Fugazi

Doe B

Vodka intimate, an affair with isolation in a Blackheath cell
Extinguishing the fires in a private hell
Provoking the heartache to renew the license
Of a bleeding heart poet in a fragile capsule
Propping up the crust of the glitter conscience
Wrapped in the christening shard of a hangover
Baptized in tears from the real, tears from the real
Drowning in the liquid seas on the picadilly line, rat-race
Scuttling through the damp electric labyrinth
(Caress Ophelia's hand with breaststroke ambition)
(An albatross in the marry time tradition)
Sheathed with the Walkman wear the halo of distortion
Aural contraceptive aborting pregnant conversation
(She turned the harpoon and it pierced my heart)
(She hung herself around my neck)
From the time-life guardians in their conscience bubbles
Safe and dry in my sea of troubles
Nine to fives, with suitable ties
Cast adrift as their sideshow
(Sideshow)
Peepshow
(Peepshow)
Stereo hero becalm, be still, bewitch
Drowning, drowning in the real
The thief of Baghdad hides in Islington now
Praying deportation for his sacred cow
A legacy of romance from a twilight world
The dowry of a relative mystery girl
A Vietnamese flower, a dockland union
A mistress of release from a magazine's thighs
Magdalene's contract more than favors
The feeding hands of western promise hold her by the throat
A son of the Swastika of '45, parading a peroxide standard
Graffiti disciples conjure testaments of hatred
Aerosol wands whisper where the searchlights
Trim the barbed wire hedges, this is Brixton chess
A knight for embankments folds his newspaper castle
A creature of habit, begs the boatman's coin
He'll fade with old soldiers in the grease stained roll call

And linger with the heartburn of Good Friday's last supper
Son watches father scan obituary columns
In search of absent school friends
While his generation digests high fiber ignorance
Cowering behind curtains and the taped up, painted windows
Decriminalized genocide
Provided door to door Belsens
Pandora's box of holocausts
Gracefully cruising satellite infested heavens
Waiting, waiting the season of the button
The penultimate migration
Radioactive perfumes for the fashionably
For the terminally insane, insane
Do-do-do you realize
Do-do-do you realize
Do-do-do you realize
This world is totally fugazi
Where are the prophets, where are the visionaries?
Where are the poets to breach the dawn of the sentimental mercenary?
Where are the prophets, where are the visionaries?
Where are the poets to breach the dawn of the sentimental mercenary?
Where are the prophets, where are the visionaries?
Where are the poets to breach the dawn of the sentimental mercenary?
Where are the prophets?

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/