Salome

Cousteau

So this is not the place
And these are not the times
I hear my bell a-tollin'
Now the stars begin to shine
Salome, Salome I...
Salome the love we made
Between us
Has become the hunted kindAnd I recall I surrendered
I saw you dancing barefoot
In the garbage and the leaves
And we were small, worn and tender
Salome the games we played
Woke the dogs
Who prey on me
Prey on me'Cause Salome, Salome maybe
Salome maybe between you and me
We'd have made some history
Salome, Salome I...
Salome if it's all the same
Whatever did become of me, of me...And I'll be there, I'll wait for you
I'm hearing in the distance
There's a bird that calls my name
'Cause Salome, I adored you
Salome the very flame
That licked us
Has become fair game
Fair game...

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