

# Marc Almond, The River

And he dances every night  
Framed in candles  
And white white light  
All is revealed  
When all is too bright  
You're such a pleasure  
A wonderful pain  
Makes me never want  
To love again  
But sorrow always comes  
To those with fickle fame  
And the tears are gonna come  
The tears are gonna come  
We are consumed by corruption  
Old before our time  
Hurt by others' hunger  
Scarred by love as greed (how I need)  
How cruel the birthday of 17  
Youth behind you  
The long years ahead  
Showing you what you might have been  
Instead of drifting, drifting, drifting  
And the tears are gonna come  
The tears are gonna come  
Foundations crumble  
Walls subside  
We all break apart  
When there's heartache inside  
Hold back those years  
Those tears  
With a futile pride (we're gonna come clean)  
Beware of love  
And of dark-eyed men  
They're sweet and they're tender  
But they have no hearts  
Just long smashed  
Cruel shards of broken glass  
And the tears are gonna come  
The tears are gonna come  
And all those songs  
That made me cry  
Keep flooding back  
And years of new discovery and you  
Disturbing my dreams  
Now we're flowing down that river  
Heading for the delta  
I don't know which way to flow  
But my heart's a forest fire  
And yours a field of snow  
I don't know which way to flow  
Don't know which way  
Don't know which way  
To flow