Tim Curry, Simple Twist Of Fate

They sat together in the park
As the evening sky grew dark
She looked at him and he felt a spark
Tingle to his bones
'Twas then he felt alone
And wished that he'd gone straight
And watched out for a simple twist of fate

They walked alone by the old canal A little confused, I remember well And stopped into a strange hotel with a neon burning bright He felt the heat of the night hit him like a freight train Moving with a simple twist of fate

A saxophone someplace far off played As she was walking on by the arcade As the light bust through a beat up shade Where he was waking up She dropped a coin into the cup of a blind man at the gate And forgot about a simple twist of fate

He woke up; the room was bare He didn't see her anywhere He told himself he didn't care; pushed the window open wide Felt an emptiness inside to which he just could not relate Brought on by a simple twist of fate

He hears the ticking of the clocks And walks along with a parrot that talks Hunts her down by the waterfront docks Where the sailors all come in Maybe she'll pick him out again. How long must he wait One more time for a simple twist of fate

People tell me it's a sin
To know and feel too much within.
I still believe she was my twin, but I lost the ring
She was born in spring, but I was born too late
Blame it on a simple twist of fate