

## Old Compton Street Blues

Al Stewart

Oh your pictures they don't really do you justice little girl  
For you're careful not to let the camera touch your private world  
And there's just a hint of sadness in your smile through the dark  
As you slip your dress off slowly for the sailor or the clerk  
And it could have been so different, and at times you feel bad  
For you really did have something that the others never had  
And the circle turns and turns and turns so mad, little girl

Ah you must have been just fifteen when you made your mind up first  
That you'd make it in the movies and you couldn't lose the third  
And it took you to the attic where the Agent King holds Court  
And his courtesans are fully paid up losers of a sort  
He looks at you and tells you that you just might get the part  
But you don't get things for nothing and he doesn't want your heart  
And the circle turns and turns and turns so mad, little girl

Mmm, you made it to the silver screen and yet you're not a star  
And advertising corsets didn't get you too far  
But money has its favourites and yours went back to them  
So you modelled in a studio in Greek Street for the rent  
There you met Antonio, your lover from afar  
Who put you on the streets to make the money for his car  
And the circle turns and turns and turns so fast, little girl

Ah, your pictures they don't really do you justice any more  
For they're crumpled now and faded and were taken long ago  
And that faintly coy expression has now left without a trace  
Ah there's little of it buried in the ruins of your face  
It could have been so different, and at times you feel bad  
For you really did have something that the others never had  
And the circle turns and turns and turns so mad, little girl

For the circle turns and turns and turns so sad, little girl.  
Oh the circle turns and turns and it's too bad, little girl.