

Who Killed Mr. Moonlight?

Bauhaus

Consider green lakes
And the idiocy of clocks
Someone shot nostalgia in the back
Someone shot our innocence
And all our colors have run

A broken arrow in a bloody pool
The wound in the face
Of midnight proposals
Someone shot nostalgia in the back
Someone shot our innocence

In the shadow of his smile
In the shadow of his smile
In the shadow of his smile
In the shadow of his smile

All our dreams have melted down
We are hiding in the bushes
From dead men
Doing Douglas Fairbanks' stunts

All our stories burnt
Our films lost in the rushes
We can't paint any pictures
As the moon had all our brushes

Extracting wasps from stings in flight
Who killed Mr. Moonlight?
Who killed Mr. Moonlight
In the shadow of his smile
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