

Handsome Furs, What We Had

It's cold
a plain diamond
nobody's here, just empty space
It's all moving, breathing
stuck to the ceiling, don't mean a thing

and what we had don't mean a thing
and what we had is already gone

it's all
a plain diamond
nobody's here, just empty space

they're all our eyes are saucered to see
as if hands might float right down from above
and change this place
nobody here, don't mean a thing

and what we had don't mean a thing
and what we had is already gone

I sit outside with the rain now
and time rolls slow
I sit outside with the rain
and time rolls slow
but they may never shut off
but they may never shut off