The Hustler

Marc Almond

Over there
In the cold
Stands the Hustler
His eyes are old
He has seen a million ugly scenes
Places where men droop with mould
The backrooms
Where soiled goods are sold
Seen with opened eyes since frail fifteen
He has found it hard at first
But on his brow there sits a curse
For when the young must suffer
At the hands of menMemories of Christmas past
Were never there to ever last
Things as were can never
Be againOver there
By the wall
Stands the Hustler
He's not very tall
He's trampled by the jaded by the slyHe's seen the darker side of men
First fascinated and then
He found his urge to laugh
An urge to cryHe'll find close friends
No friend at all
He feels so lonely, tired and small
How few are chosen from
The golden callThere's something in us all it seems
To crave adventure
Hunt for dreams
But corruption the seducer spoils our schemes
And surely as the snow will melt
The Hustler
Grabs his soul and heads for home
With lessons learnt under his beltOver there
By the wall
Stands the Hustler
With the men of law
On either side to flank the sallow youth
But some of us will never learn

It takes the blow of fists to burn
How painfully we suffer for the truth

Songwriters
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