

## Interior Lulu

Marillion

As you lie there on your bed  
Beneath the face of Louise Brooks  
With your makeup and your teddy bear  
And your C.S. Lewis books  
Bad seed  
You're a bad seed  
You're a decadent in chrysalis  
Waiting sleepily to emerge  
When you'll visit every seedy need  
Of your random obsessive urge

All the ruses that you use  
All the food that you refuse  
All the dust and tired air that feeds Interior Lulus  
All the poisoned attitudes  
And the lust for the unknown  
And the second best that devils use  
To make this world their own  
Interior Lulu  
Interior Lulu

Every rainy day by e-mail  
As you lie there on your bed  
Another virtual page arrives  
There will be times when you remember me  
Of the chapters you'll be writing  
As the voices echo in your head  
In the book called wasted lives  
As you read Henry and Anais

All the lost weekends and booze  
All the finger-and-thumb screws  
All the sleepless worn out blues that bruise Interior Lulus  
Interior Lulu  
Interior Lulu

Use the anger  
Paint a picture of it  
Throw the colours  
Use the pain, use the pain

Scream back a brand new emotion  
As it runs across the skin  
Fire across paper  
Burn and curl, burn and curl

You thought you couldn't feel like this  
But it's happening again and you're waking up in pain  
Tattooed in that private place  
Microsoft and tears  
Intimately pierced

Discovering and remembering  
You felt like this somewhere before  
Stirrin' up the bed of the river  
Somewhere you don't like to go

You wrote this down so many times  
But you get up anyway and you write it down again  
You've bored us all to death with this  
Well who you gonna tell  
When you've nothing left to sell

She says she's lonely  
She says she knows me  
But she's a one-way street

She told me what I already know

"If you can carry it out you can take it away  
If you can carry it out you can take it away  
If you can buy it, it can be bought  
If you can buy it, it can be stolen  
If you can break it  
It's already broken"

Lately, I can stand to hear other people talking  
So many empty conversations  
What a waste of lips

Lately I can stand to stand on Primrose Hill  
Look down upon the city  
A heart pumping the roads

In our racing stripes  
We rejoice at being "connected"  
Without touching  
Thank god for the internet

We stare at our screens  
All our lives  
What a waste of eyes  
'Till the electrical storm blows our fuses  
And we gaze, dumbfounded, at the rain

All the trust and tired care  
Left to rust and go nowhere  
All this gold beneath my skin  
Sparklin' like sin somewhere within  
In so deep  
In so deep that  
I can't sleep for these interior Lu lu lu lu lus