

# À‰olÀ©gie

## Alain Plan 's

I just don't know what to do tonight  
My head is aching as I drink and breathe  
Memory falls like cream in my bones, moving on my own  
There must be something I can dream tonight  
The air is filled with the moves of you  
All the fire is frozen yet still I have the will  
Trumpets, violins, I hear them in the distance  
And my skin emits a ray, but I think it's sad, it's much too bad  
That our friends can't be with us today

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