

Blue Heat

Cabaret Voltaire

"Blue Heat"
Microphonies
Cabaret Voltaire
Come into a dusty room.
Sitting down with empty papers.
Wipe your smoke through the hallways.
Someone whispers in the darkness.
Might be here, way too long.
All alone in this new light.
This isn't love in wartime.
Blue, blue, strip you blue.
Blue, blue, strip you blue.
This star, like a die is cast.
Nice talking, under wraps.
Tracing their every movement.
Seducing me in wartime.
Scatter the dusty papers.
But it's late, the time clicks over.
I am, still moving.
I feel, her voice is nearer.
With me, I'm part of you.
Return, to these rooms.
Come back to, blue heaven.
Blue, blue, strip you blue.
Blue, blue, strip you blue.
Come into dusty rooms.
Sit down with empty papers.
Wipe the smoke through the hallways.
Someone whispers in the darkness.
Might be there, way too long.
Scatter the dusty papers.
Come back to, blue heaven.
Blue, blue, strip you blue.
Blue, blue, strip you blue.
Blue, blue, strip you blue.
Blue, blue, strip you blue.

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