

# Marc Almond, Salty Dog

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