

## 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