Quarantine

Rialto

In the evening rush, she takes her seat by the window.
And when she lights up, nobody speaks, they just adjust their clothes.
She sits on the train from five fifteen to five fifty.
It's always the same,
"The way" she says "they look at me".
From Saturday to Saturday.
Contact, unclean, lock me up in quarantine.
Contact, unclean, lock me up in quarantine.
Bathed in the blue wash of a T.V. screen,
Surfing served up dreams to the happy glow of the burger bar,
Watching the passing cars.
From Saturday to Saturday.
From Saturday to Saturday.
Quarantine, quarantine.
All our lives we've been in quarantine.
All our lives we've been in quarantine.
All our lives we've been in quarantine.
All our lives we've been in quarantine.

Songwriters
ELIOT, LOUIS ROBERTPublished by
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