

## Backstreet Loner

U.D.O.

I lit another cigarette  
She did a little pirouette  
No friend of mine - a dollar's fine  
A cruel world - when you cross this line  
The masquerade is over  
The mask - it fades away  
Like a backstreet loner  
No need to be afraid  
In Johnny Nofinger's bar  
I travelled so far  
I've been to all those places  
Just a shot on the bar  
A cheap cigar  
And all the dead-eyed faces  
Hold down the fever  
Don't you cross the line  
Hold down the fever  
Stop yourself in time  
Never step on the ride  
Just take my advice  
I've suffered all the seasons  
Feel it coming again  
I paid the price  
There's no rhyme - no reason  
When masquerades are over  
The show will fade away  
You'll be a backstreet loner  
You better be afraid