

Skyclad, Penny Dreadful

Forgive me if I'm out of order -
this new "music" has no soul.
It may be good for making money,
(sadly that is not my goal).

Integrity and honesty are words that you don't understand,
but you're the best - it says so in the penny dreadful in your hand.

I saw you in the magazine,
they're calling you messiah.
They must be living in a dream -
they couldn't be more wrong.

If we'd played this riff more punk,
than may be we'd have had a million seller.
But this piper's tune is not for sale,
(I'm glad to say I'm not that kind of fella).

D.J.s, V.J.s, pimps and trollops,
never mind music - this is bollocks.

I saw you in the magazine,
they're calling you messiah.
They must be living in a dream -
they couldn't be more wrong.

Turn on, tune up, cash in, sell out.
Turn on, tune up, cash in, sell out.

Stand your ground behind the times -
and refuse to follow fassion.
Write your poetry with anger,
(and then sing it with a passion).

Painted faces in a circus - images that spring to mind,
when I read my penny dreadful filled with pictures of your kind.

I saw you in the magazine,
they're calling you messiah.
They must be living in a dream -
they couldn't be more wrong.

Commercial suicide's appealing after
ten years on this losing streak.
'Cause I'd rather be called sour and bitter
then be deemed the flavour of the week.

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they're calling you messiah.
They must be living in a dream -
they couldn't be more wrong.

Extra, extra, read all about it!

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they're calling you messiah.
They must be living in a dream -
they couldn't be more wrong.