

Tale Of A Tart (Hell)

Marc Almond

When I first met you, you were in a mess lying in a pole of your hopelessness

Eyes full of lies and a head full of blind ambition

Caught a little tart with your cheek love bite
Your head full of lycro and Saturday nights
Easy to break when your heart sanded them demolition

Your lucky trade around as heaven south the sugar daddy heaven
Girl, you made them ran to ya made them sing

Oh, how you dance the word came the roof intoxicating like a sleazy parfum
Your Satan as an angel I know your game so well
Your promise is of paradise but your love is hell

On a sickin' meeting you climb a little more up the crooked ladder from the
bedroom floor
Old for your years but fresh with your inspiration

Streetwise little sceamer with your cut up some slap
Different little story every time you come back
Smelling cheap hotel soap and desperation

You found a being nish in being a party for the homo glitter
Ardy La leader on your tongue they love you young

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Remember way back to a time the cheap eyeline, five to nine
A child, the eyes, the rooms are black no easy root, no turning back

You dyed your hair get black or blond
The blue mascara you were fond
Spinning in the nightclub like blue ribbons round your cheek each night

Cheap alcohol and glimmer dust make Northern boys all blind with lust
Based your life on female stars risk your life in strangers cars and picture
d you the longer and alive

On our final meeting you become a local star
They've all had you at the disco
In the bathroom or the bar
Always following some money trying to chase a better euphoria

Honesty and treasury and truth will be a vain
One moment gliding up the world the next you're gone again
Soon your legend has faded and we weren't seen no more of ya

Some say you've gone to New York
And others say you're ill
I'm just sending you a message that I'm thinking of you still

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Hell Hell
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