

## Marillion "Bitter Suite"

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Track 4 from \_Misplaced Childhood\_

I) 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 pollen.

While I sit tied to the phone like an expectant father.

Your carnation will rot in a vase.

II) 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).

III) 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 can hear your heart.

IV) 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.

V) 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.

It's started raining.

It's started raining.

It's started raining.

It's started raining.

It's started raining.

It's started raining.

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