

Warm Wet Circles

Marillion

On promenades where drunks propose
To lonely arcade mannequins
Where ceremonies pause
At the jewelers shop display
Feigning casual silence
In strained romantic interludes
Till they commit themselves
To the muted journey home

And the pool player rests on another cue
Last nights hero picking up his dues
A honeymoon gambled on a ricochet
She's staring at the brochures at the holidays
Chalking up a name in your hometown
Standing all your mates to another round
Laughing at the world till the barman wipes away
The warm wet circles, the warm wet circles

I saw teenage girls like gaudy moths
A classrooms shabby butterflies
Flirt in the glow of stranded telephone boxes
Planning white lace weddings from smeared hearts
And token proclamations
Rolled from stolen lipsticks
Across the razored webs of glass

Sharing cigarettes with experience
With her giggling jealous confidantes
She faithfully traces his name
With quick bitten fingernails
Through the tears of condensation
That'll cry through the night
As the glancing headlights of the last bus
Kiss adolescence goodbye

In a warm wet circle
Like a mothers kiss on your first broken heart
A warm wet circle
Like a bullet hole in central park
A warm wet circle
And I'll always surrender
To the warm wet circles

She nervously undressed
In the dancing beams of the Fidra lighthouse
Giving it all away before it's too late
She'll let a lovers tongue move in, in a warm wet circle
Giving it all away, showing no shame
She'll take a mother's kiss
On her first broken heart, a warm wet circle
She'll realize that she played her part in a warm wet circle