

Geneve

John Otway

Geneve, take her to yourself
and watch her while she rests
she talks of you as home
I'll try to get to her somehow
while in your arms she lies
I hope she will not feel alone
and I, for the many things I've done
carry on and play the same songs
'cause I never knew, a better way of loving,
do you?

For she is so young, and my dreams
will see me playing for the screaming ladies of Los
Angeles
and when I decided that would be my stage
I was her age, I remember that was a tender time for me

Geneve, Easter's been and gone
and fate has played its hand
and I am on my own
but warm, is the hand that holds my arm

and always leads me on
so I never can stay long
so smile, and I'll see you in a while
as a tourist and a child, but not a loser
for you know love, is a very much harder thing to have

For I am still young, and it's true
that I don't forget her, and I don't regret and I'm not
going to
and as I wipe away, all the traces of Lisa blues
it is my shoes, that walk across the stage for the
applause

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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>