

# Marc Almond, The Heel

The one who has me for his own  
Is on the town and not alone  
In his blue suit and his new tie  
He slams the door without goodbye  
Tonight my eyes are jealous green  
Tonight I'm melancholy mean  
He meets in secret rendezvous  
Some dame to tell his troubles to  
The heel

He'll promise her most anything  
A sable coat, a diamond ring  
She'll find him out when its too late  
And all she'll get will be the date  
But while the dawn's a distant thing  
In his embrace her heart will sing  
A dizzy head will spin with lies  
And all too late a woman cries  
The heel

The neon lights that flash below  
Ignite my room with double glow  
And in the gloom I hear a laugh  
Its coming from his photograph  
I wring my hands and mop the floor  
And swear to even up the score  
But where a kitten cried tonight  
A panther waits to claw and bite  
The heel

I dare not play my radio  
One more complaint and out I go  
I'm sick of playing solitaire  
The ace of spades is everywhere  
There'll be no sleep for me tonight  
The sheep I count are never white  
They all turn out to be jet black  
And who's the leader of the pack  
The heel

At dawn I know he'll stagger in  
Demanding coffee black as sin  
And as I take it from the tin  
I'll slip a little powder in  
He'll look at me and start to cry  
And cross his heart and hope to die  
And mumble I know how you feel  
But I've been on a business deal  
The heel

Then as the pot begins to perc.  
I know my plan will never work  
When he starts to drink it up  
I grab his hand and break the cup  
Its only jealousy I know  
That brought my thinking down so low  
Why must I wait for him and grieve  
Why don't I just pack up and leave  
The heel

But now he's reeling on the stair  
I'll try to act like I don't care  
For in my heart's arithmetic  
I find it takes two heels to click  
We're in a web of love and hate  
Where it will end is up to fate  
I'll let him have his little flings  
I'll be the chewing gum that clings  
To the heel