

Bob Catley, Tender Is The Night

Just like a celluloid dream she burnt on acetate
Stealing every last scene just smouldering away
Tonight the radio said that now you've passed and gone
As something deep inside breaks, your memory lingers on
The face of the century, this cruel, twisted destiny
A fatal intensity that crossed beyond control
For what it appears to be is life taken needlessly
But how much you mean to me, god only knows

Tender is the night, I'm lost on the interstate
Tender is the dream with nothing to say
Tendrils of light covered whimsical vanity, render the white to grey
Tender is the night and soft is the tourniquet
Tender is the theme of tears in the rain
Slender is the knife on the wings of insanity, taking your life away

They made a suicide claim with no one else to blame
I know you must have cried out for help that never came
On just how many broken dreams you built your life upon
Remains a mystery and now your suffering has gone
The face of the century, this beautiful entity
A fatal intensity that crossed beyond control
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