

Rialto, Quarantine

In the evening rush she takes her seat by the window, and when she lights up nobody speaks - the

Contact unclean, lock me up in quarantine.

Bathed in the blue wash of a TV screen, surfing served-up dreams, to the happy glow of the burger

(CHORUS)

Contact unclean, lock me up in quarantine. Contact, I'm unclean, lock me up in quarantine.

Quarantine, quarantine, all our lives we've been in quarantine.

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Quarantine, quarantine, all our lives we've been in quarantine.