

# Peter Hammill, Energy Vampires

Hunched in the corner of the dressing-room,  
trying to get back to the real...  
Uh-oh, here they come, ready for their meal:

Energy Vampires, crawling out of the wall,  
they want to steal my vitality,  
they want to drink it all.

This guy says that he wrote all my songs,  
this girl says she's had my baby  
me, I don't know them from Adam and Eve,  
sometimes I really believe I'm going crazy.

"Excuse me while I suck your blood,  
excuse me when I phone you,  
I've got every one of your records, man,  
doesn't that mean I own you?"  
Oh, sure, I long ago decided to make myself an exponent  
of public possession in the private obsession zone.

But now I'm serious, let's be serious,  
I'm not selling you my soul,  
try to put it in the records  
but I've got to keep my life my own.  
One thing I've not got a lot of is time  
and it's slipping away...

I've got a life to live too.

Ah, here they come...  
Vampires!