

The Church, Hiroshima Mon Amour

Somehow we drifted off too far
Communicate like distant stars
Splintered voices down the phone
The sunlit dust, the smell of roses drifts, oh no
Someone waits behind the door
Hiroshima mon amour

Riding inter-city trains
Dressed in European grey
Riding out to echo beach
A million memories in the trees and sands, oh no
How can I ever let them go?
Hiroshima mon amour

Deep beneath the autumn lake
Where only echoes penetrate
Walk through polaroids of the past
Futures fused like shattered glass, the suns so low
Turns our silhouettes to gold
Hiroshima mon amour