

The Song Is Dead (Long Live The Echo)

The song is dead – long live the echo (x3)
Long long long live the echo

Who killed the song? Not us, said the band
The blood of the song did not stain our hands
We blame the record company executives ...

It could not have been us, the record company
We invested a lot of money, you see
We blame the consumers and the fanatics ...

Who killed the song? Not us, the fanatics
Whoever's found guilty we'll burn as heretics
Our fingers they point at – the music journalist ...

'Twas not I, now reports the journalist
I gave good reviews in the music press
I blame the D.J. – I saw him – he cut it to pieces ...

I'm not the killer, the D.J. cried
When I cut up the song it had already died
But I witnessed and I can reveal that it was the songwriter ...

I killed the song, it's true, said the writer
The burden I bear does not get any lighter
But it had to get done
It had gone on too long
The echo lives on
Long after the song is dead.