

They're waiting to hate you
So give them an excuse
They say that it changed you
I know that can't be true

I came in the entrance
The makeup girl went through
And waited for ages
I waited there for you

Hats off to my distant hope
I'm held back by a velvet rope
And he's behind the wall
The smoke machine has made between us

And if he does exist
If camera clicking green room guests swirl
'round the man whose real life can be touched
Then I will do just that much

Hats off to my distant hope
A little lie, a puff of smoke
My street tonight's on fire with hope
You'll be there, you'll see us

I've got my ear against the screen
I'll feel your feelings crackling
For every single inch of me
I'm going to make you mean it

With every single cell of me
I'm going to make you mean
The words you sigh, you lie

Goodbye