

E						B	A
As I was walkin' 'round Grosvenor Square							
E						B	A
Not a chill to the winter but a nip to the air,							
A		E	B	A		E	
From the other direction, she was calling my eye,							
A		E	B	A		E	B
It could be an illusion, but I might as well try, might as well try.							

In the thick of the evening when the dealing got rough,
She was too pat to open and too cool to bluff.
As I picked up my matches and was closing the door,
I had one of those flashes I'd been there before, been there before.

Well there ain't nothing wrong with the way she moves,
Scarlet begonias or a touch of the blues.
And there's nothing wrong with the look that's in her eyes,
I had to learn the hard way to let her pass by, let her pass by

Almost ablaze still you don't feel the heat
It takes all you got just to stay on the beat.
You say it's a livin', we all gotta eat
But you're here alone, there's no one to compete.
If mercy's in business, I wish it for you

More than just ashes when your dreams come true.

Fire! Fire on the mountain!

Long distance runner, what you holdin' out for?
Caught in slow motion in a dash for the door.
The flame from your stage has now spread to the floor
You gave all you had, Why you wanna give more?
The more that you give, the more it will take
Till the thin line beyond which you really can't fake.