

Stars, Counting Stars On The Ceiling

Les soleils couchants
Reuvent les champs
Les canaux, la ville entire
D'hyacinthe et d'or
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumire
L, tout n'est qu'ordre et beaut
Luxe, calme et volupt
Took a taxi with Jean last night
It was late and it was raining
We live far away from each other
And there was no desire
I think it was more the dark night
Or some lonely feeling

When we got home, we were alone
We fell in love with that feeling
When we got home, we were alone
We fell in love with that feeling

Rain since Tuesday
Barely found my way to the shop
For the milk in the morning
And the news of the world had turned around
Then I heard you calling
Saw you turn the darkened corner
Then you were gone

When I've got home, I was alone
I fell in love with that feeling
When I've got home, I was alone
And I counted stars on the ceiling

When I've got home, I was alone
And I fell in love with that feeling
When I've got home, I was alone
And I counted stars on the ceiling
I fell in love with that feeling

When I've got home, I was alone
I counted stars on the ceiling
I fell in love with that feeling
I fell in love with that feeling

The setting suns
Adorn the fields
The canals, the whole city
With hyacinth and gold
The world falls asleep
In a warm glow of light
There all is order and beauty
Luxury, peace, and pleasure