

# Al Stewart, Bedsitter Images

The subway station's closed again  
Sleeps beneath its veil of rain  
My footprints broken trail behind  
Steals the nightlights from my mind  
The dark deserted streets then clear  
Today has lived and died in here  
So I leave the chapel gloom  
To find the shelter of my tiny room

But it's alright while the lights of the city shine so bright  
It's all right till the last winding train fades from sight  
Then alone in my room I must stay to lose or win  
While these wild bedsitter images come back to hem me in

The paneled patterns on the door  
Chase shivering shadows to the floor  
Upon the pillow worn and thin  
The memories of hopes begin  
The carpet with its flowers in shreds  
Expires a foot before my bed  
The crack that won't return again  
Advancing through my broken window pane

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The friends I've left back home all write  
With laughing words that warm my sight  
Saying "Tell us, how's the city life?"  
And I reply and say just fine

And so you see I can't go back  
Until I either win or crack  
I'm standing in a one way street  
The stage is set  
The story incomplete

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