

Interior Lulu

Marillion

As you lie there on your bed
Beneath the face of Louise Brooks
With your makeup and your teddy bear
And your C.S. Lewis booksBad seed
You're a bad seedYou're a decadent in chrysalis
Waiting sleepily to emerge
When you'll visit every seedy need
Of your random obsessive urgeAll the ruses that you use
All the food that you refuse
All the dust and tired air that feeds Interior Lulus
All the poisoned attitudes
And the lust for the unknown
And the second best that devils use
To make this world their own
Interior Lulu, Interior Lulu, Interior LuluEvery rainy day by e-mail
As you lie there on your bed
Another virtual page arrives
There will be times when you remember meOf the chapters you'll be writing
As the voices echo in your head
In the book called wasted lives
As you read Henry and AnaïsAll the lost weekends and booze
All the finger-and-thumb screws
All the sleepless worn out blues that bruise Interior Lulus
Interior Lulu, Interior Lulu, Interior LuluUse the anger
Paint a picture of it
Throw the colors
Use the pain, use the painScream back a brand new emotion
As it runs across the skin
Fire across paper
Burn and curl, burn and curlYou thought you couldn't feel like this
But it's happening again and you're waking up in pain
Tattooed in that private place
Microsoft and tears intimately piercedDiscovering and remembering
You felt like this somewhere before
Stirrin' up the bed of the river
Somewhere you don't like to goYou wrote this down so many times
But you get up anyway and you write it down again
You've bored us all to death with this
Well who you gonna tell

When you've nothing left to sell
She says, she's lonely
She says, she knows me
But she's a one-way street
She told me what I already know
"If you can carry it out you can take it away
If you can carry it out you can take it away
If you can buy it, it can be bought
If you can buy it, it can be stolen
If you can break it, it's already broken
It's already broken, it's already broken
"Lately, I can stand to hear other people talking
So many empty conversations
What a waste of lips
Lately I can stand to stand on Primrose Hill
Look down upon the city
A heart pumping the roads
In our racing stripes
We rejoice at being connected
Without touching, thank God for the internet
We stare at our screens all our lives
What a waste of eyes
"Till the electrical storm blows our fuses
And we gaze, dumbfounded, at the rain
All the trust and tired care
Left to rust and go nowhere
All this gold beneath my skin
Sparklin' like sin somewhere within
In so deep, in so deep, in so deep
That I can't sleep for these Interior Lulu
These Interior Lulu, these Interior Lulu lu lu lu lu lus

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