

Michael Picasso

Ian Hunter

Once upon a time not so long ago
People used to stand and stare at the Spider
With the platinum hair, they thought, you were immortal
We had our ups and downs like brothers often do
But I was there for him, he was always there for me
And we were there for you
How can I put into words what my heart feels?
It's the deepest thing when somebody you love dies
I just wanted to give something back to you
Gift to gift, Michael, Michael Picasso good night
You used to love our house, you said, "It was relaxing"
Now I walk in the places you walk
I talk in all the spaces you talk, it still hasn't sunk in
Are the words real that come into my head?
On a morning walk do the shadows
Play tricks with my mind?
For it feels like nothing has changed but I know it has
Michael, Michael Picasso good night
Heal me, won't you heal me?
Nothing lasts forever set me free
Heal me, won't you heal me?
I'm the one who's left here
Heal me, heal me, heal me
You turned into a ghost surrounded by your pain
And the thing that I liked the least was sitting
'Round Hasker Street, lying about the future
And we all sit in a room full of tears
On a windy day and I looked out
But none of these words seem right
I just wanted to give something back to you
Gift to gift, Michael, Michael Picasso good night

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