

# Maestro

Sarah Close

He's a hollow man, in a dead land  
He's a fool with men for change  
He's a hot shot, in his high rise  
A glass of wine and a lady by his side

The city is drunk on the money he's burnt  
Yet he still prays these whispered words  
Of 'Things are good cause I'm not dead yet'

Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh  
Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh

He's a warrior, and a fighter  
He's a fool with a twisted smile  
In his blood stream, runs the story  
Of a maestro cut loose in the hands of misuse

The city is drunk on the money he's burnt  
Yet he still prays these whispered words  
Of 'Things are good cause I'm not dead yet'

Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh  
Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh  
Look at you Maestro  
All alone and growing old  
Look at your poor soul  
All alone in your city of gold

All our finery, left in pieces on the floor  
What a sight to see he waved away my words  
All our finery, left in pieces on the floor  
What a sight to see, what a sight to see  
All our finery, left in pieces on the floor  
What a sight to see he waved away my words  
In search of something more  
What a sight to see  
He waved away my words  
In search of something more

Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh  
Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh Oh  
Look at you Maestro  
All alone and growing old  
Look at your poor soul  
All alone in your city of gold  
Look at you Maestro  
Look at your poor soul