Studio 6

Matt Maltese

I see two lovers kiss on the street by studio 6
And I remember the petrol-thick mist we settled our lips
And I remember hearing your father laugh
While we made love in the next room, we made love in the next room
And I remember one of those mornings I reached out to wake you but I learned that he'd taken you back

I look through the glass to housing blocks and and energy fans
I see slow familiar lovers, I see them pull their curtains back
And I remember pulling your curtains back
Then we made love to the old moon, we made love to the old moon
And I remember one of those mornings I reached out to wake you but I learned that he'd taken you back

And I remember you wearing that pink august coat that my grandmother wore with my grandfather's love
And you're a little more clear with this wine in my hand
And it colours my tongue as if your lipstick has run

And I remember hearing your father laugh
While we made love in the next room, we made love in the next room

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