

Kinky Machine, London Crawling

I'll call you up from a phone box-
Your light is in on, it's 3 o'clock
We'll go for a drive with the radio on
And you'll come alive to a forgotten song

London crawling through the sodium glow
Just like lovers again
Slipping between the sheets of dirty rain
London crawling through the sodium glow
Just like lovers again
Slipping between the sheets of dirty rain

Under the cover of the narcotic night
The streaming colours of the traffic lights
The two of us dreading the end -
Burning our money in a basement