

Running Down The Aisle

Morning Parade

Remember me, tenderly,
show me to the bar.
Champagne please,
half empty,
don't fool around,
remember where you are.

Tell them to keep the cameras rolling,
tell them to keep the champagne flowing,
going nowhere...

Tell them to keep their bed of roses,
I guest I hoped you might have noticed,
going nowhere...

Strangers meet,
on winding streets,
don't fool around
with matters of the heart.

Tell them to keep the cameras rolling,
tell them to keep the champagne flowing,
going nowhere...

Tell them to keep their bed of roses,
I guest I hoped you might have noticed,
going nowhere...

Cos it's a long way down
from the mountain to the ground,
and it's a long way there going nowhere...

Oh it's a long way down
from the mountain to the ground,
and it's a long way there going nowhere... not at
leats.

You'll kick the chair and swing,
living in the state you're in.
Oh it's a long way there
going nowhere... so unaware.