

Nicosia

Chris Bathgate

When I'm breaking down, I just wander round,
through the streets at night, through their humming lights. How strange is the night?

How strange is my time?

How strange is the night?

How strange am I? When I'm feeling high, I just wave goodbye, call up all my kind, swallow up the night. How
strange is the night?

How strange is my time?

How strange is the night?

How strange am I?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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