

The Style Council, The Paris Match

Empty hours
Spent combing the street
In daytime showers
They've become my beat;
As I walk from cafe to bar
I wish I knew where you are;
You sort of clouded my mind
And now I'm all out of time
Empty skies say try to forget
Better advice is to have no regrets;
As I tread the boulevard floor
Will I see you once more;
Because you've colored my mind
'Till then I'm biding my time

I'm only sad in a natural way
And I enjoy sometimes feeling this way
The gift you gave is desire
The match that started my fire

Empty nights with nothing to do
I sit and think, every thought is for you;
I get so restless and bored
So I go out once more;
I hate to feel so confined
I feel like I'm wasting my time