

Barberini Square

Cherry Ghost

Where the fountains freeze
and teetering heels fall to their knees
in disrepair
a dozen limping midnights
leave me there

Where the vandals loot
and no magnum opus
dares to stoop
the cupboards bare
drag your heels to Barberini Square

I close my fist around
the poles from north to south
no blushes to burn
long, long gone
nothing to no-one
moving on, moving on

I have watched the trains
pulling away time and again
from platforms stained
with lovers tears
and grateful arms the same

Just a name to sing
cross white hot coals
a winter wind
to climb the stairs
and grace my lips on Barberini Square

I close my fist around
the poles from north to south
no blushes to burn
long, long gone
nothing to no-one
moving on, moving on

In a certain light
your face could launch
a bare knuckle fight
with scowls to spare
drag your heels to Barberini Square

I close my fist around
the poles from north to south
no blushes to burn
long, long gone
nothing to no-one
moving on, moving on

Long gone, long, long gone