

Down in the Depths

Lisa Stansfield

With a million neon rainbows
Burning below me
And a million blazing taxis
Raising a roar

Here I sit, above the town
In my pet palliated gown
Down in the depths
On the ninetieth floor

While the crowds in all the nightclubs
Punish the parquet
And the bars are packed with couples
Calling for more

I'm deserted and depressed
In my regal eagle mess
Down in the depths
On the ninetieth floor

When the only one you wanted wants another
What's the use of swank and cash in a bank galore?
Why, even the janitor's wife
Has a perfectly good love life?

And here am I, facing tomorrow
Alone in my sorrow
Down in the depths
On the ninetieth floor

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