

# The Cure, This Green City

Someone's evil laugh shoots down my back  
shapeless and ageing we start to run  
through the tangle of your broken words  
this cheap impulse falls so dry  
In the maze. I burn down  
turn...you turn my skin around  
wishing my eyes could look down  
down on me...  
Stairs fall like jewels  
as we near the door  
you fold through my neck  
and arms like crystal  
so black, so black with charm and breath  
we turn to face the dying sun...  
This green city rains down on me  
this green city rains down on me