

Accident (Week-End à Rome)

Saint Etienne

He's on the phone, doesn't want to go home
The hotel life, forget your wife, you're on your own
Academia girl
Her life's a gas, she loves the trash inside his world
Can't find his way there
Got the cash, feeling flash in Leicester square

Yes
She never meant to call, she did anyway
And now he's trying to find the words to say
Someday

It's five to twelve and she's nervous as hell
With nothing to lose, it's hard to choose it's hard to tell
And her's is lilac and gold
The things she has, she's feeling sad, she's feeling old
Skin is dewdrop and warm
The lipstick kiss, reminisce, or wait will dawn

Yes
She never meant to call, she did anyway
And now he's trying to find the words to say
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Et c'est alors que supposément blesse par le commun des mortels
Qu'en habit pourpre et net, de mes cendres fictions
Pour l'encore inconnu (e), attendu (e)
Je reserecte encore et encore
Je reserecte encore et encore

He's on the phone and she wants to go home
Shoes in hand, don't make a sound, it's time to go

Yes
She never meant to call, she did anyway
And now he's trying to find the words to say
Someday

Yes
She never meant to call, she did anyway
And now he's trying to find the words to say
Someday, someday, someday
Someday, someday, someday