Arcadie

David Knopfler

Well there's no going this way
There's no going that
The cul-de-sac one way warned you, babe
With a freight train there's no turning back

You wake to the serial nightmare
Your body's a heartbreakin' sight
A face forlorn in my windscreen
In the moonlight, so blue, so bright

Arcadie is this a portrait of you
Arcadie, you know I do
You know I do

Some hearts seem senselessly haunted
Others calmly defined
In slow mo' I'm watching you movin' beside him
What could you not leave behind

Who poisoned your dreams of a future?
Who hurt you then left you afraid?
Who blew away all your tomorrows like candles
Snuffed in The No Hope Arcade?

Some hearts are brutally blind, Arcadie
Others are achingly kind

Arcadie is this a portrait of you
Arcadie, you know I do
You know I do

But a smile, brings no note of redemption
The lover creeps home to the wife
Burnt out, a silhouette car wreck
Hot-wired in the highway of life

A colt shouldered ghost of innocent lost
Disbelief stares back at you
A long-legged looker, hooking for love

In headlamps so deadly and true

Arcadie is this a portrait of you
Arcadie, you know I do
You know I do

Napalmed with mini bar comforts
They got shipwrecking fem-fem eyes
Capsizing sights, abandoned, drowning
Safe in the warmth of his lies

No there's going this way
No going that
Her naked reflection going down on you
As the white screen fades to black

Oh Arcadie, I've painted this portrait for you
Indigo blue

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