

# 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 Innuendo  
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