

Friendly Fire (Live At the Mermaid Theatre)

Pet Shop Boys

An inspirational tirade against me How to explain my life?
Boys to the left of me girls to the right of me neither husband nor wife
Though the days are filled with pain there is no one who'll explain why
I'm coming under friendly fire
Shot in the fatal cause of rock-and-roll but there's nothing, really nothing, to say Why I endure under force
majeure slander without shame or tact
I who studied make-up, mime and Buddha who taught two generations to react
About me the critics lied I ignored them and survived
In spite of coming under friendly fire shot in the fatal
Cause of rock-and-roll I have nothing, really nothing, to deny
When I look back my eyes are filled with tears
Danger to mascara, applause to my peers
When fame sustained me and arenas acclaimed me
I floated through life in a cloud of love and insanity and pagan profanity
Before a worshipping crowd Now my status is ill-defined As an icon I'm inclined to be coming under friendly fire
Shot in the fatal cause of rock-and-roll
But whatever dull or clever points they've scored
I have never, oh no never, been ignored

Songwriters

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