

## Deacon Blue And Ricky Ross "Jack Singer"

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You come  
Awake  
And lie in a bed  
Of fevered state  
You rise  
Again  
And open a curtain  
To find only night  
Coming in

The dream  
Comes back  
Your up on the stage now  
Slumped collapsed  
Everything is blurred  
The people come  
They come at you all at once  
The man at the front says all he wants is Jack Singer

I'm so sorry  
For what I've done  
Against all forecasts  
I've been the one  
Who turned the world round  
And made it pass  
Through hell's own corner  
God we made it at last

I'm here  
Tonight  
Up on the stage now  
Doing my thing  
And that's all  
The worst  
Thing ever  
Is to sing to the Gods  
And discover nothing coming back  
That's all there is there

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