

# Bitter Suite

Marillion

## I. Brief Encounter

A spider wanders aimlessly within the warmth of a shadow  
Not the regal creature of border caves  
But the poor, misguided, directionless familiar  
Of some obscure Scottish poet

The mist crawls from the canal  
Like some primordial phantom of romance  
To curl, under a cascade of neon pollen  
While I sit tied to the phone like an expectant father  
Your carnation will rot in a vase.

## II. Lost Weekend

A train sleeps in a siding  
The driver guzzles another can of lager  
To wash away the memories of a Friday night down at the club

She was a wallflower at sixteen  
She'll be a wallflower at thirty four  
Her mother called her beautiful  
Her daddy said, "A whore".

## III. Blue Angel

The sky was Bible black in Lyon  
When I met the Magdalene  
She was paralysed in a streetlight  
She refused to give her name

And a ring of violet bruises  
They were pinned upon her arm.  
Two hundred francs for sanctuary and she led me by the hand  
To a room of dancing shadows where all the heartache disappears  
And from glowing tongues of candles I heard her whisper in my ear  
"'J'entend ton coeur'"  
I can hear your heart

## IV. Misplaced Rendezvous

It's getting late, for scribbling and scratching on the paper  
Something's gonna give under this pressure  
And the cracks are already beginning to show  
It's too late  
The weekend career girl never boarded the plane  
They said this could never happen again  
So wrong, so wrong

This time it seems to be another misplaced rendezvous  
This time, it's looking like another misplaced rendezvous  
With you  
The parallel of you, you

## V. Windswept Thumb

On the outskirts of nowhere  
On the ringroad to somewhere

On the verge of indecision  
I'll always take the roundabout way  
Waiting on the rain  
For I was born with a habit, from a sign  
The habit of a windswept thumb  
And the sign of the rain  
It's started raining