



One more grey rainy day in Belgravia
The newsmen gathered round outside your door
Waiting to have the rumours confirmed at last
That you had fallen asleep for evermore

And now all your songs
Are so wonderful
When we look back
On your troubled world

A young girl taken in hand by Hollywood
Your life your everything was shaped by men
They made you into a star to thrill the world,
But left you inside undermined over and over again

Yet when you sang
You were wonderful
Your voice sent rainbows
From your troubled world

The husbands who never stayed to share in your life
Your best friend the tablets by your bedside at night
The many people who stood by you through all the strife
Because you could stand upon a stage and set it alight

Continued...

For when you sang
You were wonderful
Your voice sent rainbows
From your troubled world

For when you sang
You were wonderful
Your voice sent rainbows
From your troubled world

Yes, when you sang
You were wonderful
You still send rainbows
For our troubled world

