

The Velvet Trail

Marc Almond

Lead me down the velvet trail
To the shingle and the sea
Jet fighters flying over head
Feeling melancholy

Jet fighters flying over head
Leaving trails across the sky
Flying into the setting sun
Summer leaves without goodbye

I wandered down the old arcade
Where teenage dreams are won and lost
Just a few old dirty coins
Mean so much when you are young

And the rain starts to fall
Splashing off the carousel
Now all the horses look forlorn
So many memories to mourn

Things will never be the same
Painted faces fading fast
And like the spark of youthful hope
Those smiles were never meant to last

I can see the sea
Too busy looking out for me
So lead me down the velvet trail
Where my summers used to be

The gorse is wild and overgrown
I walked the trail all on my own
Where the fox has made his lair
My memories will find him there

And the magpies look for shells
One for sorrow, two for joy
Steal away my shining things
Steal the treasure from the boy

Once there was you and there was me
Both so young and so carefree
Back when the beach had golden sand
And dreams we held within our hand

Or was this just our golden age?
And as the movie fades to blank
The gold is never ours to keep
We always have to give it back

Lead me down the velvet trail
To things that were and never was
And the sea at last comes in
And all my memories are lost

Lead me down the velvet trail
As the rain begins to fall

All the pathways that I walked
I don't remember now at all