

Chelsea Monday

Marillion

Catalogue princess, apprentice seductress
hiding in her cellophane world in glitter town.
Awaiting the prince in her white Capri
dynamic young tarzan courts the bedsit queen.
She's playing the actress in this bedroom scene,
she's learning her lines from glossy magazines.
Stringing all her pearls from her childhood dreams,
auditioning for the leading role on the silver screen.

Patience my tinsel angel.
Patience my perfumed child.
One day they'll really love you.
You will charm them with that smile.
But for now
It's just another Chelsea Monday

Chelsea Monday!

Drifting with her incense in the
labyrinth of London.
Playing games with faces in the
neon wonderland.
Perform to scattered shadows on the
shattered cobbled aisles.
Would she dare recite soliloquies at the
risk of stark applause?

To Chelsea Monday.
She'll pray for endless Sundays,
as she enters saffron sunsets.
Conjure phantom lovers from the
tattered shreds of dawn.
Fulfilled and yet forgotten
the St Tropez mirage.
Fragrant aphrodisiac,
the withered tuberose.