

Marillion

"Lords Of The Backstage"

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Track 7 of *_Misplaced Childhood_*

A love song with no validity.

Pretend you never meant that much to me.

Numb, a vallium child, bored by meaningless collisions.

A lonely stretch of headlight, diamonds trapped in black ice.

A mirror cracked along the white lines.

I just wanted you to be the first one.

I just wanted you to be the first one.

Ashes are burning, burning.

Ashes are burning, burning.

A lifestyle with no simplicities.

But I'm not asking for your sympathies.

Talk, we never could talk, distanced by all that was between us.

A lord of the backstage, a creature of language,

I'm so far out and I'm too far in.

I just wanted you to be the first one.

I just wanted you to be the first one.

Bridges are burning, burning.

Bridges are burning, burning.

Now, now, now, now

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