

Beaujolais Day

Marillion

I went to Morisson's grave at Pere Lachaise cemetery
The stony flowers and the matching graffiti were guiding me
To the steps inside of me And what would you do if I got down on my knees to you?
What would you do if I lied to your face?
Could you still hold your dreams?
Could you live with your silent face? So what would you do, would you walk right through me?
Would you stand in the way like the others before?
Get in the way
Would you drink to me next Beaujolais day? Tell me the truth, save a prayer for me
I would love to leave you but you would cry all night long
Eternal romantic victory failed on Beaujolais day I heard a wheelchair whisper across a stale silent gymnasium
Trailing an ivy league jacket like a matador
Through the jitterbug steps of the night before Through the chalk white chill and the tear fandango
Heading away to the inner wrangle
Do we cry for a cell?
Do we need for a cell? What would you do, would you cry for me?
Could you set off, could we go gently?
Blame it away
Do you really want to head for the open door? Got to crack a bottle while you dream for me
Just an absent friend and a misery
Laying awake do we stay right there
'Til Beaujolais day, on Beaujolais day So what would you do, would you lie to me?
Would you sit right back in a victory?
Would you play for me?
Could you die for me? So what would you do, would you walk right through me?
Heading away saying it's just another victory
This is Beaujolais day

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