

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