

HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR.

WORDS & MUSIC

JOHN FOXA/BILLY CURRIE

BRIGHT BEAT.

SOME-HOW WE DRIE-TED OFF TOO FAR, COM-MUNI-

-CATE LIKE DIS-TANT STARS, SPLINTERED VOI-CE-S DOWN THE

PHONE, THE SUN-LIT JUST, A SMELL OF RON-ES DRIFTS, OH NO, SOME-ONE

WAI-TS — BE-HIND THE DOOR, HIR-O-SHI — MA MON AM-

-OUR RID-ING

MEE BE-NEATH-

CODA

INSTR. CODA.

2nd VERSE.

RIDING INTER-CITY TRAINS
DRESSED IN EUROPEAN GREY,
DRIVING OUT TO ECHO BEACH,
A MILLION MEMORIES IN THE TREES AND SAND,
OH NO,
HOW CAN I EVER LET THEM GO?
HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR.

3rd VERSE.

MEET BENEATH THE AUTUMN LAKE
WHERE ONLY ECHOES PENETRATE
WALK THROUGH POLAROIDS OF THE PAST
FEATURES FUSED LIKE SHATTERED GLASS
THE SUN'S SO LOW
TURNS OUR SILLOUETTES TO GOLD
HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR.