

Warm Reception

Blancmange

Sitting in reception
Awaiting our departure
Carpenters, then Bowie
Streaming through idle chatter
Miles to come and miles behind
Infinite traffic coned
Multi-lane delays
Giving rise to detailed mind-wanderings

Of you now and then
And of you to come
Of you now and then, and
Of you to come

It's all alone now
There's no regret
I'd do it all again
And cross and dot the very bloody lie
Hinting at the fracture
Hairline cracks appearing now
Different in the theater
To the theater on the street

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And of you to come
Of you now and then, and
Of you to come

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