

Hobart Paving

Saint Etienne

I heard she drove the silvery sports car
Along the empty streets last night
Hanging around
With hair-dos like mine
No I haven't seen the kids for some time

Picked up her shoes from the red brick stairway
Just like a harpsichordist she moves
And back upstairs at half past two
With a paper folded outside the loo

Rain falls like Elvis' tears
Oh no, no sugar tonight
Out on the high street
Dim all the lights and
Cry coloured tears again

And baby
Don't forget to catch me
Don't forget to catch me
Don't forget to catch me
Hobart paving, don't you think that it's time?
On this platform with the drizzle in my eyes

And baby
Don't forget to catch me
Don't forget to catch me
Don't forget to catch me
Hobart paving, don't you think that it's time?
The ticket's in my hand, the train pulls down the line

Rain falls like Elvis' tears
Oh no, no sugar
Out on the high street
Dim all the lights and
Cry coloured tears...

And baby
Don't forget to catch me
Don't forget to catch me
Don't forget to catch me
Hobart paving, don't you think that it's time?
On this platform with the drizzle in my eyes

(Oh no no sugar tonight) don't forget to catch me
(Oh no no sugar tonight) don't forget to catch me
(Oh no no sugar tonight) don't forget to catch me
Don't forget to catch me