

Fish, Raw Meat

-for Andy Field

Raw meat for the balcony
Another mugging in tin pan alley
Another heart of attack takes the centre stage
You might think I'm getting cynical
But after these years I can still pass the physical
still got my corner, still got my edge
And the waitress takes an order for another round
As I try to blend my way into the crowd
The hunter of the autograph he wants my name
And I just can't find the strength to turn him down
Raw meat for the balcony don't get me wrong
I don't need your sympathy, just lend me a needle and spare me a dime
Just a tear in the public eye
From laughing or crying it don't mean that much to me
Some sort of reaction is all that I need
The cognac goes down better in the hotel room,
When you're staring at the writing on the wall
Condemned by the critics who want to tear me down
When it's just another lyric going for a song
We're low on life on the highway in search of coin
Picking up the pennies from the road
Guided by direction in the wake of stars
We were driven by a dream that's broken down
But the bandwagon's parked up in another town
We hope tomorrow its heading out our way
To get us out the tunnel where we've paid our dues
With friends we buried there beyond the lights
Raw meat for the balcony
Is that all I am, is that all I'm going to be?
Raw meat for the balcony,
Nobody's fool but mine, is that my destiny?
But if that bandwagon takes off for another town
And the suits that buy the wine don't like my song
Though I'm playing to empty tables
Till the curtain falls
I'll always find the strength to carry on
I'll always have the strength to carry on
I'm Raw Meat!
(Dick/Paterson)