

Jack Singer

Deacon Blue

You come
Awake
And lie in a bed
Of fevered state
You rise
Again
And open a curtain
To find only night
Coming in

The dream
Comes back
You're up on the stage now
Slumped collapsed
Everything is blurred
The people come
They come at you all at once
The man at the front says all he wants is Jack Singer

I'm so sorry
For what I've done
Against all forecasts
I've been the one
Who turned the world round
And made it pass
Through hell's own corner
God we made it at last

I'm here
Tonight
Up on the stage now
Doing my thing
And that's all
The worst
Thing ever
Is to sing to the Gods
And discover nothing coming back
That's all there is there