



## NO MUSES LEFT

Dodging madmen on the High Street  
That's how I'll end up if I stay here  
No one turns round when I walk by  
No one's shocked by my new disguise

I'll never look good in this ashen light  
It makes me look sadder than I really am  
You can tell my accent before I open my mouth  
There's no muses left in this cold, cold town  
There's no muses left in this cold, cold town

The moon emerges like a photograph  
She looks weary, hung-over and tired  
Too many poets to inspire  
Too many drunkards' sorrows to drown

It's so hard to tap dance barefoot in the rain  
To learn to fly in a hurricane  
Not to blink to the flash of your shooting star  
There's no muses left in this cold, cold town  
There's no muses left in this cold, cold town

In the burnt-out letter of a neon sign  
An angel curls up till the sun comes up  
With so many homeless he feels in the way  
Of a mattress or a piece of bread  
What've these people got in their hearts?  
They chase you for debts from previous lives  
Everything's got a plan, they can't improvise  
Now it's time to laugh, now it's time to cry

I curse the waves for conspiring  
And dragging me down to this icy island  
Where the fog is so thick that you cannot see  
That on the edges the sky is coming off  
There's no muses left in this cold, cold town  
There's no muses left and I'm getting out  
There's no muses left in this cold, cold town  
There's no muses left and I'm getting out

