

Blue Candles

Brazzaville

Blue candles
At noon
Burn with a light
That makes me think of you
You went away too soon

The evening
We met
The peculiar way
You held your cigarette
I knew we would be friends

Lonely
Summer afternoons
Smoking in a turquoise furnished room
Oh Oh

We smoked some
Balloons
Abandoned the world
Outside your little room
Two candles in the gloom

The hair on
Your legs
It don't really turn me on
But that's OK
'Cause I like you anyway

Lonely...