

More Heat Than Light

The Walkabouts

I never met your castanets
I never met them Spanish singers
Said you drank with them
In a Hamburg bar
Drank all night
Though they were younger

And in the taxi home
You lost your phone
But you say, you're better off without it
I never lose, my temper anymore
But I know just where to find it

There are moments of grace
In the heat of the chase
More heat than light

A freeway overpass, in the fog
The future catches, up with us quickly
And though the sky is what I, wish I saw
I'll settle for your memory

Crippled pigeons
Earthquake stores
Gypsies point you to the door
Terra cotta traces
I remember all the towns
But not the faces

There are moments of grace
In the heat of the chase
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Tremblin' hands
Tremblin' knees
The shiverin' of souls
The surrenderin' of greed
Your friends all told me, that you
Knew what you were doin'

Silk or cedar
Ivory or bone
Not a single kiss is worth a stone
Unless we say it is
Unless we pray it is
Come on, and say it is
More heat than light