

We had our passports out and the kits to fix 'em up with
And the hurricane lamp cast our shadows on the ceiling
I watched 'em box with one another like punch and judy
It was dangerous and delightful
It was that kind of feeling
When you said you were sure there was nothing standing in
our way
And the lie ran off and hid itself in the alleys all
around bombay

I saw you knock the lamp over while reaching for the
scissors
And I wondered how we'd ever get by without it
And you fell into my arms, sweet and gentle
Poison in the water
Little doubt about it
And you said that one of us would be all alone someday
And the truth of it echoed inexhaustably all across
bombay
La la la