

Late In Rome

Split Enz

Tired eyes, remember the spotlights
Tired eyes, remember those late nights
With ladies on my arm, nights of passion
Is it too long ago and you could hear them say

Serge, he's a dancer
Knows each dramatic pose
Rows of ladies they fall over
His future's in his toes

Who of you would know me now
You lovers once cherished and gone
But I've slept late in Rome before
And my story many times been sung

Serge, he's a dancer
Knows each dramatic pose
Rows of ladies they fall over
His future's in his toes

Where are you now, a flirting lover
You are with young men it seems
And all those times you had together
A part in his playful scene

Serge, he's a dancer
Knows each dramatic pose
Rows of ladies they fall over
His future's in his toes