

Etienne Daho, Accident (He's On The Phone)

He's on the phone, doesn't want to go home
The hotel life (forget your wife), you're on your own Academia girl
Her life's a gas, she loves the trash inside his world
Can't fide his way there, got the cash, feeling flash, in Leicester Square
Ooh-ooh, yes
She never meant to call, she did anyway
And now he's trying to find the world to say someday
It's five to twelve and she's nervous as hell with nothing to lose, it's
And her's is lilac and gold
The thing she has, she's feeling sad, she's feeling old
Skin is dewdrop and warm, the lipstick kiss, reminisce, or wait will dawn
Et c'est alors que supposment bless par le commun des mortels,
qu'en habit pourpre et net, de mes cendres fiction,
pour l'encore inconnu, attendu,
je rsrecte encore et encore, pour toi, je rsrecte encore et encore.
He's on the phone and she wants to go home,
shoes in hand, don't make a sound, it's time to go.