

Marc Almond, A Man

I really must stop always being the child
Chasing his youth his heart, nose to the wind
I really must cure my tender nostalgia
Bury deep my stars beneath the veil of night
I must postpone my Spanish cheau
Dreams that befuddle like an old wine
I must also give up those sunny states
To become a man
And when that day comes
You will forgive me, you won't be surprised
When I show my teeth, when I show my bite
Then I will be a man
And I will stand tall
I really must share my classes with others
So my youth can pass at last, so I forget
I really must scrape my nails on my heart
That my life hardens with sorrow and pain
I must upset my guardian angels
Who soothed me too much
And when that day comes
You won't be annoyed
If I scratch a bit, if I practice being....so savage!
You will forgive me, you won't be surprised
When I show my teeth, when I show my bite
Then I will be a man
And I will stand tall
And you will be prepared to find before you
Someone who's like you, a wolf among the wolves
Then I will be a man
And I will stand tall
And you will be prepared to find before you
Someone who's like you, I'll be a wolf among the wolves
Then I will be a man
And I will stand tall
Then I will be a man
And I will stand tall