

## If You Need

Marc Almond

You've understood nothing  
If you need trains to fleet to adventure  
And white ships to take you away  
To see the sun in your eyes  
To see the songs you can't sing

Then

If you don't believe in tomorrow  
And tomorrow to be able to hope  
To find again in the hope  
That slipped from your hand  
To find again the hand  
That your hand has left

Then

If you need words pronounced by the old  
To help you justify all your renunciations  
If poetry to you is no more than a game  
If all your life is only a growing old

Then

If you need boredom  
To help you see the found  
And the noise of town  
To satiate remorse  
And then weakness  
To help you seem good  
And then anger  
To help you seem strong

Then, then

You've understood nothing  
Nothing... nothing  
You've understood nothing