

Fish, Raw Meat

-for Andy Field

Raw meat for the balcony

Another mugging in tin pan alley

Another heart of attack takes the centre stage

You might think I'm getting cynical

But after these years I can still pass the physical

still got my corner, still got my edge

And the waitress takes an order for another round

As I try to blend my way into the crowd

The hunter of the autograph he wants my name

And I just can't find the strength to turn him down

Raw meat for the balcony don't get me wrong

I don't need your sympathy, just lend me a needle and spare me a dime

Just a tear in the public eye

From laughing or crying it don't mean that much to me

Some sort of reaction is all that I need

The cognac goes down better in the hotel room,

When you're staring at the writing on the wall

Condemned by the critics who want to tear me down

When it's just another lyric going for a song

We're low on life on the highway in search of coin

Picking up the pennies from the road

Guided by direction in the wake of stars

We were driven by a dream that's broken down

But the bandwagon's parked up in another town

We hope tomorrow its heading out our way

To get us out the tunnel where we've paid our dues

With friends we buried there beyond the lights

Raw meat for the balcony

Is that all I am, is that all I'm going to be?

Raw meat for the balcony,

Nobody's fool but mine, is that my destiny?

But if that bandwagon takes off for another town

And the suits that buy the wine don't like my song

Though I'm playing to empty tables

Till the curtain falls

I'll always find the strength to carry on

I'll always have the strength to carry on

I'm Raw Meat!

(Dick/Paterson)