

## Marillion

### "Bitter Suite: I. Brief Encounter, II. Lost Weekend, III. Blue Angel"

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(Fish / Marillion)

a) Brief Encounter

A spider wanders aimlessly within the warmth of a shadow  
Not the regal creature of border caves  
But the poor, misguided, directionless familiar of some obscure Scottish poet

The mist crawls from the canal  
Like some primordial phantom of romance  
To curl, under a cascade of neon bulb  
While I sit tied to the phone like an expectant father  
Your carnation will rot in a vase

b) Lost Weekend

A train sleeps in a siding  
The driver guzzles another can of lager, lager  
To wash away the memories of a Friday night down at the club

She was a wallflower at sixteen, she'll be a wallflower at thirty four  
Her mother called her beautiful  
Her daddy said, A whore

c) Blue Angel

The sky was Bible black in Lyon, when I met the Magdalene  
She was paralyzed in a streetlight  
She refused to give her name

And a ring of violet bruises  
They were pinned upon her arm  
Two hundred francs for sanctuary and she led me by the hand  
To a room of dancing shadows where all the heartache disappears

And from glowing tongues of candles I heard her  
whisper in my ear  
'J'entend ton coeur', 'J'entend ton coeur'  
I can hear your heart, I can hear your heart, I can hear  
your heart  
Hear your heart  
I hear your heart

d) Misplaced Rendezvous

It's getting late, for scribbling and scratching on the  
paper  
Something's gonna give under this pressure, and the  
cracks are already beginning to show  
It's too late  
The weekend career girl never boarded the plane  
They said this could never happen again  
Oh, so wrong, so wrong

This time it seems to be another misplaced rendezvous  
This time, it's looking like another misplaced  
rendezvous  
With you  
The parallel of you, you

e) Windswept Thumb

On the outskirts of nowhere  
On the ringroad to somewhere  
On the verge of indecision  
I'll always take the roundabout way  
Waiting on the rain  
For I was born with a habit, from a sign  
The habit of a windswept thumb, and the sign of the  
rain  
Rain on me, rain

It's started raining

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