

Del Amitri, Surface Of The Moon

Snow in a soulless city covers up the cracks in the road
As a wastrel buys her cigarettes and wipes her pretty nose
Like a part-time Elvis imitator these streets I knew so well
Have been pasted beyond recognition with a temporary smell
Now the midnight train eases out leaving everyone marooned
And without her it might as well be the surface of the moon
From the well-swept streets of Jackson Heights to the dockside drudgery
Everything's now a replica of what it used to be
And since they tarterd up the trenches and painted the bridges blue
It seems less like a home to me than just a place they bury you
Now we're lit up like a cathedral in our frozen concrete ruin
And without her it might as well be the surface of the moon
So I need her and I love her that is true
But I'm stuck here like some shipwreck still holding on to you
So when they beat out the tramps and patch up the slums
Everything will be fine
There'll be a new facade for us to hide behind
So on the ancient trails of our coupling in the places we used to meet
I am amazed by the lack of memories that I thought would flood through me
And the riverside where we first kissed has now been reduced
To a phoney old world market where only shoppers get seduced
Now your arms embrace me strangely in your unfamiliar room
And for all I care it might as well be the surface of the moon
Yeh for all I care it might as well be the surface of the moon