

Marc Almond, The Ghetto

Lying in her own asylum
Love has her in an endless coma
Tear marked pillows
Broken china
Things they say that love is made of
Wet and strewn
She lies sedated
Wrenched with arms and legs akimbo
Locked up in her own asylum
Locked up in love's endless limbo
The flesh is willing but the spirit is weak
The flesh is willing but the spirit is weak
Locked up in her own asylum
Feeling so ashamed and crazy
Lets the other inmates touch her
Touch intimate places on her
Love has her in a sea of vitriol
Tear marked pillows
Broken china
Things they say that love is made of
The flesh is willing but the spirit is weak
The flesh is willing but the spirit is weak
Swollen tongued and swimming eyes
Smiles but never ever smiles
Can't sleep at night for endless wailing
Weeping, wailing, howling
Love's shuddering howl
Love's shuddering howl
The flesh is willing but the spirit is weak
The flesh is willing but the spirit is weak
If she can hoodwink the doctor
She'll get out for good behaviour
She'll get out for good
Locked up in her own asylum
Love has her on her knees
Locked up in her own asylum
Love has her on her knees
The flesh is willing but the spirit is weak
The flesh is willing but the spirit is weak
Skin and bone
Hot and cold
Brazen brave
Brain and brawn
Push 'n' shove
Slick 'n' slow
Broken home
Love and you
You and me
Soft and sound
Smile and cry
Touch and go
Sad and slow
Break and bold
Wild and wound
Sleep and sound
Have and hold
Have and hold
Have and hold