Marc Almond, Contempt

I'm trying to wash the taste away
I'm trying to wash the taste away
Trying not to cry the night away
Trying not to cry the night away
I'm finding a bitter word to say
And I'm finding it easier every day
Contempt
Every day it fills me
Contempt
Every day it kills me
Contempt
Every tear that blinds me
Contempt
Building up inside me
One kiss and the poison melts away
One smile and the poison melts away
I'm trying not to cry the nights away
I'm trying not to cry the nights away
I'm finding a bitter word to say
And I'm finding it easier every day
Contempt
Every day it fills me
Contempt
Every day it kills me
Contempt
Every tear that blinds me
Contempt
Building up inside me
You came crawling out the woodwork
Like some ghost from my past
With stories 'bout me
That I'd long since forgot
Telling me tales of how big you are now
But I know you as nothing
As nothing you got
You'd split me wide open
And spill all my beans
Because you think
That I still think
Something of you
You'd run away with everything
That I have
Take all my soul, sense and dignity too
Loving is the saddest game to play
Loving is the saddest game to play
I'm trying not to cry the nights away
I'm trying not to cry the nights away
I'm finding a bitter word to say
And I'm finding it easier every day
Contempt
Every day it fills me
Contempt
Every day it kills me
Contempt
Every tear that blinds me
Contempt
Building up inside me