

Steve Harley, NOTHING IS SACRED (IT'S EVERYTHING ELSE)

As the sun was coming up on the Danube, the hotel room was alive
it's heart was beating hard as thunder, there were three of us
there for the night
and we were talking about the magnificent River of Strauss
we were saying that nothing is sacred, it's everything else
We put a match to a candle and watched it flicker and spark
we just stared at ourselves until we couldn't keep our tired
eyelids apart
then someone (I think it was me) said: "Somehow this is rich,
"we're sitting here on the Danube and nobody noticed the
Blue Water Bitch";
Ohh la la, it's fun to be so kitsch
We went out to the balcony, the Danube a glorious flame
we took polaroid pictures and swore that we're never again going
to be the same
It was a moment when nothing was stirring save these two and me
and the clouds were beginning to gather and crash overhead from
the glorious sea
We swayed to and fro and talked of Michaelangelo
and of how there was too much beauty here to take it in one go
then from a corner a tap on the door put the room in a flood
there was God in my mind but the problem was water - not blood !
Ohh la la , it's fun to drink of blood
They ran around me, demented, white lightning flashed in their heads
i was getting bewildered, put on my armour, I was scared of
attack from the reds
and with a pound lodged in my nose I felt kind of rich and serene
i yelled: "Lenny, come quick, get the other boy, take him out
of this scene !";
When he disappeared, there was only Lenny and me
and we hit on a thousand subjects at once in spite of the dusky
beat
then Lenny opened his eye for a second and pulled down the blind
saying: "Go if you must but you know you'll always be easy
to find";
Ohh la la, it's fun to make it blind
We heard Phaedre speak of the Philistines of Paris
but she talked to herself like a Parasite so we both struggled
free
I said: "Zizi Jeanmaire wouldn't take this and neither will we
"If they call me Napoleon again I'll be forced to let the lion
free
"I'll tear down all the paper walls they hide behind
"I'll be damned if I'll take much more of this, I'm beginning
to see the signs";
then I glanced at Lenny and saw that my confidante was beginning
to jest
well, he came out of my subconscious and that's where i put him
away to rest
Ohh la la, it's so fun to be depressed
I can't get over my beginnings, I can't imagine my end
I want to escape this wilderness I'm living in, I want to be
somebody's friend
I could do with a little peace, O Lord, and my heart cries out
for love
but to realise all of one's fantasies has got to be too much