Jane Austen's Door

Steve Hackett

Has Jean Paul Sartre deserted you
Do you still listen to the blues
Is there a needle beside your hand
A poisoned chalice or the promised land
Some doors open some doors close
Do opposites still seem close
Did Ruby Tuesday get to you
Or the caretaker whose film we used
A purple rose that was ignored
The child behind Jane Austen's door
Oh has your life seemed unkind
With all those friends you left behind
We burned our bridges fast those days
Don't think about them it doesn't pay
My drunken guitar Sloane Square tube
Falling backwards me and you
Tumbling over to the floor
You cried inside Jane Austen's door
So long

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