

Roman Gardens

Kirsty MacColl

And so she left her room
In her satin shoes she was down
He held her by the waist
In a fond embrace she spins round
Oh those silken lips
Soft and pink, aching to be kissed
Oh they ached to love
And to be loved
Was this love?
Was this love?

Let us dream a while in Roman gardens
Statues walk and talk in the pale moonlight
A breath of wind stirs the surface of the lake
It's so cold
I am yours and you are mine tonight

Vicar sat with a vacant stare
In his wicker chair he was down
Take a look at his open book
Where the answers may be found

Colonel polishing his marble tomb
He'll be taken soon, taken to the seat
Softly, softly creeps the mist
The earth is kissed a loving touch

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Standing silent on the lawn
Waiting for the dawn I am down
My heart is breaking with the day
She fades away, she is gone
She is gone

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