

# Marc Almond, A Woman's Story

I really must stop always being the child  
Chasing his youth his heart, nose to the wind  
I really must cure my tender nostalgia  
Bury deep my stars beneath the veil of night  
I must postpone my Spanish chateau  
Dreams that befuddle like an old wine  
I must also give up those sunny states  
To become a man  
And when that day comes  
You will forgive me, you won't be surprised  
When I show my teeth, when I show my bite  
Then I will be a man  
And I will stand tall  
I really must share my classes with others  
So my youth can pass at last, so I forget  
I really must scrape my nails on my heart  
That my life hardens with sorrow and pain  
I must upset my guardian angels  
Who soothed me too much  
And when that day comes  
You won't be annoyed  
If I scratch a bit, if I practice being....so savage!  
You will forgive me, you won't be surprised  
When I show my teeth, when I show my bite  
Then I will be a man  
And I will stand tall  
And you will be prepared to find before you  
Someone who's like you, a wolf among the wolves  
Then I will be a man  
And I will stand tall  
And you will be prepared to find before you  
Someone who's like you, I'll be a wolf among the wolves  
Then I will be a man  
And I will stand tall  
Then I will be a man  
And I will stand tall