

# Marc Almond, Joey Demento

And if one day I should become  
A singer with a Spanish bum  
Who sings for women of great virtue  
I'd sing to them with a guitar  
I borrowed from a coffee bar  
Well, what you don't know doesn't hurt you  
My name would be Antonio  
And all my bridges I would burn  
And when I gave them some they'd know  
I'd expect something in return  
I'd have to get drunk every night  
And talk about virility  
With some old grandmother  
That might be decked out like a Christmas tree  
And no pink elephant I'd see  
Though I'd be drunk as I could be  
Still I would sing my song to me  
About the time they called me "Jacky";  
If I could be for only an hour  
If I could be for an hour every day  
If I could be for just one little hour  
Cute in a stupid ass way  
And if I joined the social whirl  
Became procurer of young girls  
Then I could have my own bordellos  
My record would be number one  
And I'd sell records by the ton  
All sung by many other fellows  
My name would then be handsome Jack  
And I'd sell boats of opium  
Whisky that came from Twickenham  
Authentic queens  
And phoney virgins  
I'd have a bank on every finger  
A finger in every country  
And every country ruled by me  
I'd still know where I'd want to be  
Locked up inside my opium den  
Surrounded by some china men  
I'd sing the song that I sang then  
About the time they called me "Jacky";  
If I could be for only an hour  
If I could be for an hour every day  
If I could be for just one little hour  
Cute in a stupid ass way  
Now, tell me, wouldn't it be nice  
That if one day in paradise  
I'd sing for all the ladies up there  
And they would sing along with me  
And we be so happy there to be  
'Cos down below is really nowhere  
My name would then be "Jupiter";  
Then I would know where I was going  
Become all knowing  
My beard so very long and flowing  
If I could play deaf, dumb and blind  
Because I pitied all mankind  
And broke my heart to make things right  
I know that every single night  
When my angelic work was through  
The angels and the Devil too  
Could sing my childhood song to me  
About the time they called me "Jacky";  
If I could be for only an hour

If I could be for an hour every day  
If I could be for just one little hour  
Cute in a stupid ass way  
Caught between two love affairs  
I brush my teeth and comb my hair  
My lonely neighbour called today  
And asked me, has he gone away  
I lied to her like I lied to him  
I lie to myself about everything  
Love, what is love?  
Love, what is love?  
Love is a time  
Love is a place  
Love is a season  
Love is a case of love  
Love is a time  
Love is a place  
Love is a season  
Love is a case of love  
And so my life repeats itself  
Like rhythms in a drum machine  
The one who was the one to come  
And all of those who might have been  
I cry for them like I cry for him  
I cry to myself about everything  
Love, what is love?  
Love, what is love?  
Love is a fever  
Love is a dream  
Sometimes so hard, it can make you scream  
Love is a liar  
Love can be cruel  
Love is an icon, love is a jewel  
They let you down  
They leave you standing in the rain  
They take the joy and leave the pain  
Caught between two love affairs  
Is it true that no one really cares  
My lonely neighbour leaves today  
And no one comes to take her place  
I lied to her like I lied to him  
Now they're gone can I lie about anything  
What is love?  
Love, what is love? Love, what is love? Love, what is love?