

# Whatever Happened to Benny Santini?

Chris Rea

They say his chances could not have been better  
All the promise of a July sun in the morning sky  
Laughing at the peering faces  
From the windows of a limousine  
Caviar with the A & are and still only in his teens  
So whatever happened?

I can see him now, his face lit up in neon  
One hand up in the air as he turns towards the crowd  
His songs of silver arrows they tried to roll into gold  
With diamond tips from painted lips  
Designed and ready to be sold

They say he could not fall of  
They say he could not fail  
The wealth and fame would fire his flame  
Just as soon as his ship set sail  
So whatever happened?

Whatever happened to Benny Santini?  
Whatever happened to the guy on the wall?  
Where did he go to if he could not fall of  
They tell you they don't know  
They don't know at all