

Momus

"Nicky"

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Suppose one day in Bromley, Kent
I live my nightmare and am sent
To sing for blonde suburban women
Before the wives of double-glazers
I'd be Julio Inglesias
Doing the greats in Argentinian

Suppose they Barry Manilow me
Screaming "Show me you're a man"
With legs as mottled as salami
Ladies, I'm doing the best I can
This is how Casanova's bum
Becomes a lesson in virility
Set to a bossanova drum
Sung to tarts decked out like Christmas trees

Then in my dressing room I'd see
This elephant as pink as me
Drinking and singing gloomily
About the time they called me, yeah the time they called
Me,
About the time they called me "Nicky"

If I could be him! For only an hour
If I could be him! Before his grand finale
If I could be me, if I could only be cute, cute, cute,
Absolutely banal!

Suppose one evening in Mauritius
Entertaining high officials
High on whores and marijuana
Begging letters from celebrities
Begging "Couldn't you write songs for me?"
I'd blackmail David Bowie and the Dalai Lama

And I'd be an industrialist of song
And I could sell with a wink
The best in showbiz and in drink
Korean floorshows, whiskey from the Congo? (whiskey
From the Congo)
Me, I'd have a ring on every finger

And a thumb in every stake
And every stake would be the singer's
And acknowledged, I would legislate

The in my Hong Kong orchid den
Waiting for 1999
I'd spend the years of my decline

Do you remember the time they called me, yeah the
time
They called me,
Oh the time they called me "Nicky"

If I could be him! For only an hour
If I could be him! Before his grand finale
If I could be me, if I could only be cute, cute, cute,
Absolutely banal!

Suppose one day in paradise
I find myself to my surprise
Singing for ladies flapping swans wings
And plucking on my little harp
I'd be a beacon in the dark
And save the souls of human beings

Then Jesus Christ has hardly christened me
Son-of-the-one-in-the-directory
Between Vic and Jean-Luc Goddard
And I grow my beard and walk on water
And if I really came on strong
And started prancing and Cliff Richard-ing
I know it wouldn't be too long
Before I heard the shadows whispering

How Satan's come in from the cold
He's now the shepherd in his fold
They're shouting out requests for oldies
From the time they called me, yeah the time they called
Me,
Yeah the time they called me "Nicky"

If I could be him! For only an hour
If I could be him! Before his grand finale
If I could be me, if I could only be cute, cute, cute,
Good, absolutely banal!

He could fall asleep at night
He could fall in love all right
He could fall asleep at night

He could fall asleep at night

He could fall in love all right
He could fall asleep at night

He could fall asleep at night
He could fall in love all right

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