

# Steve Kilbey, Vanishing Act

Well then I dreamed we were washed up in new guinea  
Castaways on a hostile shore  
Purple waves on the salty ocean breaking  
The music flowing underneath your bedroom door

Wouldn't you know it, that's a fact

Wouldn't you know it, just in time for your vanishing act

I said "hey isadora, get undressed"  
As if that's any way to treat a guest  
Like the wild winds above us, frothing on the sky  
You'll become immortal on the day that you die