

Peter Hammill, Celebrity Kissing

Celebrity kissing, this has got to stop;
yeah, they're swarming like flies,
they're like bees around the honeypot.
Celebrity kissing, will it never end?
Well, you know and I know this is only pretence...

You give it all you've got in radiance on the podium,
manicured fingers grip the figurine.
You taught us all you knew in missionary position;
throw your arms around your latest scene,
it could have been celebrity kissing...
This has got to stop:
yeah, they're swarming like flies,
they're like bees around the honey;
you were wonderful, darling, does it never end?
Well, you know and I know this is only pretence.

They saw you coming for a thousand miles,
knew something wicked by the pricking of the thumbs;
they can't believe this cheek you're turning is your better side;
I think they preferred it when you acted young and dumb.

So you take it to the limit,
take it from the top,
shake it till it's broken,
does the penny never drop?

Celebrity kissing, this has got to stop:
yeah, they're swarming like flies,
they're like bees around the honey.
You were wonderful, darling, does it never end?
Oh, you know and I know this is only pretence...

Oh, look out.
Oh, yeah, will the penny drop?
Some kind of madness in characterization,
some kind of method in your made-up face;
you got your wake-up call, your open invitation,
you get to party in the pagan place.

Celebrity kissing, this has got to stop:
yeah, they're swarming like flies,
they're like bees around the honey.
You were wonderful, darling, does it never end?
Oh, you know and I know this is only pretence...
[repeat]

This is only pretence.
Cut and print, cut that kiss, cut... and print:
this is only pretence.