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Jet Set Roger
"Wicked Windows"

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I review my past through wicked windows framed in silver
And hung in toughened glass, upon my face, around and over.
Now and then... memories of men who loved me.
No stolen kiss - could match their march on hot coals for me.

I have walked a line both faint and narrow, hard to follow.
Caught up in circumstance. Harsh truth for history to mellow.
Through my eyes... loyalties and obligation
Magnified. Obedience... the better fellow.

Better not remember me. Don't miss my passing.
Fierce winter fails to ruffle my icy sleep.
We never quite vanish. No wet soft surrender.
Still waiting... bad blood running in close families.
I laughed like any child - although you might find that strange
And Christmas was my favourite holiday.

Christmas was my favourite holiday.

I am not alone in seeing the world through wicked windows
While others hide likewise behind this vulnerable squinting.
It's in the stare... it's in the silent scrutinizing.
Strip you bare... I offer you no more disguising.

Better not remember me. Don't miss my passing.
Fierce winter fails to ruffle my icy sleep.
We never quite vanish. No wet soft surrender.
Same bad blood running in new families.

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