at her feet

I'm leaving America, I'm taking a girl
I'm selling my soul again, I'm gaining the world
Every sense defies this impossible dream
None of the history books describe what I've seen

The rose, the breath, the undying spark
The lotus heart's open, embracing the dark
The uncharted road is the not-coming-back
The language I speak is the words that I lack
The oncoming cars, the wedding of stars

Well I know your name or recognise your face
Or by what means I'll be delivered from this place
Here comes the gun, there goes the flash
Once the bullet leaves it's never coming back

The scent of magnolia, the face of a girl
And every detail embodies the world
What kind of goals define this impossible dream
None of the picture-books reflect all I've seen

I'm leaving America, I'm taking the girls
I'm far from the future and ambush the world

The scent of magnolia, the face of a girl
And every detail embodies the world
What kind of goals define this impossible dream
None of the history books describe where I've been

I'm leaving America, I'm taking a girl
I'm far from the future and ambush the world