

Lords of the Backstage

Marillion

A love song with no validity
Pretend you never meant that much to me
Numb, a Valium child, bored by meaningless collisions
A lonely stretch of headlight, diamonds trapped in black ice
A mirror cracked among the white lines I just wanted you to be the first one
I just wanted you to be the first one
Ashes are burning, burning
Ashes are burning, burning A lifestyle with no simplicities
But I'm not asking for your sympathy
Talk, we never could talk, distanced by all that was between us
A lord of the backstage, a creature of language
I'm so far out and I'm too far in I just wanted you to be the first one
I just wanted you to be the first one
Bridges are burning, burning
Bridges are burning, burning
Now, now, now, now

Songwriters

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Published by
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