

Albuquerque

David Sylvian

He arrives by night
Open up the door and let him in
She's the sole proprietor
Exchanging two for one
She's the sole proprietor
There is no other
Who would have thought she's in Albuquerque
When Mother calls he must come
Out of hiding
Remembers nothing
Takes the books
Shades of mid-life crisis
Eyes of petrochemical blue