

There's a MKII parked on the cobbles  
Of a Chelsea Mews, and out of the shadows  
Steps a figure, silver mohair bright  
Into the moonshine out in to 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  
Cos even breathing can be heard  
Right through the silver screen

They've made inquiries, they'll make it easy  
But she won't answer cos 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...