

## Friendly Fire

Pet Shop Boys

An inspirational tirade against me  
How to explain my life?  
Girls to the left of me  
Boys to the right of me  
Neither husband nor wife

Though the days are filled with pain  
There is no one who'll explain  
Why I'm coming under friendly fire  
Shot in the fatal cause of rock and roll

But there's no one, really no one  
To say why I endure under Force Majeure  
Slander without shame or tact  
I, who studied make-up  
Mime and Buddha who taught two generations to react

About me the critics lied  
I ignored them and survived  
In spite of coming under friendly fire  
Shot in the fatal cause of rock and roll

But there's nothing, really nothing to deny  
When I look back my eyes are filled with tears  
Danger to mascara, applause to my peers

When fame sustained me and arenas acclaimed me  
I floated through life on a cloud  
Of love and insanity and pagan profanity  
Before a worshiping crowd

Now my status is ill-defined  
As an icon I'm inclined to be  
Coming under friendly fire  
Shot in the fatal cause of rock and roll

But whatever dull or clever  
Points they've scored  
I have never, oh no never  
Been ignored