

## The New Man

Theatre of Tragedy

Broken bottles, and a broken nose  
No reason not to lounge in a pose  
I could stand in shade light and laugh at you  
You were wrong - it's happened to you too

This is the new circuit  
Tell me of your pain  
'Shove you around?', now close the door  
This is not love  
This is my sort of softly touching you  
A Brownian motion of whacks on your face  
'Who are you?'

Hat-stand man-man in a fancy suit  
He's a laugh, it's him and Jim and his prostitute  
Gold teeth spat out onto the concrete street  
Get into the car with its vinyl seats

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This is not love  
This is my sort of softly touching you  
A Brownian motion of whacks on your face  
'who are you?'  
This is not the new man  
'who are you?'  
This is not the new man  
This is not love