

# Electronic, Late At Night

I don't plan or conspire  
I don't want to get no higher  
It's your lack of ambition  
Well, they tell me that's what it's missing  
All the guns out on the western front  
Are quiet now  
Well, it's nice to hear the world  
Breathe a sigh

## CHORUS

It's like the colour of your skin  
You know, it doesn't mean a thing  
Nor do the clothes that we're wrapped in  
It doesn't matter if you're thin  
And though I lay awake at night  
I know your arms will hold me tight  
And I thank God we got it right  
Here in this city late at night

We are each like no other  
We are unique to our mother  
We are foals in the stable  
But we leave home when we're able  
But we all need someone  
Like the Earth needs the Sun  
And our fate will be found  
In this life in the ground

Don't you get it wrong

## CHORUS

## CHORUS