

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,
untouchableUnapproachable, 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

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

Em D A

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

A
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 EEm E Gbm Dbm D
But now I'm the snake in the grass, the ghost of film reels
pastF#sus4 Gb
I'm the producer of your nightmare and the performance has
just begunC#sus4 Dbm
It's just begunF#sus4 Gb C#sus4 Dbm F#sus4 Gb C#sus4 Dbm
It's just begunF#sus4 Gb
Your perimeter of courtiers jerk like celluloid puppetsC#sus4 Dbm
As you stutter paralysed with rabbit's eyesF#sus4 Gb
Searing the shadows, flooding the wingsC#sus4 Dbm
To pluck elusive salvation from the understudy's lipsF#sus4 Gb
Retrieve the soliloquy, maintain the obituaryC#sus4 Dbm
My cue line in the last act and you wait in silent solitudeF#sus4 Gb
C#sus4 Dbm
Waiting for the prompt, waiting for the prompt, waiting for
the promptF#sus4 Gb
C#sus4 Dbm
Waiting for the prompt, waiting for the prompt, waiting for
the promptF#sus4 Gb Db
You've play - ed this scene before

Acordes



