

Lords Of The Backstage

Marillion

A love song with no validity
Pretend you never meant that much to me
Numb, a Valium child, bored by meaningless collisions
A lonely stretch of headlight, diamonds trapped in black ice
A mirror cracked among the white lines
I just wanted you to be the first one
I just wanted you to be the first one
Ashes are burning, burning
Ashes are burning, burning

A lifestyle with no simplicities
But I'm not asking for your sympathy
Talk, we never could talk, distanced by all that was between us
A lord of the backstage, a creature of language
I'm so far out and I'm too far in

I just wanted you to be the first one
I just wanted you to be the first one
Bridges are burning, burning
Bridges are burning, burning