

# Marillion, Lords Of The Backstage

(Dick/Kelly/Mosley/Rothery/Trewavas)

A love song with no validity  
Pretend you never meant that much to me  
Numb, a Valium child, bored by meaningless collisions  
A lonely stretch of headlight, diamonds trapped in black ice  
A mirror cracked among the white lines  
I just wanted you to be the first one  
I just wanted you to be the first one  
Ashes are burning, burning  
Ashes are burning, burning

A lifestyle with no simplicities  
But I'm not asking for your sympathy  
Talk, we never could talk, distanced by all that was between us  
A lord of the backstage, a creature of language  
I'm so far out and I'm too far in

I just wanted you to be the first one  
I just wanted you to be the first one  
Bridges are burning, burning  
Bridges are burning, burning