

Neil Halstead "No Mercy For The Muse"

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Shabby boy's kept you up all night
Oh, sentimental drinkers
Sing songs that end in fights about fights

And they'll swear to you
That they just can't help it
Know that poem in their head
That painting of your bed, it must out

Does time stand still
When you cross the room?
Oh, surely it must do
When they write a song
That goes on and on about you

Does your golden hair, fall in waves?
No mention of a spot
Tantrum or tooth rot, not for them

Just pearly smiles and Mona Lisa wiles
For your coterie of stars
Your barrel of charlatans

Celebrate, and they will venerate
Hold their heads in the morning glare
For with some faint praise
They will hold your gaze
And dedicate it all to you
Yeah, dedicate it all to you

Oh, you live your life in black and white
No subtlety for you, no mercy for the muse
It's true

Come in again, number 10
Oh, your army of typewriters
Your consequence of biters won't last long

And life will burden you not
Love will carry on with a thrust

And they'll swear to you

That they just can't help it
That poem in their head
That painting of your bed
It must out, it must out

Celebrate and they will venerate
Hold their heads in the morning glare
For with some faint praise
They will hold your gaze
And dedicate it all to you
Yeah, dedicate it all to you
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