

Michael Franks, Innuendo

No one here
Venus and Mars
And a skyful of stars
It's been a slo-mo year
A few stolen kisses
And several near misses
I wait (wish my mission was clearer)
For the cherub's arrow
Hesitate (one last look in the mirror)
My lappels are narrow
Down the stairs and hit the street
The bravado's just pretend though
And the chic spot where we met
Is called Innuendo
You and I
Birds of a feather
We ought to know better
We're cool and shy
Love is outrageous
But highly contagious
We wait (while our salads are dressing)
For the cherub's arrow
You look great (cappuccino compressing)
To Ravel's Bolero
It would surely be a shame
If the evening had to end though
We're both masters of the game
Known as Innouendo
If you believe in love
Prepare for stormy weather
Guess I should heed my own advice
I can't believe that love
Would bring us back together
'Cause lightning never strikes the same place twice
Candlelight
And saying "I've missed you"
Confuses the issue
This summer night
The cabdriver chuckles
We smell honeysuckle
Too late (guess the poison got stronger)
It's the cherub's arrow
We can't wait (to make love any longer)
Guess it's now or never
And this happiness we feel
As we move to the crescendo
Makes the dialogue all real
Not just innuendo
No more innuendo