

# Marc Almond, Prelude

There's a colour TV in the pink shack  
But the paint's peelin' off the walls  
Take a sneaky photo by the pink shack  
In a pair of muddy overalls  
Pay a ragged dollar for my snapshot mister  
Put a big grin on my face  
Call "Hey, Sonny!" from your door, Chiquita  
If the colour isn't to your taste  
She's callin' out to me  
Now she's bawlin' out to me  
And she's singin' right out of key  
"Oh, lover man where can you be?"  
Lost little orphans on the roadside  
On the steps of the Roach Motel  
Little faces flicker in the go-go neon  
Seems they've got something to sell  
Take my photograph for a dollar mister  
Up against the pink shack wall  
Call "Hey, Sonny!" from your door Chiquita  
Throw tequila kisses to us all  
She's callin' out to me  
And it's only half past three  
She's callin' out to me  
"Lover man where can you be?"  
She's callin' out to me  
Now she's bawlin' out to me  
And she's singin' right out of key  
"Oh, lover man where can you be?"  
There's room enough for two in the pink shack  
With a black rat on my knee  
Backroom tequila in the bathroom  
And a soapbox colour TV  
Cockroaches crawlin' round the pink shack  
But please don't crawl on me  
Five in a bed in the pink shack  
But there's really only room for three  
She's callin' out to me  
And it's only half past three  
And she's singin' right out of key  
"Oh, lover man where can you be?"  
She's calling out to me  
And she's bawling out to me  
And she's singing right out of key  
"Oh, lover man where can you be?"  
"Oh, lover man where can you be?"