

Malcolm McLaren

"Desperate Secrecy"

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Alone in the far corner of a world of dreams
I listen to the plaintive whisper of sweet memories
They're clipped with time, a sedate, soothing rhyme
Slowly cries the litany of mine

Over this landscape of loose translation
My trembling gathers a tacit rejection
In seclusion I dwell in deep desolation
In desperate secrecy, my pain
I live to steal the night again

The day has come too soon
Sobbing, the stranger's clutch is due
So little time to learn so much
No other night could bring such a passionate touch

Over this landscape of loose translation

My trembling gathers a tacit rejection
In seclusion I dwell in deep desolation
In desperate secrecy, my pain
I live to steal the night again

Finally all the destructive words were said
Nothing left only to keep what is sacred
The memories kept again for all remaining time
But now, there's a future in this fucking crime

Over this landscape of loose translation
My trembling gathers a tacit rejection
In seclusion I dwell in deep desolation
In desperate secrecy, my pain
I live to steal the night again

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