

# Patron Saint Of Lipstick

Marc Almond

He'll put on red lipstick  
No matter the neighbours  
Gender wars and hostile  
Graffiti in corridors

And sit by the window  
The river down below  
Oh mother, he's lonely  
As a saint of travesty

He wears a blue halo  
For his fraternity  
Oh mother, he's lonely  
As a saint of travesty

He walks by the river  
His lipstick a pointer  
To raising the dead  
In an East side cemetery

He goes out at night  
His light like a star  
Putting diamonds on fingers  
Of the broken and poor

Oh mother, he's lonely  
As a saint of travesty  
He wears a blue halo  
For his fraternity

His friends have nyloned toes  
In silver stilettos  
And dance to a mirror  
In sequins and glitter

Oh mother, he's lonely  
As a saint of travesty  
Handing out red roses  
In a ruined cemetery

He'll put on red lipstick  
And go out after dark  
Through the foggy park  
And come home at dawn  
Oh mother, he's lonely  
As a saint of travesty

He sits by the window  
Drinking tea with his shadow  
A leopard skin coat  
Draped over his shoulders

Oh mother, he's lonely  
As a saint of travesty  
Watching fog on the river  
Creates a white halo  
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