

Friendly Fire

Pet Shop Boys

An inspirational tirade against me
How to explain my life?
Girls to the left of me
Boys to the right of me
Neither husband nor wife

Though the days are filled with pain
There is no one who'll explain
Why I'm coming under friendly fire
Shot in the fatal cause of rock and roll

But there's no one, really no one
To say why I endure under Force Majeure
Slander without shame or tact
I, who studied make-up
Mime and Buddha who taught two generations to react

About me the critics lied
I ignored them and survived
In spite of coming under friendly fire
Shot in the fatal cause of rock and roll

But there's nothing, really nothing to deny
When I look back my eyes are filled with tears
Danger to mascara, applause to my peers

When fame sustained me and arenas acclaimed me
I floated through life on a cloud
Of love and insanity and pagan profanity
Before a worshiping crowd

Now my status is ill-defined
As an icon I'm inclined to be
Coming under friendly fire
Shot in the fatal cause of rock and roll

But whatever dull or clever
Points they've scored
I have never, oh no never
Been ignored