

Incubus (Blue Suit)

Tuxedomoon

Thin man in a powder blue suit with eyes that slice you through
The cut of his clothes was strange indeed (a hundred years too
soon).

A passing stranger with no business here, a rest stop on a voya
ge through time □ a rest stop.

A passing stranger in a dream we had □ the man with the patente
d face □ the one with the telescope eyes □ the man who walked awa
y.

Someone handed me a gun, □ hit the switch and ran.

I laughed and shot at the ceiling □ I laughed and shot at the w
alls.

The smell of fusing metal permeates the scene □ music plays in e
mpty halls □ music plays in empty halls.

Underneath the street light the stranger calls your name

He flickers to a halt □ and slowly fades away.