

A baby, young and sweet  
A Maharashtra night, a city street  
And I feel low  
Hear her crying in her sleep  
A blanket of newspaper sheets  
By my window  
There's no worse sound that I could hear  
Or hope of life that I fear she'll never know  
Oh those Bombay Blues

And the harder you push her away  
The sooner your heart turns a darker shade of grey  
But the more you allow her in  
The longer she'll live beneath the surface of your skin

Oh and now that I can see  
How love becomes the enemy  
They say there's nothing you can do  
But that's what they want you to believe

Full moon party on the beach  
Burning holy effigies on Summer sands  
Temporarily mend the holes  
In your chimerical soul  
In a mystic land

But all the beautiful things that you love  
Will one day turn into the things that you despise  
'Cuz the darkness lives within  
And the more that you hide it  
The darker it stains your skin

Oh and now that I can see  
How love becomes a memory  
And you say there's nothing I can do  
If that's what you wanna believe

Oh and now that I can see  
How love becomes the enemy  
You say there's nothing I can do  
If that's what you wanna believe  
There's clearly nothing I can say  
That will make her go away  
Don't say there's nothing I can do  
If that's what you wanna believe