

# Anne Clark, Hope Road

So these are circumstances  
Leading to my sorry tale  
I was in a town I didn't know  
I'd arrived there by rail  
It all began a week before -  
The joys of Saturday Night -  
An invite to a party  
Or watching The Price Is Right  
Opting for a soiree  
For the first time in a year  
Mixed badly with the revellers  
Mixed Bacardi, wine and beer  
The room moved back and forwards  
The dancers did the same  
Found refuge in a corner  
That's when he asked my name  
Well this is very nice, I thought  
Smiling through the haze  
As we talked of Auguste Rodin  
Through to Harold Pinter's plays  
Said he played piano  
Said his name was Steve  
Why shouldn't I believe  
That he really lived so far away  
Had to make a move for home  
Scribbled down his address  
Said he didn't have a phone  
Would I like to come to dinner  
On Friday of next week  
To this I said I'd love to  
As he kissed me on the cheek  
That night I felt so happy  
Excited through and through  
See ! The company of strangers  
Doesn't always leave you blue  
Stumbled home contented  
Like a cat that got the cream  
Wake up a little weary  
But I knew it was no dream  
The next few days were awful  
What could I find there ?  
What happens if I arrive  
And there is no Hope Road there ?  
My friend said don't be silly  
No one does things like that  
Now will you get a move on  
And take off that stupid hat !  
Made sure I set out early  
Made sure I caught the train  
Got out at the right station  
Then of course came down the rain  
Followed the directions  
Exactly as he said  
Asked people if they knew Hope Road  
But they just walked on ahead  
I turned left at the junction  
Took the fork off to the right  
Straight over at the crossroads  
Then down to the traffic lights  
Must have walked those streets for hours  
In the dark and in the cold  
Before I really could accept  
There was no place called Hope Road  
So here I am alone again

Indoors by myself  
The TV, plants, books and I  
All nearly on the shelf  
Next time I'll be more cautious  
Next time I Won't be fooled  
It's another of those basic things  
You're never taught at school  
Let this be a warning  
As you wander through the world  
It makes no difference who you are  
Be you boy or be you girl  
Be very , very careful  
When people seems so nice  
It's not how that it's expensive  
Later on you pay the price  
There's no Hope Road