

Marc Almond, Her Imagination

She slips in and out of her dull imagination
That floats around the twilight of her tomb
Clutching her little treasures
That represent a happy moment
Displayed with sad affection in her room

But this life is a prison
And it hurts to hear the children laughing
While they live their pretty little dreams
And frozen all the while
Is a tearful bitter smile
Nothing's really what it seems

Nothing's really what it seems
Nothing's really what it seems

Like a silver little fool
You were standing at the alter
In the tides by the candles
As they burn

Pressed against the mirror
Playing all your favourite film stars
Ready for the camera
That would never, never turn

Push aside the curtain
Of your tiny garret window
And glare out on the narrow little world

You were in your wedding dress
Great expectations more or less
Playing with your dolls like any ordinary
Little girl

Candle light
Candle bright
Won't you light my way tonight

Candle light
Candle bright
Won't you light my way tonight

Now it's the futile bitter feelings
That clutch you in the middle
You were never really given a chance

And the spite that jabs your mind
Hides a heart that's really warm and kind
And the pulse that races with
Each other inquisitive glance

You were always the outsider
And they set you up a childhood
To be just another cuddly toy

And the whisper in the street
When the street corner gossips meet
The woman on the fourth floor
He was such a happy boy

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