

# Colour Of The Night

Brett Anderson

My love she hides a cruel disease  
It's the bullet in her mind, it's the plan  
between her knees  
It's the colour of the night, it's the  
number of the beast

My love she dreams of Tel Aviv  
She's got nails in her hands and nails  
in her feet  
She's not from the Holy Land but she  
think she used to be

Tell me when was hell so beautiful?  
Tell me with your words that disagree  
Tell me with your reason carved like granite  
Tell me so that I can be free

My love she's like a cruel disease  
She's the bullet in my mind  
She's got a plan between her knees  
She's the colour of the night  
She stirs the beast in me