

The Trials of Eyeliner

Marc Almond

Trials of eyeliner
Styles of eyeliner

Eyeliner saved your life
Playing up the vamp
You were applying mystery
Setting yourself free

Bitten nails down to the quick
Black nail varnish painted thick
You were tortured martyr, St. Divine
For playboys who wanted to shine
Father viewed you with your eyes of black
Responded with a violent slap
Said you made him feel ashamed
Get out and don't come back

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Went to Soho worked the clips
Met sailors on leave from ships
Mascara gave you deep allure
Of your sex they couldn't be sure
They were falling in love with you
Falling in love with yourself
And in the dim light of the basement
They didn't care enough
The 70's came to an end
Eyeliner still your dearest friend
From teen to glam to punk
And then
The disco age redefined men
You became one of a crowd
Your song drowned out when the music was too loud
But you stood your ground as a child of passion
As decades changed along with fashions

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In 1980's New York town
Where leather boys could all be found
You tried to get into their clubs
But the doorman gave you quite a snub
Pointed to a sign above the door
Only denim and leather to be worn
Far too much black eyeliner dear
Not a chance of coming in here
You were true to yourself
Never fell out of love with yourself
But in the darkest corners of the world
They didn't care enough
But in the darkest corners of the world
They didn't care enough

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