

## Blue Candles

Brazzaville

Blue candles  
At noon  
Burn with a light  
That makes me think of you  
You went away too soon

The evening  
We met  
The peculiar way  
You held your cigarette  
I knew we would be friends

Lonely  
Summer afternoons  
Smoking in a turquoise furnished room  
Oh Oh

We smoked some  
Balloons  
Abandoned the world  
Outside your little room  
Two candles in the gloom

The hair on  
Your legs  
It don't really turn me on  
But that's OK  
'Cause I like you anyway

Lonely...