

# Stephen Duffy, The Lost Girl In The Midnight Sun

Spanish is the loving tongue  
The lost girl in the midnight sun  
Is lost and young  
She comes as if from a dream  
And asks me what does living mean?  
I&#039;m lost I&#039;m lost

We build in sand before the tide  
I understand that we can&#039;t hide

The revenge of suburban spite  
They turn their backs upon the light  
They&#039;re wrong they&#039;re wrong  
The narrow minded who cannot learn  
From bearded boys and lank haired girls  
Who were right  
Right on.

In the hours of idle dreaming  
Ten gold leaves my blood is bleeding  
We build in sand before the tide  
I understand that we can&#039;t hide  
And try to hide that we don&#039;t understand

Come and live out on the beach  
Where new Victorian blackouts bleach  
Oh come oh come  
Reject their values and their fear  
Money isn&#039;t worshipped here  
Oh come oh come  
There will be times of joy and sorrow  
Don&#039;t put off life until tomorrow  
The spark of human kindness catches  
A little flame among the ashes  
Truth will only come in snatches