

Someone

Greg Lake

Neon lights glare,
as your eyes stare
deep into the night.
You so gently
turn and leave me,
melting in the night.

Phantom faces,
fake embraces
floating where we kissed.
No consoling,
you're controlling
every beat that I missed.

Feeling your hunger,
ringing your number,
listening to your voice.
I'm drunk and I'm calling,
tripping and falling,
wishing I had a choice.

Someone's got a lover,
and someone's got a gun.
Someones having nightmares
while others have fun.

Someone's in the basement,
sitting in the dark.
Feeling some resentment,
shooting at the park.

Someone's needing money,
trying hard to please.
Failing to be funny
on his hands and his knees.

Someone's on the meattrack
looking far too young.
Running from a police trap,
feeling highly strung.

Need a friend here,
there's no help near.
I'm giving up the ghost.

I never could see,
why you left me
when I needed you most.

Dark eyes flashing,
young girls laughing,
fill my night with dreams.
Every action
has attraction,
but never what it seems.

Eating my heart out,

acting a part out,
sleeping outside your door.
Wanting to touch you,
wanting so much to
lie by your side once more.

Someone's on a knife edge
spinning heads and tails.
Living on a high ledge
hanging by his nails.

Someone's on the rooftop
trying hard to jump.
Really needs a long drop,
so his heart can pump.

Someone's taking tablets
to see them through the night.
Someone's got a suntan
from an endless flight.

Sleeping in the back room
naked on the bed.
Dreaming of a bridegroom,
but morning comes instead.

Someone's eyes are manic,
searching for a home.
Children dialing panic
on the telephone.

Shadows in the valley,
rumours running rife.
Someone's in the alley,
adding up his life.