

# 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 soon A passing stranger with no business here  
A rest stop on a voyage through time  
A rest stop A passing stranger in a dream we had  
The man with the patented face  
The one with the telescope eyes  
The man who walked away Someone handed me a gun  
Hit the switch and ran  
I laughed and shot at the ceiling  
I laughed and shot the walls The smell of fusing metal  
Permeates the scene  
Music plays in empty halls  
Music plays in empty halls Underneath the street lights  
A stranger calls your name  
He flickers to a halt  
And slowly fades away

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