

## 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