

Another Letter Home

Del Amitri

There's a true blue moon in the black city sky
But it looks white as an eyeball from here
And I wonder tonight, does it look white from where you are too
?

And so far every morning, I wake up missing you
The sweat in my T-shirts and dust in my shoes
Reminds me that paradise is only a point of view

You know, everybody here seems to be sleepwalking
And pretending that they're free
But they are all owned by Coca-
Cola and maintained by vitamin C

And there's freak shows and strip shows and theme parks and all
those
Standard distractions and curiosities
So I smile at strangers like this is the place to be
But if you took away the sunshine, dirt would be all you'd see

And someone should tell me how to stop feeling small
Between sky-scraping offices and 20 ft Marlboros
The squeeze of a hand suggests love but first "How do you do?"

And it's all so sincere here it just seems insane
Last night somebody told me that there's two ways to bane:
you can kill someone or you can dress up and change your name

And you can be a has-been without having been anything
But the light relief at the end of the news when the hill of th
ings you've thrown away
Is bigger than the things you've used
But they say you can still see your face in the polish on the P
resident's shoes

So everyone's laughing and living in style
The bill for the dentist as big as the smile
I open my eyes and toothpaste is all I see
You know, everyone's so friendly here they just postponed WW3