

# Alain Bashung, By Proxy

Cry me out don&#039;t want no tears by proxy  
Shedding skin for snakes you tried to use  
Custom built with no one left to fit you  
Too used up from hot and cold abuse

Dance me out my feet are tired and weary  
Two steps of a ballerina bare  
The drummer doesn't understand or hear me  
Hidin&#039; from the bass inside his snare

Dry me out the beers too cold and draughty  
A pick up truck on Sunset Avenue  
Wake me up don't want no tears by proxy  
Wrote it on my back in black and blue

Shut me down I windmilled on Chianti  
Just can&#039;t seem to fight them on my own  
The mirror with a crack a joke to soothe me  
I lent myself to try to be alone

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