

Chelsea Monday

Marillion

Catalogue princess, apprentice seductress
Hiding in her cellophane world in glitter town
 Awaiting the prince in his white Capri
Dynamic young Tarzan courts the bedsit queen
She's playing the actress in this bedroom scene
She's learning her lines from glossy magazines
Stringing all her pearls from her childhood dreams
Auditioning for the leading role on the silver screen
 Patience my tinsel angel
 Patience my perfumed child
 One day they really love you
 You'll charm them with that smile
 But for now it's just another Chelsea Monday
Drifting with her incense in the labyrinth of London
 Playing games with faces in the neon wonderland
Perform to scattered shadows on the shattered cobbled aisles
Would she dare recite soliloquies at the risk of stark applause
She'll pray for endless Sundays as she enters saffron sunsets
 Conjure phantom lovers from the tattered shreds of dawn
 Fulfilled and yet forgotten the St. Tropez mirage
 Fragrant aphrodisiac, the withered tuberose
 Patience my tinsel angel, patience my perfumed child
One day they really love you, you'll charm them with that smile
 But for now it's just another Chelsea Monday
[Hello John, did you see The Standard about four hours ago?
 Fished a young chick out of The Old Father
Blond hair, blue eyes. She said she wanted to be an actress or something
 Nobody knows where she came from, where she was going
 Funny thing was she had a smile on her face
 She was smiling, what a waste]
 Catalogue princess, apprentice seductress
Buried in her cellophane world in glitter town
 Of Chelsea Monday

Songwriters

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