

Black Hole Nights

Jan Blomqvist

Gimme my time back.
Gimme time back. They lied to me
with flashing lights
skin and tights and
black hole nights... That grown men cry,
that angels die,
that rivers run dry,
that friends lie. Step outside
back from wasted days
and nights awake
and years half-baked. From times I listen,
unthinking...
Not even waiting for
something interesting. They lied to me
with flashing lights
skin and tights,
black hole nights. Gimme my time back.
Gimme my time back. Gimme time back.
Gimme my time back.
Nothing else there... Gimme my mind back.
Now all I need
is a line back. Gimme my time back.
Gimme time back.
Nothing else there... They lied to me
with flashing lights
skin and tights and
black hole nights... That grown men cry,
that angels die,
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