

# Marc Almond, The Days Of Pearly Spencer

A tenement, a dirty street  
Walked and worn by shoeless feet  
Inside it's long and so complete  
Watched by a shivering sun  
Old eyes in a small child's face  
Watching as the shadows race  
Through walls and cracks and leave no trace  
And daylight's brightness shuns  
The days of Pearly Spencer  
The race is almost run  
Nose pressed hard on frosted glass  
Gazing as the swollen mass  
On concrete fields where grows no grass  
Stumbles blindly on  
Iron trees smother the air  
But withering they stand and stare  
Through eyes that neither know nor care  
Where the grass is gone  
The days of Pearly Spencer  
The race is almost run  
Pearly where's your milk white skin  
What's that stubble on your chin  
It's buried in the rot gut gin  
You played and lost not won  
You played a house that can't be beat  
Now look your head's bowed in defeat  
You walked too far along the street  
Where only rats can run  
The days of Pearly Spencer  
The race is almost run  
The days of Pearly Spencer  
The race is almost run  
The race is almost run  
A tenement, a dirty street  
Remember worn and shoeless feet  
Remember how you stood to beat  
The way your life had gone  
So Pearly don't you shed more tears  
For those best forgotten years  
Those tenements are memories  
Of where you've risen from  
The days of Pearly Spencer  
The race is almost won