Fish "Raw Meat"

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Raw meat for the balcony Another mugging in tin pan alley Another heart of attack takes the centre stage You might think I'm getting cynical But after these years I can still pass the physical still got my corner, still got my edge And the waitress takes an order for another round As I try to blend my way into the crowd The hunter of the autograph he wants my name And I just can't find the strength to turn him down Raw meat for the balcony don't get me wrong I don't need your sympathy, just lend me a needle and spare me a dime Just a tear in the public eye From laughing or crying it don't mean that much to me Some sort of reaction is all that I need The cognac goes down better in the hotel room, When you're staring at the writing on the wall Condemned by the critics who want to tear me down When it's just another lyric going for a song We're low on life on the highway in search of coin Picking up the pennies from the road Guided by direction in the wake of stars

We were driven by a dream that's broken down But the bandwagon's parked up in another town We hope tomorrow its heading out our way To get us out the tunnel where we've paid our dues With friends we buried there beyond the lights Raw meat for the balcony Is that all I am, is that all I'm going to be? Raw meat for the balcony, Nobody's fool but mine, is that my destiny? But if that bandwagon takes off for another town And the suits that buy the wine don't like my song Though I'm playing to empty tables Till the curtain falls I'll always find the strength to carry on I'll always have the strength to carry on I'm Raw Meat! -for Andy Field (Dick/Paterson)

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