

# 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)