

Peter Hammill, Like A Shot, The Entertainer

Like a shot from the barrel of a smoking gun he's not,
still he aims for adoration.
On the spot where the kettle has been called black by the pot
he awaits his true vocation.
You're so hot, eggs are frying where you walk upon the street,
what you got is the secret that he'd trade his soul to keep.
Like a shot he will tell you all his stories
is that what entertains the entertainer?

Like a shot of the elixir of youth your trade in stock,
both a curse and a protection;
like a shot, in like Flynn, he'll tie his tongue up in a knot
to profess his true affection.
You're so hot, eggs are frying where you walk upon the street;
you're so hot that he turns to tango every time you meet.
Like a shot he'll be thrown upon your mercy
is that what entertains the entertainer?

Entertain the entertainer,
entertain the entertainer...

Like a shot, like a paparazzo picture gone to pot
his decay bears no reversal;
on the rocks he will take his medicine straight
but this is not, I repeat not, dress rehearsal.
You're so hot, eggs are frying where you walk upon the street;
X the spot where he hopes he'll always fall upon his feet.
What a shock when he stumbles in the spotlight
is that what entertains the entertainer?

Let's talk about something else;
let's talk about us;
let's talk about egocentricity;
let's talk about keeping it up.

You're so hot, eggs are frying where you walk upon the street;
what you got is the secret that he'd trade his soul to keep.
Like a shot he'll regale you with his stories
is that what entertains the entertainer?
Like a shot he'll be thrown upon your mercy
is that what entertains the entertainer?
What a shock when he stumbles in the spotlight
is that what entertains the entertainer?

Let's talk about something else;
let's talk about us;
let's talk about egocentricity;
let's talk about keeping it up.