

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 Gm Cm Gm Cm Gm Cm Gm 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
 Am

"An irritating speck of dirt that came from absolutely
 nowhere"
 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
 F#sus4 Gb I'm the producer of your nightmare and the performance has
 just begun
 C#sus4 Dbm It's just begun
 F#sus4 Gb C#sus4 Dbm F#sus4 Gb C#sus4 Dbm
 It's just begun
 F#sus4 Gb Your perimeter of courtiers jerk like celluloid puppets
 C#sus4 Dbm As you stutter paralysed with rabbit's eyes
 F#sus4 Gb Searing the shadows, flooding the wings
 C#sus4 Dbm To pluck elusive salvation from the understudy's lips
 F#sus4 Gb Retrieve the soliloquy, maintain the obituary
 C#sus4 Dbm My cue line in the last act and you wait in silent solitude
 F#sus4 Gb C#sus4 Dbm Waiting for the prompt, waiting for the prompt, waiting for
 the prompt
 F#sus4 Gb C#sus4 Dbm Waiting for the prompt, waiting for the prompt, waiting for
 the prompt
 F#sus4 Gb Db You've play - ed this scene before

Acordes



