

Axe Victim

Be Bop Deluxe

You came to watch the band
To see us play our parts
We hoped you'd lend an ear
You hope we dress like tarts
But back stage we stand naked

All the make-up cleaned away
My poet sheds his pretty skin
And turns to face the day
And there's nothing to be done
No nothing to be said

Last night I felt immortal
This morning I feel dead
And the love that gave
Its blaze to my heart
Now brings a haze

Be careful, I'm an axe victim
Hung up on these silver strings
Like wings, like time machines
Like voices on the winds
We hit the road to Hull

Sad amps and smashed guitars
Played badly at The Duke
To almost no applause
But someone made it worthwhile

When shining with bright eyes
They gave me full attention
And took me by surprise
But today the feeling's gone

No, faded like a ghost
Last night I saw the future
This morning there's no hope
And the words that I sung so clear
Are now clouded by my tears

Please, be careful, I'm an axe victim
Hung up on these silver strings
Like sails, like seagulls cries
Like church bells in the night