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