

# Incommunicado

## Fish

I'd be really pleased to meet you, if only I could remember your name.  
But I got problems with my memory, ever since I got a winner in the fame game.  
I'm a citizen of Legoland, travellin' Incommunicado,  
And I don't give a damn for the Fleet Street aficionados. But I don't want to be the backpage interview.  
I don't want launderette anonymity.  
I want my handprints in the concrete on Sunset Boulevard.  
A dummy in Tussauds, you'll see. Incommunicado. I'm a Marquee veteran, a multi-media bonafide celebrity.  
I've got an allergy to Perrier, daylight, and responsibility.  
I'm a rootin-tootin cowboy; a Peter Pan with street credibility.  
Always making the point with the dawn patrol fraternity. Sometimes it seems like I've been here before,  
When I hear opportunity kicking in my door.  
Call it synchronicity, call it deja vu.  
I just put my faith in destiny; it's the way that I choose. But I don't want to be a tin can tied to the bumper of a  
wedding limousine;  
Or currently residing in the where-are-they-now file.  
A toupe on the cabaret scene.  
I want to do adverts for American Express cards,  
And talk shows on prime time TV;  
A villa in France,  
My own cocktail bar;  
And that's where you're gonna find me.  
Incommunicado. Sometimes it seems like I've been here before,  
When I hear opportunity kicking in my door.  
Call it synchronicity, call it deja vu.  
I just put my faith in destiny, it's the way that I choose.  
Incommunicado.  
It's the only way.  
Incommunicado.

Songwriters

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