

Well Daskarzine, she was pretty bland
As she stretched out in the corner of the room
She was oh! so lazy with her pistol hand
As her hair hung hot off the loom
A red-eyed chicken felt like stepping in
But his lines lacked their customary cool
Her conversation flowed like treacle from a tin
And chicken felt like some kind of fool

Oh yeah!
Her every move
Is a lesson in street ballet
And they speak her name in cheap hotels
From turkey to Marseillaise

Seduction seems to hang in the dressing-room air
But no-one knows just who's seducing who
She puts it out wave after wave
And never seems to miss the slightest cue
Outside in the wings
The curtain-boys cry lonely
Their one true love is Daskarzine
And for her they'll all die slowly

Oh babe, she says, we've got to die sometime
It's the sweetest thing we do
Why not die from month to month
With my touch to help you through

Now chicken left the room feeling angry and cold
Young stetson looked reluctant and lame
Daskarzine had him neatly pigeonholed
And he was just clinging blindly to his name

I'm stetson and I ain't so bad, he kept on saying
But his mind was trapped in some kind of cage
He had failed at the ancient art of role-playing
And was fighting to leave the bleeding stage

On the radio
A tenor saxophone
Cries sweet jazz poetry
And it breaks on Daskarzine's facade
Of false serenity