

Dislocation

Disembodied

Running down an empty street
Perhaps it was a railway station
Smell of eau de cologne
The sound of a celebration Oh, oh, oh, dislocation
Oh, oh, oh, dislocation Just a swimmer growing dimmer
In the glimmer of a summer
Waving gladly, swimming madly
Never never going under Oh, oh, oh, dislocation
Oh, oh, oh, dislocation The sun was going down one quiet evening
Someone came into the room while I was half-asleep
We spoke for a while, I couldn't see his face
Later on when he was gone, I realized I didn't catch his name Oh, oh, oh, dislocation
Oh, oh, oh, dislocation Oh, oh, oh, dislocation
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In the glimmer of a summer
Waving gladly, swimming madly
Never, never going under

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