

Fish, Chelsea Monday

Evening Standard: Late one!

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Catalogue princess, apprentice seductress

Hiding in her cellophane world in glitter town

Awaiting the prince in his white Capri

Dynamic young Tarzan courts the bedsit queen

She's playing the actress in this bedroom scene

She's learning her lines from glossy magazines

Stringing all her pearls from her childhood dreams

Auditioning for the leading role on the silver screen

Patience my tinsel angel, patience my perfumed child

One day they really love you, you'll charm them with that smile

But for now it's just another Chelsea Monday, Chelsea Monday.

Drifting with her incense in the labyrinth of London,

Playing games with faces in the neon wonderland

Perform to scattered shadows on the shattered cobbled aisles

Would she dare recite soliloquies at the risk of stark applause,
to Chelsea Monday

She'll pray for endless Sundays as she enters saffron sunsets

Conjure phantom lovers from the tattered shreds of dawn,

Fulfilled and yet forgotten the St. Tropez mirage

Fragrant aphrodisiac, the withered tuberose,

Of Chelsea Monday, sweet Chelsea Monday

Patience my tinsel angel, patience my perfumed child

One day they really love you, you'll charm them with that smile

But for now it's just another Chelsea Monday, sweet Chelsea Monday

(Spoken:) Hello John, did you see The Standard about four hours ago?

Fished a young chick out of The Old Father

Blond hair, blue eyes

She said she wanted to be an actress or something

Nobody knows where she came from, where she was going

Funny thing was she had a smile on her face

She was smiling

What a waste!

Catalogue princess, apprentice seductress

Buried in her cellophane world in glitter town,

Of Chelsea Monday