

# Warm Wet Circles

Marillion

On promenades where drunks propose  
To lonely arcade mannequins  
Where ceremonies pause  
At the jewelers shop display  
Feigning casual silence  
In strained romantic interludes  
Till they commit themselves  
To the muted journey home

And the pool player rests on another cue  
Last nights hero picking up his dues  
A honeymoon gambled on a ricochet  
She's staring at the brochures at the holidays  
Chalking up a name in your hometown  
Standing all your mates to another round  
Laughing at the world till the barman wipes away  
The warm wet circles, the warm wet circles

I saw teenage girls like gaudy moths  
A classrooms shabby butterflies  
Flirt in the glow of stranded telephone boxes  
Planning white lace weddings from smeared hearts  
And token proclamations  
Rolled from stolen lipsticks  
Across the razored webs of glass

Sharing cigarettes with experience  
With her giggling jealous confidantes  
She faithfully traces his name  
With quick bitten fingernails  
Through the tears of condensation  
That'll cry through the night  
As the glancing headlights of the last bus  
Kiss adolescence goodbye

In a warm wet circle  
Like a mothers kiss on your first broken heart  
A warm wet circle  
Like a bullet hole in central park  
A warm wet circle  
And I'll always surrender  
To the warm wet circles

She nervously undressed  
In the dancing beams of the Fidra lighthouse  
Giving it all away before it's too late  
She'll let a lovers tongue move in, in a warm wet circle  
Giving it all away, showing no shame  
She'll take a mother's kiss  
On her first broken heart, a warm wet circle  
She'll realize that she played her part in a warm wet circle