

## Foreign Disaster Days

Brazzaville

Fades like a super 8  
Shot from above the parade  
My mother the sad young Jew  
Glimpsed in a dream or two  
She's always my saving grace

Love beneath the waves  
Memories of her face  
Drag me down like heroin  
Foreign Disaster Days

Well there's nothing like a car bomb  
Window shopping at three  
All she ever wanted  
Was a lighthouse by the sea