

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