

## 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  
More heat than light

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