

Marc Almond, In Your Bed

How good it must be
In your bed
Let me slip beneath the pile
The sky tells me nothing worthwhile
It will rain again it said
And me so alone in my bed
I think of people of my years
Who take wives, husbands, or lovers
For their stormy nights ahead
How good it is
In your bed
How the feathers are so snug
I would enter like a drug
If you weren't so noisy right
Too many sermons in the night
Are you scared of me touching you?
Open your sheets
Shut your mouth too
Now it's too late
I'm there
It's almost too hot
In your bed
Beneath the thick blanketing
Turn off the lights it's upsetting
Come close to me
I beg of you
I'll enjoy what you do
Just say how and just say when
And if a gourmand de cre
I must have someone
At all costs
But still you must realise
Before tomorrow's sunrise
Lest you desire it
Or dream
If you touch me
I'll.....scream!