

# Siouxsie and The Banshees, Sick Child

And I know I never knew you  
Your mind your pain I will melt your winter tears  
If you say you will  
If you could say you will

Convalescing bruised I set my mind awake  
Dare to take another look  
If you say you will  
If you could say you will

King of moon gloomy afternoon  
Losing track of word and metre  
Still shaking in this tear room  
Like a sick child  
Still shaking nothing reconciled  
Like a sick child

Melancholia colliding out of mind  
In a silver swirl I take a lungful in  
Blow a fistful out if you could say you will

King of moon gloomy afternoon  
Losing track of word and metre  
Make your final touch people talk too much  
Madman screams an unknown language

Still shaking in the tear room  
Like a sick child  
Still shaking nothing reconciled  
Like a sick child