Marc Almond, Baby Night Eyes

He's bringing trouble
A suitcase of heartache
Another sad scene on the way
He wears a necklace of tears
A string of bright trophies
Throwing a new love away every day
It must be the angel in her kiss
That makes him the devil in her arms
It must be the angel in her kiss
That makes him the devil in her arms
She was as sad as the sea out of season
The winter took her baby away
Stitched up her dreams
With Italian seams
And buried the needle away
I gotta say
It must be the angel in her kiss
That makes him the devil in her arms
It must be the angel in her kiss
That makes him the devil in her arms
And she'd kill for the thrill
Of the love in his eyes
Billy Macbeth all thunder and lies
Show her the way to his hand in his glove
That put her the candle she lit for his love
It must be the angel in her kiss
That makes him the devil in her arms
It must be the angel in her kiss
That makes him the devil in her arms
She's just another lost case
To the heart of a man
Another lost case
To the heart of a man
I would like to clip your wings
Grounded angels are useless things
It must be the angel in her kiss
That makes him the devil in her arms
It must be the angel in her kiss
That makes him the devil in her arms