

Incommunicado

Fish

I'd be really pleased to meet you, if only I could remember your name.

But I got problems with my memory, ever since I got a winner in the fame game.

I'm a citizen of Legoland, travellin' Incommunicado,
And I don't give a damn for the Fleet Street aficionados.

But I don't want to be the backpage interview.

I don't want launderette anonymity.

I want my handprints in the concrete on Sunset Boulevard.

A dummy in Tussauds, you'll see. Incommunicado.

I'm a Marquee veteran, a multi-media bonafide celebrity.

I've got an allergy to Perrier, daylight, and responsibility.

I'm a rootin-

tootin cowboy; a Peter Pan with street credibility.

Always making the point with the dawn patrol fraternity.

Sometimes it seems like I've been here before,

When I hear opportunity kicking in my door.

Call it synchronicity, call it deja vu.

I just put my faith in destiny; it's the way that I choose.

But I don't want to be a tin can tied to the bumper of a wedding limousine;

Or currently residing in the where-are-they-now file.

A toupe on the cabaret scene.

I want to do adverts for American Express cards,

And talk shows on prime time TV;

A villa in France,

My own cocktail bar;

And that's where you're gonna find me.

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When I hear opportunity kicking in my door.

Call it synchronicity, call it deja vu.

I just put my faith in destiny, it's the way that I choose.

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It's the only way.

Incommunicado.