

Scott Walker, Montague Terrace (In Blue)

The little clock's stopped ticking now
We're swallowed in the stomach of 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