

# Bitter Suite

## Marillion

A spider wanders aimlessly within the warmth of a shadow  
Not the regal creature of border caves  
But the poor, misguided, direction less familiar  
Of some obscure Scottish poet  
The mist crawls from the canal like some primordial phantom of romance  
To curl, under a cascade of neon pollen  
While I sit tied to the phone like an expectant father  
Your carnation will rot in a vase  
A train sleeps in a siding  
The driver guzzles another can of lager, lager  
To wash away the memories of a Friday night down at the club  
She was a wallflower at sixteen  
She'll be a wallflower at thirty four  
Her mother calls her beautiful  
Her daddy said, "A whore"  
The sky was Bible black in Lyon  
When I met the Magdalene  
She was paralyzed in a streetlight  
She refused to give her name  
And a ring of violet bruises  
They were pinned upon her arm  
Two hundred francs for sanctuary  
And she led me by the hand  
To a room of dancing shadows  
Where all the heartache disappears  
And from glowing tongues of candles  
I heard her whisper in my ear  
"J'entend ton coeur"  
"J'entend ton coeur"  
I can hear your heart  
I can hear your heart  
I can hear your heart  
Hear your heart  
I hear your heart  
It's getting late, for scribbling and scratching on the paper  
Something's gonna give under this pressure  
And the cracks are already beginning to show  
It's too late  
The weekend career girl never boarded the plane

They said this could never happen again  
Oh, so wrong, so wrong  
This time it seems to be another misplaced rendezvous  
This time, it's looking like another misplaced rendezvous  
With you  
The parallel of you, you  
On the outskirts of nowhere  
On the ring road to somewhere  
On the verge of indecision  
I'll always take the roundabout way  
Waiting on the rain  
For I was born with a habit from a sign  
The habit of the windswept thumb  
And the sign of the rain  
Rain on me

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>