

Al Stewart, Beacon Street

When your little world has fallen apart
You'll be living on Beacon Street
In a flat above a laundry
It's warm and forgiving on Beacon Street
Hundreds of paperback novels adorning your shelves
Piles of CDs that are eager to please
Still asserting themselves

There's something in the morning light
That is muted and soft down on Beacon Street
Then a bar or two of classical music
Will waft through the air
Newspaper adverts will usher the future your way
Indian teas and then take-out Chinese
At the end of the day

Shadows on furniture cast by the light of the moon
You've got a fridge full of food
You won't need to go anywhere soon

When it's time to start again
They will welcome you in down on Beacon Street
Everybody needs a moment or two
Now and then on their own