

Marc Almond, Saint Judy

Saint Judy
She's staggering across the floor
Saint Judy
Behaving like a whore
Saint Judy
She's giving it all the tears
She tears her dress
Looks a mess
Well I've wanted to do it for years
Well I've wanted to do it for years
Now I had a dream
Well, more a fantasy
Kip Noll, John Holmes and me
All in bed we were going O.T.T.
What a sight to see
What a sight to see
Well a diva a day
Keeps the boredom away
I love 'em when they throw up their arms
And they bathe in that applause
Shouting
Screaming
Singing
Stamping
Slamming hotel doors
Champagne chilled
And the pills well spilled
All wide eyes
And overkill
Minks
The drinks
The curves
The kinks
Always acts before she thinks
Well that's what you call a star boys
That's what you call a star
Too many of my skeletons
In other people's closets
Too many people taking
Without leaving deposits
Too many people bringing me down
Bringing me down
Well they may find me on a hotel floor
High heels in a pool of gore
Curtains closed
And a bolted door
Breaking every law
And if I die before I wake up
I pray the Lord don't smudge my make-up
The dress will be fine when the hem I take up
The dress will be just fine
Sometimes I feel like a moral-less child
Sometimes I feel that I've gone too wild
Spilled my guts
Done myself in
Died for a multitude of sins
It feels good to die for your sins
It feels so good
So good boys
Well, let's all put on our sequined dresses
And end it all in tears
Lets all holler and beat our breasts
Ending it all in tears
Christ I've wanted to do this for years

Saint Judy
What are we going to wear?
Saint Judy
Our souls we're gonna bear
Saint Judy
She's squeezing out those tears
She tears her dress
Looks a mess
Christ I've wanted to do this for years