

Marc Almond "Facility Girls"

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She's a secretary in the daytime
A modern venus on the 8th floor
She's a secretary in the daytime
A bright young thing
With a promising career

She's got the abilities
She's got the facilities
She's got the abilities
She's got the facilities

She's a secretary in the daytime
A model beauty
At the typewriter

She's a secretary in the daytime
A smile for boss
And she's doing fine

She's got the abilities
She's got the facilities
She's got the abilities
She's got the facilities

She's a secretary in the daytime
She's a secretary in the daytime

She makes herself a drink and she climbs into bed,
The sheets so clean and cool,
It's so nice to rest her aching head,
She thinks back on her working day,
Her boss; the silly things he says,
She smiles, she shuts her eyes,
And she's dreaming of Terry, a mechanic,
sometimes working 8 'til 10,
It's so rare she ever sees him,
And she wants so much to see him again,
He bought her a ring and the flowers on her bedside
table,
And she knows that she loves him, but does he love
her?
She kisses the photo on the wall beside her bed,

And tries to hold back a silly tear.
She's a working girl now, and Mummy lives so far
away,
So She bites her lip,
she knows that Terry will be calling soon one day.

I look at the clock and I'm feeling the rhythm of love
(It's going through me)

I look at the light and it sends a lonely shiver down my
spine
(It gets right to me)
I'm thinking of you in some-one else's arms,
I'm thinking of you in some-one else's eyes,
You're everything I like and everything I despise.
(Why don't you leave me?)
Running my fingers through your hair,
Running your fingers down the back of my neck.
Playing your games with your innocent eyes,
I try hard to smile through all of your lies,
That start to hurt me, hurt me

It's like a page from true-love stories
It's like a page from true-love stories
It's like a page from true-love stories
A page from true-love stories

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It's like a page from true-love stories
It's like a page from true-love stories
It's like a page from true-love stories
A page from true-love stories

She found a message on her typewriter,
(Like a page from true-love stories)
It said that she was just a normal girl, (It's like a dream)
They also felt she was a human being (like a dream)
They said that she was a facility (A dream)

She found a message on her typewriter, (It's like a
dream)

It said that she was just a normal girl, (Like a dream,
dream dream)

They also felt she was a human being

They said that she was a facility (Like a dream)

Dream, dream, dream, dream,

Shhhhhhh, Goodnight

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