

Marc Almond, Old Jack's Charms

It was in the tattoo parlour
Where he engraved their names
Words a winding round his shoulders
Reminders now he's older

In the magic of the parlour
Down his arm unwinds a story
Love and hate and mum and dad
In flames of hope and glory

A mermaid and a schooner
Tells us he was once at sea
A heart pierced by an arrow
Tells us once more in love was he
And a dragon spitting fire
He's forgotten what that's for
But tattooed on his mind
Is a reminder of the war

He gave up tattooing lovers
Where no room for any others
A line through every sweetheart
With another etched below
In every port a stormy girl
They loved him and they loved him so
Each one for all to see adorned
With cupids and with bows

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In the magic of the parlour
Swapping laughter swapping stories
Where the words are often hard
And the air is always blue
He remembers all his mates from then
He lost a couple maybe ten
Their headstone on his forearm as a crucifix tattoo

Now he leans upon the bar
With a mysterious air
And the ladies gather round
To view his decorated arms
He'll tell them of each scroll and line
And other scars not so fine
And they always want to see
A little more of old jacks charms

A mermaid and a schooner ...