

Peter Hammill, Here Come The Talkies

Hair in the gate, let's take a minute
to find out where this character's lost his way...
unless I'm much mistaken I'm at the limit
of what I can and can't say.

Something untoward seems to be occurring,
the best that I can do is play along
for much as I deplore it the camera's still turning...
you don't have to be bad to be in the wrong,
you don't have to be bad to get it all wrong.

Fighting the light,
there's not much time...
What future bright is mine?

In the course of that scene you looked right through me,
though I was holding your attention as best I could.
I feel I'm dropping down the credits of my own movie...
Even when you're in the right you could be gone for good;
take a look at these shoes where the understudy stood.

Fighting the light,
there's not much time...
What future bright is mine?

With uncertainty as a constant companion
yeah you'll never be alone if you're open to your own self-doubt...
better let it out.

This is no time for you to stutter in dismay
as frame by frame all your references unlock;
wired up as anything, the future's on its way
like electricity, you judder with the shock.
You judder with the shock,
until you're utterly unblocked;
yeh, you judder with the shock.

Time to get a grip, we're all mummers in a freak show,
come on, read my lips and then maybe you'll acquire a different taste.
Take another tip, find a method in the madness...
when everything is stripped I see no fortune in your face.
Oh, look out!

Walking on the coals your star was never brighter,
good as solid gold, but that standard's not so relevant today
typecast in the role, is your strength all in your silence?

Here come the talkies what's that you say?

Fashion what you make from the clay of your experience;
you might deserve a break but the longer you go on the less it's fair;
you be sure to claim your stake, but the ground below you's shifted.
Just like Rudy as the Sheikh do you feel there's something alien in the air?

Here come the talkies,
obsolescence guaranteed;
here come the talkies, don't you see?

And you never thought you'd feel so absurd,
but now you're fluffing your famous last words...

Thank you and goodnight.

Fighting the light,

there's always time
to stand and fight your decline...

Hair in the gate,
that Klieg light, dim it.
Let's find out how this character acts at bay:
If he's strong in his belief there'll be no limit
to what he can and can't say,
to what he can and can't...

Fighting the light,
in tune with time...
what future bright will be mine?

Will, be mine.