

Marillion, Interior Lulu

(Helmer/Hogarth/Kelly/Mosley/Rothery/Trewavas)

As you lie there on your bed
Beneath the face of Louise Brooks
With your makeup and your teddy bear
And your C.S. Lewis books
Bad seed
You're a bad seed
You're a decadent in chrysalis
Waiting sleepily to emerge
When you'll visit every seedy need
Of your random obsessive urge

All the ruses that you use
All the food that you refuse
All the dust and tired air that feeds Interior Lulus
All the poisoned attitudes
And the lust for the unknown
And the second best that devils use
To make this world their own
Interior Lulu
Interior Lulu

Every rainy day by e-mail
As you lie there on your bed
Another virtual page arrives
There will be times when you remember me
Of the chapters you'll be writing
As the voices echo in your head
In the book called wasted lives
As you read Henry and Anais

All the lost weekends and booze
All the finger-and-thumb screws
All the sleepless worn out blues that bruise Interior Lulus
Interior Lulu
Interior Lulu

Use the anger
Paint a picture of it
Throw the colours
Use the pain, use the pain

Scream back a brand new emotion
As it runs across the skin
Fire across paper
Burn and curl, burn and curl

You thought you couldn't feel like this
But it's happening again and you're waking up in pain
Tattooed in that private place
Microsoft and tears
Intimately pierced

Discovering and remembering
You felt like this somewhere before
Stirrin' up the bed of the river
Somewhere you don't like to go

You wrote this down so many times
But you get up anyway and you write it down again
You've bored us all to death with this
Well who you gonna tell
When you've nothing left to sell

She says she's lonely
She says she knows me
But she's a one-way street

She told me what I already know

"If you can carry it out you can take it away
If you can carry it out you can take it away
If you can buy it, it can be bought
If you can buy it, it can be stolen
If you can break it
It's already broken"

Lately, I can stand to hear other people talking
So many empty conversations
What a waste of lips

Lately I can stand to stand on Primrose Hill
Look down upon the city
A heart pumping the roads

In our racing stripes
We rejoice at being "connected"
Without touching
Thank god for the internet

We stare at our screens
All our lives
What a waste of eyes
'Till the electrical storm blows our fuses
And we gaze, dumbfounded, at the rain

All the trust and tired care
Left to rust and go nowhere
All this gold beneath my skin
Sparklin' like sin somewhere within
In so deep
In so deep that
I can't sleep for these interior Lu lu lu lu lus