

Lisa Stansfield, Down In The Depths

With a million neon rainbows burning below me,
And a million blazing taxis raising a roar,
Here I sit, above the town,
In my pet-palliated gown,
Down in the depths
On the ninetieth floor

While the crowds in all the nightclubs punish the parquet,
And the bars are packed with couples calling for more,
I'm deserted and depressed
In my regal-eagle mess,
Down in the depths
On the ninetieth floor

When the only one you wanted wants another,
What's the use of swank and cash in a bank galore?
Why, even the janitor's wife
Has a perfectly good love life,
And here am I, facing tomorrow,
Alone in my sorrow,
Down in the depths
On the ninetieth floor

Down in the depth
On the ninetieth floor
With a million neon rainbows burning below me