

The Style Council, The Piccadilly Trail

What you asked for is what I gave
No questions stopped at and nothing saved
From my scarcity of presence to my rarely seen bed
I took you in hoping that you'd be a friend
Now I'm so scared of the weeks ahead
What I dreamed of I saw in you
I needed someone that I could trust too
But you smashed down all my faith with your callous lies
From the etching of daybreak to the canvas of moonlight
And now I'm so scared that you reveal what's mine

The trail, you led me down
Betrayal, you let me down
The trail, I'm so ashamed of you
Now I'm so scared of the weeks ahead

From the silence
I'm lost here in my lonely room
Tears are what brought you
Now you brought gloom
In the fading light of sun
I hear my empty heart bloom
Can you ever explain your need to cause me pain

I hear the whispers in the Soho Cafes
The poison gossip of the 10 'p' arcades
Of looks and the stares of those who know
Now their hateful eyes are the ones I close
And I'm so scared of the years ahead