

Late night  
Step on the carousel  
And spend all night  
Spinning round and round  
Hold tight  
And no don't you let go  
Until daylight  
Pours through your window  
I long for the smell of your hair,  
The smell of your hair

And all this time  
In a hiding place, in a hiding place  
All our lives, with a melody all our own  
All this time  
Yeah we might as well, we might as well  
Close our eyes, singing a melody all our own

Sometimes  
We talk on the telephone  
Running dry  
The conversation slows  
Red lights  
And plans not set in stone  
Well I'm up all night  
Until you get home  
I long for the smell of your hair,  
The smell of your hair

And all this time  
In a hiding place, in a hiding place  
All our lives, singing a melody all our own  
All this time  
Yeah we might as well, we might as well  
Close our eyes, singing a melody all our own

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