

# All the Wrong Notes

## The City On Film

upstairs Europe stars  
I would stare but nothing there is like you are  
asleep in those cold arms  
outside a lonely night  
sizes up the sight and  
I slide the covers over my eyes  
you know I can't sleep otherwise  
our trouble grows and grows  
speeds and slows  
rides and rolls in the slow  
eyes low in our oslo  
but high enough to see your  
awakened bright eyes shining blue into  
another dream  
that's so you  
and so I try to sing something meaningful  
but I'm hitting all the wrong notes

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