Bedsitter Images

Al Stewart

The subway station's closed again
Sleeps beneath its veil of rain
My footprints broken trail behind
Steals the night lights from my mind
The dark deserted streets then clear
Today has lived and died in here
So I leave the chapel gloom
To find the shelter of my tiny room
But it's alright while the lights
Of the city shine so bright
It's all right 'til the last winding train
Fades from sight
Then alone in my room
I must stay to lose or win
While these wild bedsitter images
Come back to hem me in
The paneled patterns on the door
Chase shivering shadows to the floor
Upon the pillow worn and thin
The memories of hopes begin
The carpet with its flowers and shredding
Spires a foot before my bed
The crack that won't return again
Advancing through my broken window pane

But it's alright while the lights
Of the city shine so bright
It's all right 'til the last winding train
Fades from sight
Then alone in my room
I must stay to lose or win
While these wild bedsitter images
Come back to hem me in
The friends I've left back home all write
With laughing words that warm my sight
Saying, "Tell us, how's the city life?"
I reply and say just fine
And so you see, I can't go back
'Til I either win or crack

I'm standing in a one way street
The stage is set, the story incomplete
But it's alright while the lights
Of the city shine so bright
It's all right 'til the last winding train
Fades from sight
Then alone in my room
I must stay to lose or win
While these wild bedsitter images
Come back to hem me in

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