

Al Stewart, Old Compton Street Blues

Oh your pictures they don't really do you justice little girl
For you're careful not to let the camera touch your private world
And there's just a hint of sadness in your smile through the dark
As you slip your dress off slowly for the sailor or the clerk
And it could have been so different, and at times you feel bad
For you really did have something that the others never had
And the circle turns and turns and turns so mad, little girl
Ah you must have been just fifteen when you made your mind up first
That you'd make it in the movies and you couldn't lose the thirst
And it took you to the attic where the Agent King holds Court
And his courtesans are fully paid up losers of a sort
He looks at you and tells you that you just might get the part
But you don't get things for nothing and he doesn't want your heart
And the circle turns and turns and turns so mad, little girl
Mmm, you made it to the silver screen and yet you're not a star
And advertising corsets didn't get you too far
But money has its favourites and yours went back to them
So you modeled in a studio in Greek Street for the rent
There you met Antonio, your lover from afar
Who put you on the streets to make the money for his car
And the circle turns and turns and turns so fast, little girl
Ah, your pictures they don't really do you justice any more
For they're crumpled now and faded and were taken long ago
And that faintly coy expression has now left without a trace
Ah there's little of it buried in the ruins of your face
It could have been so different, and at times you feel bad
For you really did have something that the others never had
And the circle turns and turns and turns so mad, little girl
For the circle turns and turns and turns so sad, little girl.
Oh the circle turns and turns and it's too bad, little girl.