Michael Picasso

Ian Hunter

Once upon a time
not so long ago
people used to stand and stare
at the Spider with the platinum hair
they thought you were immortal

We had our ups and downs
like brothers often do
but I was there for him
he was always there for me
and we were there for you

How can I put into words
what my heart feels?
it's the deepest thing
when somebody you love dies

I just wanted
to give something back to you
gift to gift
Michael, Michael Picasso good night

You used to love our house
you said it was relaxing
now I walk in the places you walk
I talk in all the spaces you talk
it still hasn't sunk in

Are the words real
that come into my head
on a morning walk?
do the shadows
play tricks with my mind?

For it feels like
nothing has changed
but I know it has
Michael, Michael Picasso
good night

Heal me
won't you
heal me?
nothing lasts forever
set me free

Heal me
won't you
heal me?
I'm the one who's left here
heal me
heal me
heal me

You turned into a ghost
surrounded by your pain
and the thing that I liked the least

was sitting 'round Hasker Street
lying about the future

And we all sit
in a room full of tears
on a windy day
and I looked out
but none of these words seem right

I just wanted
to give something back to you
gift to gift
Michael, Michael Picasso
good night