

Peter Hammill, Nobody's Business

Look out through your dark hair,
tell me the colour of your eyes when they're cool;
look out through the dark ages
and tell me what's covert, transfixing you.

Oh, you're nobody's business,
oh, you're nobody's business
and the patterns of your life
are suddenly twisted and torn
and gone are all the clothes that you've worn.
Just like yesterday's papers
you're tired and forlorn
and you're no-one.

Look back at the photos you've saved,
dead mementoes of your modelling days;
I look through all my cuttings of you,
but they all seem so lost, so dead, out of phase.

Oh, you're nobody's business....

I think back to the girl that I knew -
she doesn't seem so very much like you:
she used to care about her smile and not her face...
that's before it was her fortune and took over her soul's place.

Oh, you're nobody's business....

Papering yesterday's pages,
tapering off in the storm,
you're no-one.