

Hopper

Paul Weller

In late night bars
The ghost of Hopper
Paints such melancholy colours
With sullen neon lights

In late night bars
The ghost of Hopper
Speaks in whispers
Only he can hear
Smiles like a lion
Sighs like a lamb
Dreams in muted symphonies

And while you're waiting for your change
In a diner in their rain

In late night bars
The whims of Hopper
Wonders where all the people go
When the light goes down
Answers all your questions
With a gesture
Don't care where he's going to

In a diner in their rain
While you're waiting for your change

I'm sat in a corner
I've merged with the wall
Become part of the painting
No point fighting it all
I'm quite relaxed
It's fine with me
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