

# Scott Walker, Montague Terrace (In Blue)

The little clock's stopped ticking now  
We're swallowed in the stomach rue  
The only sound to tear the night  
Comes from the man upstairs

His bloated belching figure stomps  
He may crash through the ceiling soon  
The window sees trees cry from cold  
And claw the moon

But we know don't we  
And we'll dream won't we  
Of Montague Terrace in blue

The girl across the hall makes love  
Her thoughts lay cold like shattered stone  
Her thighs are full of tales to tell  
Of all the nights she's known

Your eyes ignite like cold blue fire  
The scent of secrets everywhere  
A fist filled with illusions  
Clutches all our cares

But we know don't we  
And we'll dream won't we  
Of Montague Terrace in blue oh in blue