

Robert Fripp, Chicago

I smile like Chicago
She laughs like the breeze
I try so hard to charm her
With minor mysteries
I collide with her softness
With the whispers and pleas
Echoes of her movements
Delicate obscenities

It's a one quarter rain dance
Half of it's prayer
It's a simplest romance
Rattles high in the air
She's the gentlest pretender
I'm a clown on a spree
Still it's sweet to remember
The way it might be
I smile like Chicago