

# Magazines

John Wetton

Was it you, gazing out from magazines, magazines?  
Sun through the blinds, mornings in Rome  
Talking so fine, feeling so low  
Bright magazines, strewn on the floor  
Took their revenge, chose to ignore  
Roman spring, coloured everything with days in store

Was it you, gazing out from magazines, magazines?  
Inside information, glossy invitations from  
Galaxies of laughing souls

And the wine, made you dance in time  
Time to see the dawn  
Knights in arms, lie in sympathy, bleeding on the lawn

Was it you, gazing out from magazines, magazines?  
Inside information, the glossy invitations  
To chronicles of love and pain ...

Come the Fall, on your balcony, against the wall  
Feel a chill, turn around to find, no-one there at all  
Just magazines