

Marc Almond, The Room Below

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