

Martigan "Ballroom & Shades"

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Low speedn' lavish the afternoon
no due on this day
enjoyin' the taste of leisure time
flourishin' meanwhile
'round the day of event
launching a hinting gaze
cutt'n throug clouds like a blade
Hidin' low behind
a mask of a summer day's laugh
thinkin' a saxophone
could suit me well
drivin' my breath
like a summer winds' laugh

launching a hunting gaze
cutt'n through crowds like a blade

Pure - 'tis purely a dream
I - I'm gonna go nowhere
too huddled in my own old
ballrooms and shades
too bothered with my own old
tall brooms and shapes

Kickin' the snow aside
and I spread my wings
wearin' shorts & coat
the Captain keeps his hope

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