

Peter Hammill, Vainglorious Boy

I said steady up, settle down, make way for the Idiot Boy.
He's here to sell you some kind of a story;
like a stuck-up sore thumb he'll be coming on bashful and coy,
all of the while pumping up his vainglory.

I said give it up, slap it down, idolise the Idiot Boy;
love's what he wants, or at least some attention
and he believes all the hype...
like an archetypal Geijin-cum-goy
he plays up the Alien Genius Pretension.

He'd fake his own confession to get you on his side.

Oh, I say lighten up, calm it down, time out for His Idiocy now.
What's going to happen when the audience dwindles?
The tide's out, the ride's up, the world's got no comfort somehow
truth to tell, it'll be himself that he's swindled
in a broken-down profession of over-weaning pride.
Nowhere to hide...

Heaven sent compliments that were meant sincerely fall flat
and the bitterest pill is the one he can't swallow.

The idiotic thing is what we have always known:
however great success is, however far you've flown
you'll come to face this audience:
yourself, yourself alone.

You'll come to face yourself alone,
you idiot, idiot boy!