

Catch A Fallen Star

Marc Almond

Black rings round your eyes
And you're spewing your lies
That you know is your old routine
Spilling your drink
With a nudge and wink
As you boast about people you've been
Smoking your cigarette
Down to the butt
And your teeth are as black as the tar
You tell them at sex
You're a stud in the bed
As you hang for your life on the bar
And you see your own peak
On the top of the mountain
Of bodies you trod on to get there
Shit on me, shit on her
Shit on you in the end
And they won't even lend you the bus fare
Now you're boring the pants off
The tart on the dance-floor
As you tell her the person you once were
She just sees you as trash
But she creams at the cash
That you might pay just to grope her

And this town is a potpourri of disease
Can you smell the herpes from the scum-sucking fucks
That hang around the same suckers each mid-night
You were being your photo
And spouting your promo
Flicking back your limp quiff
That's as limp as your dick
Irritating your greedy cross-eyed sight
Oh Christ, and you're greasing up now
To the creepy old cow
That would sell out your mother and besides
Your sell-out assured
You were always a whore
And you've always been taken for long rides
At the smell of the bribe
You go jelly inside
As you step up the gold ladder to big time
Kick them on the way up, kick you on the way down
And you'll need them all again in good time
Your friend is the "yes" man
Who sits by your side
With his hand in your pocket all the time
And he's messing your head
Tries to get you in bed
Well it's all masturbation of a kind

What you earn, heaven knows
It goes straight up your nose
And you strangle your health in the end
And you're blinded by bull
And you've really been full
And it's driving you straight round the bend

And you're told that a smile is so worth your while
It's what "yes" men call diplomacy
It'll get you the goal
But while losing the soul
You're forgetting the quality
And you heave on your drink
As you're starting to think
That all that shines may not be lamey
But a cheap substitute
That'll give you the boot
You're just a stiff at a funeral party
Where you slouch on the bar
With your arm in the beer
Wearing yesterday's mascara today
And it runs when you cry about living a lie
And the lie's starting to fade away
Fade away

Fade away