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