

Marc Almond, Never To Be Next

Wholly naked
My my worn towel serving as loin cloth
Face turned red
Hands clutching at soap and froth
(Next, next)
I was barely 20
And we were over 100
Being the followers of the one who led
(Next, next)
I was still 20
When my innocense was revealed
In a mobile brothel of an army
In the field
(Next, next)
Maybe I would have liked
A little touch of tenderness
Maybe a word
Or maybe a caress
But no
(Next, next)
It was not Waterloo
And it was not Arcole
It was the moment
When I regretted missing school
(Next, next)
But i swear on hearing that sergeant
Who was not worth tuppens
It was a dirty trick that
? made his armies of impotence
(Next, next)
I swear by the head
Of my first bout of syphillis
It's that voice
That voice that sticks
Like a fist
(Next, next)
That voice that stinks of garlic
Foul drink and crud
It's the voice of nations
And the voice of blood
(Next, next)
And since then
Each woman in the heat
Of succuming in my skinny arms
Seems to be murmuring
Next, next
Next deary, next sonny
All the followers of the world
Would hold each others hand
For in my delerium, well I scream and demand
He's next....well I'm not delerious
I act as a reasoner
Say, it's more humiliating to be the followed
Than the follower
(Next, next, next, next)
One day I'll cut my legs off
Or even become a nun
I'll hang anything
So long as I'm not anyone
Never to be next
Never to be next
Never to be next
Next, next
Please don't pick me next

Never to be next

I want never...never...never....never....never....never to be next