

Tango for One

Peter Hammill

And every time you call me
I wait to hear what favour you require of me this time...
The object of your own desire,
Not everything's about you,
I'm not exactly hanging on your words,
This audience is restive,
Perhaps you've not observed
Because it's me, me, me with you
And what I feel means not a lot.
No, I don't need this,
You're welcome to what you've got.

Not everything's about you,
My world does not revolve
Around whatever problem you want solved;
Perhaps you might do better with a fresh resolve.
But it's always me, me, me with you
And I have had it up to here;
No, I don't need this -
You're welcome to yourself, my dear.

You're welcome to the party,
So glad your guests have all arrived.
They're all reflecting your brilliance in their adoring eyes.
You're welcome to this moment,
Everybody's here for you...
But you'll be dancing by yourself before the night is through.

Not everything's about you,
Not everything's about you,
Not everything about you's true.

And every time you call me
Your self-obsession grows:
You'll stew in your own juices, I suppose.
I've had enough of listening, there's nobody at home;
Not everything's about you, everybody knows
That everything about you's emperor's new clothes.

You're welcome to the party,
So glad that everybody came;
Oh, how they admire you as your worth is self-proclaimed!
The spittoons fill up with vitriol
While you're puffing up your name.
Yes, you're welcome to this moment
You perceive as your righteous fame;
And if exhausting our patience
Has long been your chosen game
You're a winner, you're a champion...
In your own eyes you're a saint.
Is that what you've become?

Yes, you're welcome to yourself
But when this one-off race is run
Not everything's about you.
Not everything's about you,
And getting on without you won't be hard,

If of comfort that's a crumb.

It's always me, me, me with you;
Surely it can't be so much fun
To find you're dancing a tango for one?