

Fish, Cinderella Search

On the rebound, fumbling all the lines
The light at the end of the bottle - alcoholic alphabet
Through the looking glass the proof in my own reflection
Five senses down and reeling on the Cinderella search
On the rebound, fumbling all the lines
Decay on the vertical hold with a horizontal aim
Conversation needs translation
Three dimensions down dissolving on the Cinderella search,
Cinderella search
On the rebound, fumbling all the lines
Dreaming bartenders, bourbon and saxophone,
Out of luck, out of charm, out the game of rejections in a cigarette city
Only courting the homing of direction on the Cinderella search,
Cinderella search
But the Samaritan of the heartbroken, heartbroken,
Swam through the nicotine seize, and we exchanged the kiss of life
Resurrection in a trance, the model, the Grail, in a Marquee of promises
I touched the dream, I hold the dream, I have the dream
To end the Cinderella search, Cinderella search, oh no more, no more
Exposing bedside manners on a work extension
Awaiting development with paranoid Polaroid eyes, Polaroid eyes
The footman memorised the number
But the prince still holds both the slippers
And would you leave a palace for a bed-sit
And Canterbury Tales, Canterbury Tales?
Maybe it was infatuation or the thrill of the chase
Maybe you were always beyond my reach and my heart was playing safe
But was that love in your eye I saw or the reflection of mine?
I'll never really know for sure, you never really gave me time.
Give me time, won't you give me that time
Welcome back to the circus
Welcome back to the circus
Welcome back to the circus
I always use the cue sheets but never the nets
Always the cue sheets but never the nets,
Never the nets, never the nets,
nevertheless, nevertheless, nevertheless, nevertheless, nevertheless...