

# 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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