

# From the Fourth

## Leif Vollebekk

Well, the windows fogged up and the world it did freeze  
With its restless passerby in the cold nighttime breeze  
The violins dug in and one tear I cry  
My ears were ringing when we stepped outside  
Your sweat sweetly mixed with the sea salt air  
Oh, I was glad when we decided to get out of there  
And looking down the avenue

You said there's only one cure for that ringing I hear You were talking so close I could see and feel your breath

You smiled and told me that cure was death

You were always pretty clever, much more than you'd let on  
Your kind of thinking was dead on

It takes two to tango, it took one to teach

You were in my arms but you were out of reach

And the windows fogged up and outside we did freeze

Amongst the restless passerby in the cold nighttime breeze

Evert now and again when I go out at night

I pass by some stranger who asks for a light

And her handwriting it don't match up to yours

You said that all lamps are lit by one kind of fire

But in some kinds of light I just can't call you a liar

And in the wine bottle bars and in the late night dawn

I often wonder which side of the glass you're now on

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

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