

# Marillion, Incommunicado

(Dick/Kelly/Mosley/Rothery/Trewavas)

I'd be really pleased to meet you if I could remember your name  
But I got problems of the memory ever since I got a winner in the fame game  
I'm a citizen of Legoland travellin' incommunicado  
And I don't give a damn for the Fleet Street aficionados  
But I don't want to be the back-page interview  
I don't want launderette anonymity  
I want my hand prints in the concrete on Sunset Boulevard  
A dummy in Tussauds you'll see

Incommunicado, incommunicado

I'm a Marquee veteran, a multimedia bonafide celebrity  
I've got an allergy to Perrier, daylight and responsibility  
I'm a rootin'-tootin' cowboy, the Peter Pan, the street credibility  
Always taking the point with the dawn patrol fraternity

Sometimes it seems like I've been here before  
When I hear opportunity kicking in my door  
Call it synchronicity call it deja vu  
I just put my faith in destiny - it's the way that I choose

But I don't want to be a tin can tied  
To the bumper of a wedding limousine  
Or currently residing in the where are they now file  
A toupee on the cabaret scene  
I want to do adverts for American Express cards  
Talk shows on prime time TV  
A villa in France, my own cocktail bar  
And that's where you're gonna find me

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It's the only way