

Whatever Happened to Benny Santini?

Chris Rea

They say his chances could not have been better
All the promise of a July sun in the morning sky
Laughing at the peering faces
From the windows of a limousine
Caviar with the A & are and still only in his teens
So whatever happened?

I can see him now, his face lit up in neon
One hand up in the air as he turns towards the crowd
His songs of silver arrows they tried to roll into gold
With diamond tips from painted lips
Designed and ready to be sold

They say he could not fall of
They say he could not fail
The wealth and fame would fire his flame
Just as soon as his ship set sail
So whatever happened?

Whatever happened to Benny Santini?
Whatever happened to the guy on the wall?
Where did he go to if he could not fall of
They tell you they don't know
They don't know at all