

Steve Hackett, To A Close

When the debs came down in their famous gowns
Jacqueline at once was the talk of the town
Launched and lunched on Society's cream
Smiled and curtsied so gently

Toujours chercher pour quelle-que-chose
As the curtains are drawn to a close

When her Daddy's bank sailed close to the wind
He traded it all for Gordon's Gin
All the King's horses and all the King's men
Conquered elsewhere never called again

Said a discreet madam with your pedigree
A belle de jour if ever I've seen
The home service the French lesson round
So neatly attired costing one hundred pounds

Propped up in bed all alone at The Ritz
The Evening Star printed she razored both wrists
Dressed in her furs with her girdle and gloves
Surrounded by photos of all her old loves