

Saint Etienne, Fascination

At a desk across the hall
She makes another call
Didn't mean to hear you shout
What's that all about?

She said she always stays up late
She never looked so great
But she's moving Saturday to a flat in (can't understand)

Fascination, you talk so much about her
Fascination, it's clear you love to say her name
You love to say her name

So you all went to the bar
To celebrate the news
But she couldn't stay for long
Cause she had some things to do

Fascination, you talk too much about her
Fascination, it's clear you love to say her name
Fascination, I know too much about her
Lately it's clear
Lying with the evening sun
Warm against your cheek
You are working out, what she'll be doing
What you are going to say to her next week

Fascination, you talk too much about her
Fascination, it's clear you love to say her name
Fascination, I know too much about her
Fascination, it's clear you love to say her name.