

# Peter Hammill, Like Veronica

Wear your hair like Veronica Lake  
and he says you look ever so pretty  
as he brushes the tear from your cheek almost tenderly...  
soon he'll be home.

Falling in love was your first mistake,  
with a heart that held no trace of pity.  
As you look in the mirror you wonder what face you will see  
when he comes home.

Soon he'll be  
in through the door in a cloud of rage and impotence;  
calling you whore, his greeting is a Glasgow Kiss;  
down on the floor you raise your arms but there is no defence...  
he's only in love with his fists.

Wear your hair like Veronica Lake  
and the bruises won't show where he hits you;  
safe behind the curtain, in private, in secret nobody will see  
how he comes home.

Soon he'll be  
into your face in a spittle-stream of vitriol and abuse,  
filling the place with the stench of alcohol and piss;  
no saving grace, no comfort, no escape and no excuse:  
he's only in love with his fists.

If this is all that there is  
isn't there somewhere to run to?  
Or do you think in the future he'll change his ways?  
Is that why you stay?

He is not your heaven-sent protector, he is not an angel from above,  
he is not the man that you once married: now his fists are all he loves.  
He is just a weakling and a bully, he is not the devil in disguise;  
he is not the man that you once married, he only wants to see you cry.  
He only wants to hear you beg, he only wants to see you hurt,  
he only wants to see you bleed, he only want to make you cry.  
He is not your heaven-sent protector, he is not an angel from above,  
he is not the man that you once married: now his fists are all he loves.

Oh, darling, darling, is that why you stay?

His fists are all he loves.