

# The Piccadilly Trail

The Style Council

What you asked for is what I gave  
No questions stopped at and nothing saved  
From my scarcity of presence to my rarely seen bed  
I took you in hoping that you'd be a friend  
Now I'm so scared of the weeks ahead  
What I dreamed of I saw in you  
I needed someone that I could trust too  
But you smashed down all my faith with your callous lies  
From the etching of daybreak to the canvas of moonlight  
And now I'm so scared that you reveal what's mine

The trail, you led me down  
Betrayal, you let me down  
The trail, I'm so ashamed of you  
Now I'm so scared of the weeks ahead

From the silence  
I'm lost here in my lonely room  
Tears are what brought you  
Now you brought gloom  
In the fading light of sun  
I hear my empty heart bloom  
Can you ever explain your need to cause me pain

I hear the whispers in the Soho Cafes  
The poison gossip of the 10 'p' arcades  
Of looks and the stares of those who know  
Now their hateful eyes are the ones I close  
And I'm so scared of the years ahead