

Hitchcock Robyn, Flavour Of Night

Long slender shadows pulsating in windows
While feathery curtains hide fountains of eyes from the light
A different disease in another translation
Though you don't understand a familiar sensation
But who needs to talk when you're caught in the flavour of night
And you, yeah you, with your ice cream hands
You, yeah you, are my friend
All that you want could be happening for you
Just like the road that unrolls there before you tonight
Eyes you don't trust the fingers have beckoned
How long you got left--well, how long do you reckon
But who goes to waste when they're tasting the flavour of night
And you, yeah you, with your ice cream hands
You, yeah you, are my friend