Sparks, Madonna

While the symphony played
I was starting to fade
'Til I woke to a cymbal crash
I turned to my right
You were gone, that's all right
These platonic things are such a burn
I walked out on the street
While the big city lights
Tried to sell me on a way of life
I was already living
Well, a limousine longer than
The Golden Gate Bridge
Pulled up along side me at the curb
All the glass was blacked out
so I knew there was somebody
Very important in there
Then the door opened up
And a blonde in the shadows said,
"Get inside."
And of course, I got inside
CHORUS
Madonna, is that reall you
Madonna, what 'cha gonna do
Feelings only you can have
Never in the photograph
Feelings only you can have
Well, she took me back to her penthouse
And showed me all of her platinum records
And of course there were a lot
Then we sat on the sofa
And she turned on a classical station
But the reception was poor
And we sat there and talked
And talked a little more
And one thing lead to another
As they often do in these situations
All the stars are shinging tonight for me
All the stars are shining tonight glory be
CHORUS
In the morning
She fixed me a continental breakfast
And then she said, "Well, goodbye."
And I said, "Can I see you again?"
And she said, "No."
And I said, "Well, goodbye."
And I never old anyone about this
'Cause after all
It's none of their business what she or I did
CHORUS

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Eric Wincentsen "Telephone call for Dr. Paradox..."
267@ef.gc.maricopa.edu -Dread Zeppelin, "Jungle Boogie"
Glendale Community College,
Glendale, Arizona "Hug the world and sit on its face!"
-Me
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