

Bedsitter Images

Al Stewart

The subway station's closed again
Sleeps beneath its veil of rain
My footprints broken trail behind
Steals the nightlights 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 till 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 in shreds
Expires 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 till 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?"
And I reply and say just fine

And so you see I can't go back
Until 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 alright till 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