

The Dream Academy

"The Party"

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There's danger in the air
They walk around in pairs
Dancing to the Dansette
Well God Almighty don't forget
You came here with me.

While Cindarella's getting hypnotised
By the Italian with grey-green eyes
I stand deliberately out of bounds
Winding you up just to bring you down
To my level

So I'm sitting in a corner with a knife in my back
Pretending not to notice that I'm under attack
When a positiv lack of direction breaks upon my
shoulders

You may dance with him all night long
Live your romance out in a popular song
but baby you're gonna miss me when the radio comes
on
And they're playing my song.

The boys are queuing up at every one-night stand
To issue their final demands
The stand's telling them about this guy
And so they're standing with her but they're keeping
their eyes
on some other girl

Me, I'm trying to hold it down
By thinking about the words to some other song
When I'm forced into making polite convesation
I open up the window to get some ventilation
Try to break away from the intellectual starvation.

Meanwhile the taxis are calling
And the angels are falling
Down into the garden of truth
Where two star-crossed lovers
Cut across one another

And make their home one by one.

He may fire imagination into your eyes
I know strong personalities are hard to find
You messed up mine;
We've got a good thing let's keep on trying
Baby you're gonna miss me when the radio comes
'round to my time.
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