Marc Almond, Midnight Soul

First I saw you Love in a silk black slip In dark waters Sinking like a ship Trouble on your lips Murder in your song Song of a mean man Lovers come and gone Oh Melancholy Rose Oh Melancholy Rose Come souls' midnight We'll both sail away Leaving red sunsets To end our passion play Bitter allows Tingles on the tongue Body and soul Lovers come and gone Oh Melancholy Rose Oh Melancholy Rose Always running away Black Sobraine hair Turning cigarette ash grey Sprawled across troubled beds Hands outstretched Reaching for the pills In lonely rundown motels Life, love, men Dust to dust Disaster after disaster Must be some dark kiss on your lips A promise of heaven or hell in your song Tomorrow it'll all be gone be gone Oh Melancholy Rose Lovers come and gone Oh Melancholy Rose Love has come and gone Oh Melancholy Rose Murder in your song