

# Marc Almond, The Hustler

Over there  
In the cold  
Stands the Hustler  
His eyes are old  
He has seen a million ugly scenes  
Places where men droop with mould  
The backrooms  
Where soiled goods are sold  
Seen with opened eyes since frail fifteen  
He has found it hard at first  
But on his brow there sits a curse  
For when the young must suffer  
At the hands of men  
Memories of Christmas past  
Were never there to ever last  
Things as were can never  
Be again  
Over there  
By the wall  
Stands the Hustler  
He's not very tall  
He's trampled by the jaded by the sly  
He's seen the darker side of men  
First fascinated and then  
He found his urge to laugh  
An urge to cry  
He'll find close friends  
No friend at all  
He feels so lonely, tired and small  
How few are chosen from  
The golden call  
There's something in us all it seems  
To crave adventure  
Hunt for dreams  
But corruption the seducer spoils our schemes  
And surely as the snow will melt  
The Hustler  
Grabs his soul and heads for home  
With lessons learnt under his belt  
Over there  
By the wall  
Stands the Hustler  
With the men of law  
On either side to flank the sallow youth  
But some of us will never learn  
It takes the blow of fists to burn  
How painfully we suffer for the truth