

A Kind Of Love

Marc Almond

I want to bound us to this one now
And we'll do
We'll do a few of the poppy numbers and then
I think they all had enough really
(And me)
I think I'm gonna flog it out
I didn't know where I was the song before last
Think it was some Greek mental angel or so
I don't know
Anyway this is a kind of love
Everybody, come on

If I had another life
And not the one I'm in
I'd reach down into my soul
And find a little love within

I'd emerge as someone new
Dressed in another skin
Be someone who wants something more
And not the fool I've been

I look into your eyes to see what I can see
But I only see a paper face staring back at me
Only you can understand what love is meant to be

And it's a strange thing, undoubtedly
It's a kind of love, this strange thing that we have
It's a kind of love, a kind of going mad
It's sometimes good, but never truly bad
It's a kind of love, this strange that we have

And in the night, when sleep won't come for free
A laughing dancing clown
In dreams that torment me
And there you are again
That photo in my pocket
It's a madness in my mind
And I don't know how to stop it

We meet in shadows after dark we run down endless streets
Black serpents at my back I never get to sleep
Red roses falling from the sky landing at my feet
But they turn to thorns and only make me bleed

It's a kind of love, this strange thing that we have
It's a kind of love, a kind of going mad
And it's sometimes good, but never truly bad
It's a kind of love, this strange that we have

I keep a little memory of how it used to be
A bit your life in my hands from days when you loved me
Only you can understand what love is meant to be
And it's a strange thing, undoubtedly

(Sing it to me)
It's a kind of love, who ooh ho

It's a kind of love, who ooh ho
It's a kind of love, who ooh ho
It's a kind of love, who ooh ho

(Everybody, come on)

It's a kind of love, who ooh ho
It's a kind of love, who ooh ho
It's a kind of love, who ooh ho
It's a kind of love, who ooh ho

It's a kind of love, this strange thing that we have
It's a kind of love, a kind of going mad
It's sometimes good, but never truly bad
It's a kind of love, this strange thing, strange thing that we have
Strange thing, strange thing that we have