

Black Debonair

Dark Side Cowboys

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Through the mist of my eyes
And the raining of tears
Under dark skies
Nothing looks so easy
Than the hardest things to do
And nothing looks so hard
Than the easy words to say
Turning round and round, round, round
I found myself in a bar
With a girl at my side
And she said
"Give me a whiskey
And a gingerale at the side"
At her side
I was sitting for hours
Just staring at her sunny shine face
She was, Easy come
Hard to hold, Easy go
The pavement my feet walks upon
Is filled with cracks
Some day I might fall
Through
Tous jours, oui Tous jours, Tous jours
Voul avez vu l'enfant
De violence
You look at a picture of
Me in my youth and it still affects me
Nothing really matters and
Noone really cares
I was looking for her eyes
But I searched too far
In a passion of warm colours
I swept away and told her:
"You're like smooth
Like eyes and lips
You're like dreaming
Like nice and trips"

But nothing really mattered and
She really didn't care
It rained all night
And hailed all day
And I ran out of light
Just as I threw my matches away
Promising salvation
I kissed her pale flaking lips
I took two not very deep
Breaths, then
Threw myself into oblivion
Despite the promises
I suddenly, when it all
Ended up, found myself
At the edge of the water
Under the dark skies
And everything was gone...

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