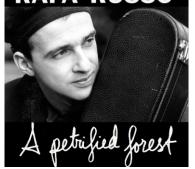
RAFA RUSSO



LONDON CLANDESTINE

Shadows invade London clandestine Like dragons rising from the drains Today the pennies landed just like rain In my tambourine Might see a movie in Shaftesbury Or might have dinner in a tandoori Might get stoned Might get stoned

The winds blow loneliness, the winds blow lust In this greasy-chicken-smelling street The mornings after always taste like rust When someone stranger is in your sheets But she was there in a moon reflection When she sadly extended her invitation And I was cold Sure I was cold

Now the game's become so dumb Trying hard to make a loaf by piling crumbs While the chances come and go Come and go

This bedroom narrows in a town that swells And the mirror don't seem to change its grin The vase is empty but I still can smell The flowers smouldering I've got no reasons, no leit-motifs I've got no dreams, no high beliefs I've got no reason, I can't explain Why I'm going to go out once again And follow my way Follow my way