

John Foxx, Plaza

On the Plaza
We're dancing slowly, lit like photographs
Across the Plaza
Toward the shadow of the cenotaph

Down escalators, come to the sea view
Behind all the smoked glass no-one sees you
A familiar figure comes to meet you
I remember your face
From some shattered windscreen...

Across the Plaza
A giant hoarding of Italian cars
Across the Plaza
The lounge is occupied by seminars

Down escalators, come to the sea view
Behind all the smoked glass no-one sees you
A familiar figure comes to meet you
I remember your face
From some shattered windscreen... □

From the Plaza
The highways curve in over reservoirs
On the Plaza
A queue is forming for the cinema...

Down escalators, come to the sea view
Behind all the smoked glass no-one sees you
A familiar figure comes to meet you
I remember your face
From some shattered windscreen...

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