

Daskarzine

Cold Chisel

Well Daskarzine, she was pretty bland
As she stretched out in the corner of the room
She was Oh! so lazy with her pistol hand
As her hair hung hot off the loom
A red-eyed Chicken felt like stepping in
But his lines lacked their customary cool
Her conversation flowed like treacle from a tin
And Chicken felt like some kind of fool Oh Yeah!
Her every move
Is a lesson in street ballet
And they speak her name in cheap hotels
From Turkey to Marseillaise Seduction seems to hang in the dressing-room air
But no-one knows just whos seducing who
She puts it out wave after wave
And never seems to miss the slightest cue
Outside in the wings
The curtain-boys cry lonely
Their one true love is Daskarzine
And for her theyll all die slowly Oh babe, she says, weve got to die sometime
Its the sweetest thing we do
Why not die from month to month
With my touch to help you through Now Chicken left the room feeling angry and cold
Young Stetson looked reluctant and lame
Daskarzine had him neatly pidgeonholed
And he was just clinging blindly to his name Im Stetson and I aint so bad, he kept on saying
But his mind was trapped in some kind of cage
He had failed at the ancient art of role-playing
And was fighting to leave the bleeding stage On the radio
A tenor saxaphone
Cries sweet jazz poetry
And it breaks on Daskarzines facade
Of false serenity

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