

## Roman Gardens

Kirsty MacColl

And so she left her room  
In her satin shoes she was down  
He held her by the waist  
In a fond embrace she spins round  
Oh those silken lips  
Soft and pink, aching to be kissed  
Oh they ached to love  
And to be loved  
Was this love?  
Was this love?

Let us dream a while in Roman gardens  
Statues walk and talk in the pale moonlight  
A breath of wind stirs the surface of the lake  
It's so cold  
I am yours and you are mine tonight

Vicar sat with a vacant stare  
In his wicker chair he was down  
Take a look at his open book  
Where the answers may be found

Colonel polishing his marble tomb  
He'll be taken soon, taken to the seat  
Softly, softly creeps the mist  
The earth is kissed a loving touch

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Standing silent on the lawn  
Waiting for the dawn I am down  
My heart is breaking with the day  
She fades away, she is gone  
She is gone

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