

# Sisters Of Mercy, Afterhours

One more night spent on your mirror  
Black Maria, in your eyes  
This stuff so strange and lonely  
England fades away  
In your eyes  
Two O'clock in the morning  
Ninety-four degrees  
Through the stillness through the heat  
The cars go by on fifth and breathing slow  
Get up off the floor and angel put your clothes on  
It's time for us to go  
Let's take a ride