

# Marc Almond, Vaudeville And Burlesque

I've had my fill of ugly words  
I've had my fill of lies  
When the only truth or beauty now  
Is deep within your thighs  
The roses are in bloom my dear  
I haven't any fear  
That you'll love me  
Like you did last year  
Look at me  
Do you see  
A man against the world  
But don't look at me  
And see an unhappy man  
With some powder and some paint  
And the patience of a saint  
I'm still here  
My life's not over yet  
I'm not up there on the shelf  
I've found someone to love  
Apart from just myself  
I've had my fill of bitterness  
I've had my fill of dirt  
I've had enough of emptiness  
I've had enough of hurt  
I think we'll get the last laugh  
If we don't break down and cry  
And find the joke's  
On you and I  
Look at us  
Do you see us in a burlesque show  
Look at us are we in vaudeville  
We've tasted every thrill  
Every powder every pill  
And we're still here  
I've had enough of broken cups  
I've had enough of scenes  
Of other people's laughter  
When we go through our routines  
The lilies aren't in season  
So I've no reason to fear  
That you'll love me like you  
Did last year  
That you'll love me like you  
Did last year  
That you'll love me like you  
Did last year