

Marc Almond, Sleepwalker

Well I'm walkin' blind down danger street
The street where eyes don't dare to meet
Dirt-Doorways frame silhouettes
A Teeth-Grind-Grinning smile of threat
Down here you ask for all you get
These East Side Angrys'll getchoo yet
Ignore the cat calls look straight ahead
You could wind up the other side of dead
(If you're lucky)
Well I took a glance sideways
Straight into some Chicano chick's eyes
They were pretty wild
Like she'd been snortin' some of that cocaine
She was mean for trouble
Boilin' for blood
But I had to say she was stacked
>From the tip of her toes
To her flaming red hair
She's gonna drag me up to her Carnal Cage of no way out desire
Help, Help
You gotta help yourself
Help me, Help me
You son of a gun
You gotta run muchacho run
Well I was getting to know the neighbourhood
Getting to know how it looked and smelled
Watching the windows
In tenement hell
Love was rape
And love for sale
And death a fact of life
Love was rare
But who cares, who cares
When you're living by the knife
Well I took a slug of bitter coffee
Pulled a face as bitter hit me
End up with a new mouth
Carved where my throat used to be
And then I saw him
Tall and proud
Wearing the entire city garbage dump
Around his neck and wrists
And then I saw him
Dirty red Chicano sweat bandanna
And colours
Held together by filth and fury
Oh wow-ee-ow
The Leader of the Shining Sinners
The Leader of the Shining Sinners
And she was by his side
This Vampira I'd seen earlier
She looked at me the look of scum
Help, Help
You gotta help yourself
Help me, Help me
You son of a gun
You gotta run muchacho run
He walked
Did I say walked?
Well I mean WAAALKED
Right up to me at a slow pace
He looked down at me and said
"Shee-it!"
My knees were bucklin'

My brow was sweatin'
I stared straight ahead at his knee cap
I had to strike soon
The Leader of the Shining Sinners
Sweet 'n' sharp and
Cool 'n' calm
He lives for them
They die for him
Bitten through with nails of hatred
He takes his band of laughing dead
To gather up the wages of skin
Keep my eyes upon the pavement
Nothing else could save me
In this battlefield of blood and bruises
I'll take this brave stiletto
And with all the courage left in my heart
I'll . . . I'll take the life of the Leader of the Shining Sinners
He lay upon the ground
Coughing up blood
He looked up at me
Yes I was the big one now
And said
"I wanted to shake your hand
You little runt
For having the guts to walk into my neighbourhood
I liked you!"
And with that he died
Leaderless and laughless
The Wastrels of the Shining Sinners
Lay me out like some dead cat on the ground
I taste the taste of human filth
My courage caves in on itself
Now no-one's leading anyone anymore
And I wondered what I did it for
And I wondered what I did it for
Why did I do it?
Why?
Why did I do it?
Why - Why did I do it?
Why?
Why?
Why?