

Marc Almond, Gutter Hearts

Sitting on the kerb
You wipe the tears away again
The gutter holds your sallow hearts
That wash down with the rain
Barbed and brittle hands that push
The hair out of your eyes
Pavement fires a-flicker
Like a host of fire flies
My song calls from the gutter
And the gutter sings to me
A roundabout of down and outs
In cardboard box city
My song calls from the gutter
And the gutter sings to me
A roundabout of down and outs
A dark cacophony
The wolvens of the orphan gangs
Take turns to search and steal
They splash about the puddles
And are trodden under heel
They bathe their pearly faces
In the lights of Chinatown
And they lick their pearly fingers
When the street lamps flicker down
My song calls from the gutter
And the gutter sings to me
A roundabout of down and outs
In cardboard box city
My song calls from the gutter
And the gutter sings to me
A roundabout of down and outs
A dark cacophony
All night I've been up
With the bitterest of thoughts
I can't seem to throw
All my cares to the wind
Makes me sleep feverish
Makes me sleep scared
Pillow of secrets
And blanket of sins