

Apocalypso

The Motels

They dance all night at los café
Gina like it very good that way
Moon beams, air full of light
And the perfumed pleasure scent the night

And the hopeful young
Caress with care
The girl, the boy
And the night that's theirs

He stumble, fumble with her dress
Tonight forever, she'll be his
No day, no tomorrow
All the children making love out of sorrow
No tomorrow, they know
So they dance Apocalypso now

And the hopeful young
Caress with care
The girl, the boy
And the night that's theirs

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