

# Marillion, Warm Wet Circles

(Dick/Kelly/Mosley/Rothery/Trewavas)

On promenades where drunks propose to lonely arcade mannequins  
Where ceremonies pause at the jeweller's shop display  
Feigning casual silence in strained romantic interludes  
Till they commit themselves to the muted journey home  
And the pool player rests on another cue  
Last nights hero picking up his dues  
A honeymoon gambled on a ricochet  
She's staring at the brochures at the holidays

Chalking up a name in your hometown  
Standing all your mates to another round  
Laughing at the world till the barman wipes away the warm wet circles  
The warm wet circles

I saw teenage girls like gaudy moths  
A classroom's shabby butterflies  
Flirt in the glow of stranded telephone boxes  
Planning white lace weddings from smeared hearts and token proclamations  
Rolled from stolen lipsticks across the razored webs of glass  
Sharing cigarettes with experience with her giggling jealous confidantes  
She faithfully traces his name with quick bitten fingernails  
Through the tears of condensation that'll cry through the night  
As the glancing headlights of the last bus kiss adolescence goodbye  
In a warm wet circle

Like a mothers kiss on your first broken heart, a warm wet circle  
Like a bullet hole in Central Park, a warm wet circle  
And I'll always surrender to the warm wet circles

She nervously undressed in the dancing beams of the Fidra lighthouse  
Giving it all away before it's too late  
She'll let a lovers tongue move in a warm wet circle  
Giving it all away and showing no shame  
She'll take a mother's kiss on her first broken heart a warm wet circle  
She'll realise that she played her part in a warm wet circle