

Marillion - Incubus

Tom: D

Ooh-wah, ooh-wah, ooh-wah, ooh-wah
 When footlights dim in reverence to prescient passion
 Forewarned, my audience leaves the stage, floating ahead
 perfumed shift
 Within the stammering silence, the face that launched a
 thousand frames
 Betrayed by a porcelain tear, a stained career

Ooh-wah, ooh-wah
 You played this scene before, you played this scene
 before
 I, the mote in your eye, I, I, I, I, the mote in your eye
 A misplaced reaction, reaction

Cm Gm7 Cm Gm7 Cm Gm7 Cm Gm7 Cm Em

The darkroom unleashes imagination in pornographic images

In which you will always be the star, always be the star,
 untouchable

Unapproachable, constant in the darkness, in the darkness (in
 the darkness)

Nursing an erection, a misplaced reaction

With no flower to place before this gravestone

And the walls become enticingly newspaper thin

But that would be developing the negative view

And you have to be exposed in voyeuristic colour

The public act, let you model your shame on the mannequin
 catwalk, catwalk

Let the cats walk (and the cat walks)

Ooh-wah, ooh-wah
 I've played this scene before, I've played this
 scene before

I, the mote in your eye, I, I, I, I, the mote in your eye

A misplaced reaction, satisfaction

"An irritating speck of dirt that came from absolutely
 nowhere"

Em D A

You can't brush me under the carpet, you can't hide me under
 the stairs

The custodian of your private fears, your leading actor of
 yesteryear

Who as you crawled out of the alleys of obscurity

Sentenced to rejection in the morass of anonymity

You who I directed with a lover's will, you who I let
 hypnotise the lens

You who I let bathe in the spotlight's glare

You who wiped me from your memory like a greasepaint mask

Just like a greasepaint mask

Gbm Dbm D E Gbm Dbm D E Gbm Dbm D E Gbm Dbm D E
 Gbm Dbm D E Gbm Dbm D E

But now I'm the snake in the grass, the ghost of film reels
 past

I'm the producer of your nightmare and the performance has
 just begun

It's just begun

It's just begun

Your perimeter of courtiers jerk like celluloid puppets

As you stutter paralysed with rabbit's eyes

Searing the shadows, flooding the wings

To pluck elusive salvation from the understudy's lips

Retrieve the soliloquy, maintain the obituary

My cue line in the last act and you wait in silent solitude

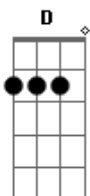
Waiting for the prompt, waiting for the prompt, waiting for
 the prompt

Waiting for the prompt, waiting for the prompt, waiting for
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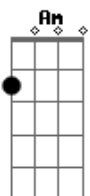
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You've play - ed this scene before

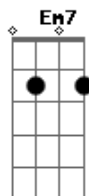
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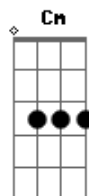
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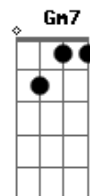
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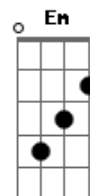
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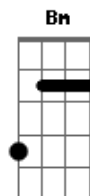
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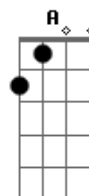
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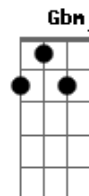
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