

Rupert Hine

"Dark Windows"

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Another dreamless night
The blindfold still falling
Soon reveals the barricade
Another face
That only yesterday
Was high on desire
Careless on a sunlit sea
Now far inland
Behind electric gates
The gardens are landscaped
And the reckless child is gone
Without a trace
Dark windows
Ah, who would be a hero
Dark windows
Ah, who would be a hero
Slumped in the back of a black Cadillac
It's just a memory
An old man remembers
All the anger of the chase
His urgent faith
But crises turned him grey
Advisers were fired
Once the human shield was paid
His last escape
Dark windows
Ah, who would be a hero
Dark windows
Ah, who would be a hero
Slumped in the back of a black Cadillac
And on some foreign street
The cameras zoomed closer
While the helpless crowd looked on
(Recorded during the thunderstorm)

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