

Well Daskarzine, she was pretty bland  
As she stretched out in the corner of the room  
She was oh! so lazy with her pistol hand  
As her hair hung hot off the loom  
A red-eyed chicken felt like stepping in  
But his lines lacked their customary cool  
Her conversation flowed like treacle from a tin  
And chicken felt like some kind of fool

Oh yeah!  
Her every move  
Is a lesson in street ballet  
And they speak her name in cheap hotels  
From turkey to Marseillaise

Seduction seems to hang in the dressing-room air  
But no-one knows just who's seducing who  
She puts it out wave after wave  
And never seems to miss the slightest cue  
Outside in the wings  
The curtain-boys cry lonely  
Their one true love is Daskarzine  
And for her they'll all die slowly

Oh babe, she says, we've got to die sometime  
It's the sweetest thing we do  
Why not die from month to month  
With my touch to help you through

Now chicken left the room feeling angry and cold  
Young stetson looked reluctant and lame  
Daskarzine had him neatly pigeonholed  
And he was just clinging blindly to his name

I'm stetson and I ain't so bad, he kept on saying  
But his mind was trapped in some kind of cage  
He had failed at the ancient art of role-playing  
And was fighting to leave the bleeding stage

On the radio  
A tenor saxophone  
Cries sweet jazz poetry  
And it breaks on Daskarzine's facade  
Of false serenity