

## **Roger Daltrey**

# **"Martyers And Madmen"**

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(Steve Swindells)

Random faces populate of pockets on my brain  
Lonely torched heroes with darkness all full of pain  
People crying out for blood to keep them entertained  
I can't hold back anymore I can't keep anything  
contained

I'm captured, exited, so scared I'm sinking  
The silence, I'm frightened, I can't help thinking  
Of those.

Martyrs and madmen  
They where rebels in there day  
And the world made them sad men  
Because it wouldn't go away.

Martyrs and madmen  
Oh martyrs and madmen.

Now I'm tempted by the game,  
I'm thrown into the ring  
And if I turn out like they did I must do everything  
Cause I must stop myself from turning into someone I  
don't know

Sitting in some hotel room with fire down below  
I'm taking, my fight there, I see them screaming  
I'm waking, from nightmares, I can't help dreaming  
Of those

Martyrs and madmen  
They where rebels in there day  
And the world made them sad men  
Because it wouldn't go away.

Martyrs and madmen  
Oh martyrs and madmen.

There's no escaping alcohol,  
Or needles straws and spoons  
They always saying grace to someone breaking there  
cocoon  
Are they destine to die lonely  
Is it all some master plan  
To hope that in some twenty years

Someone might understand.

Ooo martyrs and madmen  
Ooo martyrs and madmen.

I'm captured, exited, so scared I'm sinking  
The silence, I'm frightened, I can't help thinking  
Of those.

Martyrs and madmen  
They where rebels in there day  
And the world made them sad men  
Because it wouldn't go away.

Martyrs and madmen.

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