Happy Hour

Peter Hammill

Fuelled by alcohol,
shooting out words like a rocket,
like a prophet out of Babylon
method acting the absurd...
Shoot me those highballs
till I'm lit up like I'm plugged in a socket;
lock me eyeball to eyeball,
let's not bother with the words.
Oh, bring on the clowns, bring on the night,
pour me double vision in black and white.
I'm falling, falling don't give me that look!
I'm falling, falling, it's the oldest trick in the book,
My chickadee, my passion flower,
show me the way to the Happy Hour.I don't like to see that:
oh, no, I don't like the way the hand is shaking,
shape-making like an acrobat
on his way to the trapeze.
My friends in the crowd
are all taking bets
they're taking away the safety net.
Falling, falling don't give me that look!
I'm falling, only falling, it's the oldest trick in the book,
vertigo on the high-wire tower
is this really what they mean by "Happy Hour"?The line between the social and the suicidal
so fine he might not know when he's crossed it,
when he's lost it;
when the social kick becomes the gauging-stick of survival.So here's to the circus,
let's drink to the game of forgetting
the marionette strings that jerk us,
the real world just outside the door.
I know that my legs have gone
and I know that the light here is far from perfect...
but I've rehearsed it, so I'll carry on
until I wind up on the floor.My friends in the bar
will stand me a round,
they'll toast me on my way to the underground.
I'm falling, falling don't give me that look!
I'm falling, only falling, it's the oldest trick in the book,
My chickadee, my passion flower,

show me the way to the Happy Hour.
Vertigo on the high-wire tower
is this really what they mean by "Happy Hour"?Put on the greasepaint, we're getting ready for Happy Hour.
Do you hear me now? Can you feel me now?
I'm in the middle of Happy Hour...
Put on the greasepaint.
[repeat to fade]

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