

Number Eleven

Steve Kilbey

Plane crash in the desert, everybody walked away
Suitcase open to the breeze, light lifting up pretty heavy
So we climbed out, looked around us
Your shirt stuck to your skin
Wreckage shimmered under sky, nothing on the horizon

I know you can keep me warm

Have you ever seen the evening, the way it opens up
Lie down under a wing, we breathed in everything

I know you can keep me warm

The stranger in me shuddered, your eyes were partly closed
My hand deep in the still white sand, the stars dropped down so
near
And I hope they never find us, just to disappear
We left it all behind us, now you'll find us here