

U.D.O., Backstreet Loner

Backstreet Loner
I lit another cigarette
She did a little pirouette
No friend of mine - a dollar's fine
A cruel world - when you cross this line
The masquerade is over
The mask - it fades away
Like a backstreet loner
No need to be afraid
In Johnny Nofinger's bar
I travelled so far
I've been to all those places
Just a shot on the bar
A cheap cigar
And all the dead-eyed faces
Hold down the fever
Don't you cross the line
Hold down the fever
Stop yourself in time
Never step on the ride
Just take my advice
I've suffered all the seasons
Feel it coming again
I paid the price
There's no rhyme - no reason
When masquerades are over
The show will fade away
You'll be a backstreet loner
You better be afraid