

Bruises On All My Illusions

Soft Cell

Lying on my bed listening to the police sirens
Sounds like lullabies in the soft twilight
Had a job in a club
But I wasn't making me much money
Fighting off the gods and monsters every night

Now I've bruises on all my illusions
Bruises on all of my dreams

Playing all the games
Taking all the names they called me
Just another lost soul alone
In the city of night
Don't have any money
And I've nothing to sell but my soul now
But the pain reminds me
That I'm still up for the fight
When every day is coloured in Soviet greys of sorrow
I'll hold on to my blues
Cause they'll only come back tomorrow

Now I've bruises on all my illusions
Bruises on all of my dreams

Gotta wake up, get outta my bed and get out now
Dressing to look my best or I'm not going far
I learnt by now the world's not gonna give me a living
Got a movie going on in my head
Where I'm the star

Now I've bruises on all my illusions
Bruises on all of my dreams
But time will heal all of my bruises
And dreams can become reality

But I just didn't make the final cut
It starts with a yes but ends with a but
Sometimes I wonder just what is the point of living
So here I am lying on my bed getting lost in my dream
And now those sirens feel like they're coming for me
Now those sirens feel like they're coming for me

Now I've bruises on all my illusions
Bruises on all of my dreams
But time will heal all of my bruises
And dreams can become reality