

Marc Almond, Lonely Go-Go Dancer

Lonely go-go dancer
Dancing in crazy foam
Surrounded by your acolytes
But going home alone
When did you last see
A sun-drenched afternoon
When did the morning light
Last invade your room?
Disguise your nightlife pallor
With a tan from a machine
Behind your ears
A sticky scent
Of decadence and dreams
We all adore
Your sequinned smile
Revolving in your cloud of blue
Untouchable to anyone
Anyone but you
Lonely go-go dancer
On your revolving stage
Spinning super nova
Of the glamour age
When did you last feel
The brush of a lover's kiss
Someone who wants you for you
Is it love you miss
As you dance with dreaming eyes
Sleeping deep
With eyes awake
Thinking of a future
And the money you may make
We all adore
Your sequinned smile
Revolving in your cloud of blues
Untouchable to anyone
Anyone but you
Lonely go-go dancer
Crying softly to yourself
Why is one so beautiful
Left upon the shelf
Who gave you a face of angels
Dizzy with aspirations
Tied you with limitations
To a life of youth and beauty
Cruel desires
To be a singer
Fires that burn to be an actor
But with no voice
Or expression
You're trapped with your nightlife profession
Lonely go-go dancer
Share a little
Of your art
Give your body
Give your beauty
But most of all
Your heart
We all adore
Your sequinned smile
Revolving in your cloud of blue
Untouchable to anyone
Anyone but you