

Wishbone Ash, Silver Shoes

Silver lady, lost in a haze,
Rregretting what you are
The memory of your claim to fame
Is left to bitter stars.
It hurts when people let you know
You're not a movie star
It's harder now than yesterday,
As the lines begin to show.
Waiting, crazy hotel lady,
To try and get some wine,
Waiting for the elevator
To take you to your blind.
Silver shoes and see-through blues
Hit me right between the eyes.
Cocktail bars, straight-edge cars,
Are your dreams come true.
Tomorrow shouldn't know it,
But now it's showin' through and through.
It hurts when people let you know
That you're not a movie star.