

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
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