

# Marc Almond, My Candle Burns

Poor Mr Sad  
He's flown away  
In search of his heaven now  
Heaven knows why  
And Mr Sad  
Left me a note to say  
If he finds his heaven now  
He won't have time to cry  
So I'm gonna fly, fly, fly away  
On my wings I made  
Out of sorrows I threw away, away  
Maybe, I'll be back one day  
Who knows  
Poor Mr Sad  
He lives for dreams  
He's out of his mind it seems  
With schemes that gleam  
Too bright for me  
But what the hell  
I've nothing to lose  
I built my wings today  
So I say  
Please wait for me  
Because I'm gonna fly  
So I'm gonna fly, fly, fly away  
On my wings I made  
Out of sorrows I threw away, away  
Maybe, I'll be back one day  
Who knows  
Poor Mr Sad  
Gliding in the sky  
You flew to your heaven now  
Now I know why  
I flew in search  
Of years I left behind  
But something  
That's in your mind  
Is something nobody can take away  
It's yours forever