

# Penny dreadful

## Elvenking

Forgive me if I'm out of order -  
This new 'music' has no soul  
It may be good for making money,  
Sadly that is not my goal  
Integrity and honesty are words that you don't understand,  
but you're the best - it says so in the penny dreadful in your hand  
I saw you in a magazine,  
They're calling you messiah  
They must be living in a dream -  
they couldn't be more wrong  
If we'd played this riff more punk  
Then maybe we'd have had a million seller  
But this piper's tune is not for sale,  
I'm glad to say I'm not that kind of fella  
D.J.s, V.J.s, pimps and trollops,  
Never mind music - this is bollocks  
I saw you in a magazine,  
They're calling you messiah  
They must be living in a dream -  
They couldn't be more wrong.  
Turn on, tune up, cash in, sell out  
Turn on, tune up, cash in, sell out  
Stand your ground behind the times -  
And refuse to follow fashion  
Write your poetry with anger,  
And then sing it with a passion  
Painted faces in a circus - images that spring to mind,  
When I read my penny dreadful filled with pictures of your kind  
I saw you in a magazine,  
They're calling you messiah  
They must be living in a dream -  
They couldn't be more wrong  
Commercial suicide's appealing after  
Ten years on this losing streak  
'Cause I'd rather be called sour and bitter  
Than be deemed the flavour of the weak  
Of the weak, of the weak  
Weak of the weak  
I saw you in a magazine,  
They're calling you messiah  
They must be living in a dream -  
They couldn't be more wrong  
Extra, extra, read all about it!  
I saw you in a magazine,  
They're calling you messiah  
They must be living in a dream -  
They couldn't be more wrong

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
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