

# Marc Almond, The Desperate Hours

Tonight's the night it said in my stars  
That love would be round the next bend  
I felt for a while that my run of good luck  
Would never come to an end  
This world was not made for me, no no no no no no no  
There was you, there was I, and the sea and the sky  
There was really no need to pretend, I saw  
Eyes of a girl, lips of a girl  
Could it be you or a call from my soul  
Could it be somewhere that I dare not dream  
Could it be you, be you  
Skull faced moon and dull faced you  
Grinning with mischief tonight  
The shimmer of stars  
The whisper of wind  
This minute, tonight is the night, I saw  
Eyes of a girl, lips of a girl  
Could it be you or a call from my soul  
Could it be somewhere that I dare not dream  
Could it be you, be you  
Unlock the secret door to my vault  
Open the gate that leads to my heart  
Touch of a tempter, touch of a siren  
Could it be you, be you  
The desperate hours  
the scent of the flowers  
You put in my room  
Makes me think of you  
In my dream I see  
Eyes of a girl, lips of a girl  
Could it be you or a call from my soul  
Could it be somewhere that I dare not dream  
Could it be you, be you  
Unlock the secret door to my vault  
Open the gate that leads to my heart  
Touch of a tempter, touch of a siren  
Could it be you, be you  
Eyes of a girl, lips of a girl  
Could it be you or a call from my soul  
Could it be somewhere that I dare not dream  
Could it be you, be you