Christine

Orchestral Manoeuvres In the Dark

As the sun descends too quickly
Behind the distant city
She will ride under the water
She will leave her son and daughterReduced to lying naked
To feed those she holds sacred
She is bare of clothes and beauty
On disply in her nudityIf someone calls her name out
All she ever hears are cars
Through the window in the bathroom
Through the broken glass and bars
Seeking comfort in the wallet
Where she placed eighty dollars
When the last one has departed
She can slide into the darknessAnd slowly down the river
The current pulls her under
And it bathes her in it's splendor
Is unmoved by her surrender
And faint through the water
The lights like brittle stars
Someone called her name out
She no longer hears the carsChristine...

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