

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

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