

## Turn Around Bright Eyes

“How can it be your all time favourite, it’s nonsense lyrics.”

“Not at all, you haven’t listened properly. It’s got such power and her voice is amazing.”

“A disposable 1980s power ballad from a one hit wonder.”

“Rubbish, what about ‘Holding out for a Hero’, ‘Lost in France’, ‘It’s a Heartache.’”

“What about them, not exactly classics are they.”

“I challenge you to hear it on the radio and not to sing along, especially in the car.”

“Well, we’ll just have to wait for it to come on the radio then, might be a while.”

Paul felt like he could never win an argument with his big brother, he always knew better. He took a swig from his pint.

“I heard it just the other day when I was driving over to mum’s, on Radio 2, pretty big audience there.”

“Yeah but not a very discerning one.”

“You’re such a snob. When a lot of people like something it’s sometimes because it’s good.”

“Yeah but often it’s not and certainly not in this case. Who could take these lyrics seriously.” He had been fiddling with his phone and now started reading in a sardonic tone:

Every now and then, I get a little bit lonely  
And you're never coming 'round  
Every now and then, I get a little bit tired  
Of listening to the sound of my tears

I mean how can you listen to your tears, what a load of rubbish.”

“OK, that’s probably not a very good line but you’re taking it out of context. Even the Beatles had a lot of pretty crap lyrics.”

“How can you even begin to compare the Beatles to that garbage.”

“Anyway it’s the tune that counts and it’s a great one, the way it builds to a crescendo. You can’t beat that ‘turn around bright eyes’ refrain either, like she’s goading her lover into listening to her. Apparently Jim Steinman wrote that years earlier for a musical. It’s about a flash from a nuclear explosion.”

“Nuclear explosion! What’s that got to do with a love story?”

“Well it hasn’t of course, he just thought it sounded good and it fitted the song.”

Mark was quiet for a moment, for once Paul felt he might have the upper hand in the argument.

“Anyway, looks like it’s time for another round, same again?” Mark pushed his chair back and got up.

Paul was shocked, his brother hadn't come back to him on his last point, that had never happened before.

"Yes please."

As Mark made his way to the bar Paul wandered over to the 1950s style juke box. He scanned the different song categories and his eyes lit upon '1980s Classics.' It was there! Smiling to himself he dropped his pound coin into the slot and selected Bonnie Tyler, 'Total Eclipse of the Heart.'