## Hammill Peter "Open Your Eyes The Locarno Song"

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I was sitting in the dance-hall,

but my mind was far away

so when the usherette walked over

I didn't know quite what to say:

I tried to look cool

but I knew that I blew it somehow.

Her fishnet tights took me quite by surprise;

I had to open my eyes.

I told her I was dancing

but she didn't seem to hear;

she asked if I wanted to learn judo,

then she threw me out on my ear

before I'd even

had time to take a bow.

I landed on the street, all dishevelled my disguise

but I really opened my eyes.

So if you're leaning over the balcony

or hanging around the floor

these are the last of the days of the Locarnos--

there really are no more.

And the usherette smiles,

but she's not telling all she knows
But there's time in the end of us all to get wise
if we only open our eyes.

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