

The Fatima Mansions

"You're a rose"

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This is Mister Blank calling, gorgeous
from the slum which time ignores
where folks use razor blades for toothpaste
and every breath is a holy war

Were you sleeping? Do you hate me?
I've been dozing in the midnight sun
and I've solved all of my problems
Making the many into one

The Good Times are all over
I don't care, it seems I missed them
but I miss your smile, your laugh, your snore,
your fond contempt, your faithful rage

You're a rose
You're a rose in a crown of thorns

You don't mind the queues, the burning trains
The squalid, mute despair
You don't mind deceiving lovers
You ignore the stinking air
Well, now accept you're just a person
Not the touchstone, not the face
of the ages past, their grandeur
and the death-wish of the Master Race

The dawn sky is getting bleaker
Our demise could not be neater
and your face hangs down before me now
like a rootless flame; in awe I stare

You're a rose
on fire
You're a rose in a crown of thorns
Well, I think you'd better hang up on the jerk
It's been too long, too long, too long
From now on there's only gonna be one way
One way traffic now
The door is open, the door is open wide cos I said so...

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