MK II

Madness

There's a Mark II parked on the cobbles
Of a Chelsea Mews and out of the shadows
Steps a figure, silver mohair bright
Into the moonshine out into the night

And in the darkness one stray moonbeam
Creeps through the curtains on the unmade bed
She stares at the ceiling, just an empty feeling
He starts the Jaguar and drives away

And no one breathes a word
'Cause even breathing can be heard
Right through the silver screen

They've made inquiries, they'll make it easy
But she won't answer 'cause she's not really there
He throws his gloves out the open window
He lights a cigarette and drives away
He starts the Jaguar and drives away

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