

Moonland

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

When I came up from out of the meat locker
The city was gone
The sky was full of lights
The snow provided a silent cover
In moonland
Under the stars
Under the snow
And I followed this car
And I followed that car
Through the sand
Through the snow
I turn on the radio
I listen to the DJ

And it must feel nice
(It must feel nice)
It must feel nice to know
That somebody needs you
And everything moves slow

Under the stars, under the ash, under the sand
And the night drifts in
The snow provided a silent cover
And I'm not your favourite lover
I turn on the radio

And it must feel nice
(It must feel nice)
Oh, very, very nice to know
That somebody needs you
And the chilly winds blow

Under the snow, under the stars
The whispering DJ on the radio
The whispering DJ on the radio
I'm not your favourite lover
I'm not your favourite lover

And it must feel nice
(It must feel nice)
To leave no trace
That somebody needs you
And that somebody is me

Under the stars, under the snow

Your eyes were closed
You were playing with the buttons on your coat
In the back of that car

In moonland
Under the stars
In moonland
And I followed that car