

Marc Almond

"City Of Nights"

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In the city of nights
In the city of nights

As the lights go on there's a magic glow to the sea
But as we move through the streets we can feel the
fear
As night goes on there's a tragic show in the city
Those songs are on the ebb and mixed with tears

And down the alleyway the drunks are fighting
Over who will have the last drink from the can
It all seems so romantic in the lying
But what a sad existence for a man

There's speeders, dealers, girls of easy virtue
Laughter, lies and lovers sparkling eyes
Glitter boys and girls out for the dancing
Good time girls and boys out for the highs

And there's a hotel on hope street
Where the concierge will understand your needs
She doesn't care your colour or religion
And she always has a room for you and me

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There's an oriental flavour in the city
Marta haries, saris and sarongs
Incense candles, prayer and incantations
Golden girls arabia in their song

It seems the doors are closed on the asylums
And in the street they're putting on a show
Talking to themselves they get no answer
Or suggestions for a better place to go

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A young man dreams of the open sea
In the year from no God knows where he'll be

No open door to set him free
No open door to set him free

Girls sell kisses to the lonely men
Boys turn tricks with the sleight of hand
Women fear to walk where men desire
Inspiration, hope and fire

Hey don't be a stranger

Make a friend don't let it end you
Hey don't be a stranger
There's a light burning in the city
In the city
In the city of nights

As the sun goes down there's a wind blowing through
the city
A darker day as summer says goodbye
Another world is waking in the city
All live fears, important knowing eyes

And there amongst the litter and the debris
The sally army busking out a song
Drowning out the sound of breaking windows
Sing along, sing along, sing along

Come on sinners, yeah, yeah
Come on sinners
Come on sinners, yeah, yeah
Come on sinners
Come on sinners, yeah, yeah
Come on sinners

Discos, bringers
Discos, bars
Women, winners
Stiffs and stars
Kings and queens
And cabs and cars
Famous, you know
Who they are
Drugs and punks and
Tarts with heart
Corpses, candle
Works of art
Losers, loomers
Never hads
Groups and dreams
Of hope and fads
Passing fences

Phase and fads
Happy hookers
Lookers, fags

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