

# Never to Be Next

Marc Almond

Wholely naked  
My my worn towel serving as loin cloth  
Face turned red  
Hands clutching at soap and froth  
(Next, next)  
I was barely 20  
And we were over 100  
Being the followers of the one who led  
(Next, next)  
I was still 20  
When my innocense was revealed  
In a mobile brothel of an army  
In the field  
(Next, next)  
Maybe I would have liked  
A little touch of tenderness  
Maybe a word  
Or maybe a caress  
But no  
(Next, next)  
It was not Waterloo  
And it was not Arcole  
It was the moment  
When I regreted missing school  
(Next, next)  
But i swear on hearing that sergeant  
Who was not worth tuppens  
It was a dirty trick that  
? made his armies of impotence  
(Next, next)  
I swear by the head  
Of my first bout of syphillis  
It's that voice  
That voice that sticks  
Like a fist  
(Next, next)  
That voice that stinks of garlic  
Foul drink and crud  
It's the voice of nations  
And the voice of blood  
(Next, next)  
And since then  
Each woman in the heat  
Of succuming in my skinny arms  
Seems to be murmuring  
Next, next  
Next deary, next sonny  
All the followers of the world  
Would hold each others hand  
For in my delerium, well I scream and demand  
He's next....well I'm not delerious  
I act as a reasoner  
Say, it's more humiliating to be the followed  
Than the follower  
(Next, next, next, next)  
One day I'll cut my legs off  
Or even become a nun

I'll hang anything  
So long as I'm not anyone  
Never to be next  
Never to be next  
Never to be next  
Next, next  
Please don't pick me next  
Never to be next  
I want never...never...never.....never.....never.....never to be next