

Peter Hammill, Open Your Eyes

I was sitting in the dance-hall,
but my mind was far away
so when the usherette walked over
I didn't know quite what to say.
I tried to look cool
but I knew that I blew it somehow.
Her fishnet tights took me quite by surprise...
I had to open my eyes.

I told her I was dancing
but she didn't seem to hear;
she asked if I wanted to learn judo,
then she threw me out on my ear
before I'd even had time to take a bow.
I landed on the street, all dishevelled my disguise
but I really opened her eyes.

So if you're leaning over the balcony
or hanging around the floor
these are the last of the days of the Locarnos--
there really are no more.
And the usherette smiles,
but she's not telling all she knows....
But there's time in the end for us all to get wise
if we only open our eyes.