

Diana Ross, Pieces Of Ice

(M. Jordan/J. Capek)

Walking blind across this silver room
Looking through a smoke menagerie
Looking at your face inside of me
In the darkness you're Tunisia

Nights are long entropic
I can't seem to cope
It's cold when I look in your eyes

Pieces of ice
Pieces of ice
Pieces of ice
Pieces of ice

Where the zebra lightning strikes the room
Foreign words are strutted through the gloom
Women swooping down like birds of prey
Never close but never far away

Night are long entropic
I can't seem to cope
It's cold when I look in your eyes

Pieces of ice
Pieces of ice
Pieces of ice
Pieces of ice