

# Marc Almond, I've Never Seen Your Face

From chrysanthemums to chrysanthemums  
Our friends, they are departing  
From chrysanthemums to chrysanthemums  
Death gallows our dulcine'es  
From chrysanthemums to chrysanthemums  
Other flowers try the best they can  
From chrysanthemums to chrysanthemums  
Men lament while women wail  
I'm coming  
I'm coming  
But what I would have dearly loved once more  
To haul my bones towards the sun, towards summer  
Towards spring, towards tomorrow  
I'm coming  
I'm coming  
But what I have dearly loved once more  
To see if the river is still the river  
To see if the port is still the port  
To see me there still  
I'm coming  
I'm coming  
But why me? Why already? Why now? Where to go?  
I'm coming  
Of course I'm coming  
Have I ever done anything but be coming?  
From chrysanthemums to chrysanthemums  
Each time all solitary  
From chrysanthemums to chrysanthemums  
Each time super numerary  
I'm coming  
I'm coming  
But what I would have dearly loved once more  
To take love like one takes the train to be more alone  
To be elsewhere. to be content.  
I'm coming  
I'm coming  
But what I would have dearly loved once more  
To fill a trembling body with stars  
And fall down dead consumed with passion  
My heart in ashes  
I'm coming  
I'm coming  
It's not you who is early  
It's now me...It's now me who is late  
I'm coming  
Of course I'm coming  
Have I ever done anything.....anything but be coming?  
I'm coming  
I'm coming  
I'm coming