

# Element Of Crime, Something Was Wrong

There was no stranger pacing behind me  
when I came out of the movies deep in the night  
And no Mack-the-knife was waiting 'round the corner, in the dark  
No one asked me for money, no one made a remark  
It was a warm and velvet midnight  
I whistled my favourite song  
The street lay blue in the moonlight,  
but I couldn't help feeling  
that something was wrong

There was a feeling, something was different  
As if someone had put a spell on this night  
The trees they whispered sweet nothings, a dog was barking somewhere  
There was a kind of tension, an electric smell in the air,  
but I didn't step into dogshit  
I whistled my favourite song  
I hit the street in the moonlight  
Though I couldn't help feeling  
that something was wrong

I heard nothing but the sound of my footsteps  
and the answer came over me when I got home  
I was alone there, no one waiting, no one would call in the night  
No one would whisper sweet nothings, and no one would hold me tight  
It was a springtime without you  
Nothing else could be wrong  
It was springtime, I was lonely,  
and the song I had whistled:  
It was a lovesong