## Fish, Lords Of The Backstage

A love song with no validity Pretend you never meant that much to me Numb, a Valium child, bored by meaningless collisions A lonely stretch of headlight, diamonds trapped in black ice A mirror cracked among the white lines. I just wanted you to be the first one I just wanted you to be the first one Ashes are burning, burning Ashes are burning, burning. A lifestyle with no simplicities But I'm not asking for your sympathy Talk, we never could talk, distanced by all that was between us. A lord of the backstage, a creature of language, I'm so far out and I'm too far in. I just wanted you to be the first one I just wanted you to be the first one Bridges are burning, burning Bridges are burning, burning Now, now, now, now