

Marc Almond, The Idol

Hail Hail the Idol
Hail Hail the Idol
Idol be bad
Idol be wild
Martyr your heart
Father a love child
We need all your kinks
And your dark attitude
We live on your sins
And your volatile moods
We love you, we love you
We love you, we love you
You're a pop up poster of a teenage dream
We love you, we love you
We love you, we love you
A fur inferno on a twisted scene
Go for the gold
Never grow old
In the bed or the car
It's the end of the star
Burn yourself out
Do yourself in
Don't try to mend
All gods fall in the end
Hail Hail the Idol
Hail Hail the Idol
We loved you in black
We adored you in pink
Up in the dock
Or drowned in the drink
Wrapped up in foil
Anointed in oil
We love you, we love you
We love you, we love you
Rip out your soul as you're playing the role
We love you, we love you
We love you, we love you
Nail up your hands to fulfil our demands
Go for the gold
Never grow old
In the bed or the car
It's the end of the star
Burn yourself out
Do yourself in
Don't try to mend
All gods fall in the end
Sweet crucifixion
We hate you, we hate you
We hate you, we hate you
Watch them turn cold as you start to grow old
We hate you, we hate you
We hate you, we hate you
Vinyl to burn as the crowd starts to turn
Go for the gold
Never grow old
In the bed or the car
It's the end of the star
Burn yourself out
Do yourself in
Don't try to mend
All gods fall in the end
Be what you are
In the bed or the car
In the bath or the bar

It's the end of the star
Burn yourself out
Do yourself in
Don't try to mend
All gods fall in the end
Fail Fail the Idol
Fail Fail the Idol
Fail Fail the Idol
Fail Fail the Idol
All gods fall in the end
Valentino the sheik was the God of them all
But his macho was dented and he took a fall
Garland sang tragedy touching our hearts
But her life was a tragedy more than her art
Fabian and Avalon gold lamed and cute
Kissed fickle fame and went straight down the chute
Elvis the cat loved us tender with youth
But what we were seeing was never the truth
Just wanted to sing but fame made its demands
And died while still young trying to please all his fans
James was a rebel that stood for an age
A drink and a drive and then death took the stage
Poor Billie Holliday paid all her dues
When her close friend the needle gave her the blues
Janis at night cruised for boys on the strip
But death by the bottle is what made her hip
Marylin's beauty showed age every day
But her sinister end helped her keep age away
We love you, we love you
We love you, we love you
We love you, we love you
We love you, we love you
Brian Jones had an aura that Mick soon would crave
But pills and a pool set the scene for the grave
Jim lived his life to put edge to his songs
But he died in the bath to reach where he belongs
Jimi played notes that were all heaven-sent
But the drink and the drugs made sure that's where he went
Osmond and Cassidy records all gold
But they made the mistake of growing too old
Bolan got fat was not pleasant to see
But we loved him again when he met with a tree
Kurt was unhappy with fame and success
A gun in the mouth and one hell of a mess
And who will be next on the big cross of fame?
A white sequinned glove and a big famous name?
We hate you, we hate you
We hate you, we hate you
We hate you, we hate you
We hate you, we hate you