

# Marc Almond, We Need Jealousy

Behind the dirt  
Sprawled before us  
Behind narrow eyes  
And faces of fat  
Beyond those hands  
Opened or closed  
That strain in vain  
Nor raise thier fists  
Further than frontiers  
That barb our path  
Further than misery  
We must look  
We must look at  
What is beauty  
The grey sky or blue  
The women by the stream  
The faithful friend  
Tomorrow's sun  
The fly to the swallow  
The boat that returns  
The faithful friend  
Tomorrow's sun  
The fly to the swallow  
The boat that returns  
Beyond the concert  
Of sobbs and tears  
Of cries of anger  
Of men in fear  
Beyond the din of  
Streets and singers  
Of warning sirens  
Of swearing porters  
Stronger than children  
Who recount the wars  
And stronger than  
The great who've made us make them  
We must listen to  
The bird in the wood  
The murmer of summer  
The rising of blood  
The mother soft songs  
The childrens prayer  
And the noise of the earth  
Gently falling to sleep  
The mother soft songs  
The childrens prayer  
And the noise of the earth  
Gently falling to sleep  
We must listen  
We must look