

Rialto, Lipstick Letters

I get home late but I can't sleep, no message on my machine, the red light eyes me knowingly. And
'Cos when I read between the lines, pictures of you hi-jack my mind. I don't know where you're going
Sit and watch the cars go by with a cheap bottle of wine, but it doesn't help to pass the time. I don't

(CHORUS)

Raking through the old fag-ends of forgotten conversations - they're burning on my lips again. And

(CHORUS)