

Green light, seven eleven
You stop in for a pack of cigarettes
You don't smoke, don't even want to
Hey now, check your change
Dressed up like a car crash
Your wheels are turning but you're upside down
You say when he hits you, you don't mind
Because when he hurts you, you feel alive
Oh, is that what it is?

Red lights, grey morning
You stumble out of a hole in the ground
A vampire or a victim
It depends on who's around
You used to stay in to watch the adverts
You could lip synch to the talk shows

And if you look, you look through me
And when you talk, it's not to me
And when I touch you, you don't feel a thing

If I could stay then the night would give you up
Stay, and the day would keep its trust
Stay, and the night would be enough

Faraway, so close
Up with the static and the radio
With satellite television
You can go anywhere
Miami, New Orleans, London, Belfast, and Berlin

And if you listen I can't call
And if you jump, you just might fall
And if you shout I'll only hear you

If I could stay then the night would give you up
Stay then the day would keep its trust
Stay with the demons you drowned
Stay with the spirit I found
Stay and the night would be enough

Three o'clock in the morning
It's quiet and there's no one around
Just the bang and the clatter
As an angel runs to ground
Just the bang and the clatter
As an angel hits the ground