

Foreign Disaster Days

Brazzaville

Fades like a super 8
Shot from above the parade
My mother the sad young Jew
Glimpsed in a dream or two
She's always my saving grace

Love beneath the waves
Memories of her face
Drag me down like heroin
Foreign Disaster Days

Well there's nothing like a car bomb
Window shopping at three
All she ever wanted
Was a lighthouse by the sea