

Marc Almond, Moonbathe Skin

Moonbathe skin
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Of the people of the dark
Will your beauty draw me in
Will you hustle with my heart
In the ether of the dusk
Where deceit takes over trust
Will you hustle with my heart
And give me gold that only rusts
Every evening
I'm following an echo
D'un chanson de Juliette Greco
Calls out to the loser in my soul
Moonbathe skin
So pale and so cold
Moonbathe skin
So pale and so cold
Slay me with your golden smile
You who never sees the sun
Though your words are volatile
There's no bullets in your gun
And before the kiss of day
Loves undertaker comes my way
And I lose myself in you
In your eyes of bitter blue
Every evening
I'm following an echo
D'un chanson de Juliette Greco
Calls out to the loser in my soul
Moonbathe skin
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So pale and so cold
And with all the makeup gone
And tomorrow looking on
Will your beauty still define
Something that forever shines
Following the bruises up your arm
And the circles round your eyes
In the shadows where you live
Where the sun will never rise
Every evening
I'm following an echo
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Calls out to the loser in my soul
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