

Magazines

John Wetton

Was it you, gazing out from magazines, magazines?
Sun through the blinds, mornings in Rome
Talking so fine, feeling so low
Bright magazines, strewn on the floor
Took their revenge, chose to ignore
Roman spring, coloured everything with days in store

Was it you, gazing out from magazines, magazines?
Inside information, glossy invitations from
Galaxies of laughing souls

And the wine, made you dance in time
Time to see the dawn
Knights in arms, lie in sympathy, bleeding on the lawn

Was it you, gazing out from magazines, magazines?
Inside information, the glossy invitations
To chronicles of love and pain ...

Come the Fall, on your balcony, against the wall
Feel a chill, turn around to find, no-one there at all
Just magazines