

## Afterhours

The Sisters of Mercy

One more night spent on your mirror  
Black maria, in your eyes  
This stuff so strange and lonely  
England fades away  
In your eyes

Two o'clock in the morning  
Ninety-four degrees

Through the stillness through the heat  
The cars go by on Fifth and  
Breathing slow  
Get up off the floor and angel  
Put your clothes on  
It's time for us to go

Let's take a ride