# Incubus (Blue Suit)

## Tuxedomoon

Thin man in a powder blue suit
With eyes that slice you through
The cut of his clothes was strange indeed
A hundred years too soonA passing stranger with no business here
A rest stop on a voyage through time
A rest stopA passing stranger in a dream we had
The man with the patented face
The one with the telescope eyes
The man who walked awaySomeone handed me a gun
Hit the switch and ran
I laughed and shot at the ceiling
I laughed and shot the wallsThe smell of fusing metal
Permeates the scene
Music plays in empty halls
Music plays in empty hallsUnderneath the street lights
A stranger calls your name
He flickers to a halt
And slowly fades away

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/