

Alain Bashung, By Proxy

Cry me out don'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' 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'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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