

Ginnie

Fairport Convention

Everyone can hear the music
You can taste the mood of the wine
Getting high on the beer and the atmosphere of a good time
You can hear everyone laughing
Like they've got something to share
Cigarette smoke and bad jokes hang in the air

But Ginnie doesn't hear it
I wonder does she realize
She's sitting there with that faraway look in her eyes
Where she goes, she doesn't say
But she'll leave you way behind
Going nowhere, soon, she'll be somewhere else in her mind

But if the music is right
And the rhythm is light
Ginnie will dance the jig tonight

Soon we'll all be singing
The chorus from some old song
Guitars, fiddles, everything playing along
We'll all be hitting the high note
When the piano begins to play
All those songs we hate, but we sing them anyway

But Ginnie doesn't hear it
It's that moment when she goes
Some place in her mind nobody knows
Her laughter's gone, her smile is faded
She loses it all and then
That something forgotten comes back now and again

But if the music is right
And the rhythm is light
Ginnie will dance the jig tonight

There are people talking everywhere
But Ginnie's all alone
She's locked up in that little world of her own
You can look into her eyes
But there's something you won't see
A forgotten moment of some old memory

But if the music is right
And the rhythm is light
Ginnie will dance the jig tonight
Ginnie will dance the jig tonight