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 handI saw you in a magazine,
They're calling you messiah
They must be living in a dream -
they couldn't be more wrongIf 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 bollocksI 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 kindI saw you in a magazine,
They're calling you messiah
They must be living in a dream -
They couldn't be more wrongCommercial 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 weakI saw you in a magazine,
They're calling you messiah
They must be living in a dream -
They couldn't be more wrongExtra, 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.

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