

## **Marc Almond**

# **"Gutter Hearts"**

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Sitting on the kerb  
You wipe the tears away again  
The gutter holds your sallow hearts  
That wash down with the rain  
Barbed and brittle hands that push  
The hair out of your eyes  
Pavement fires a-flicker  
Like a host of fire flies

My song calls from the gutter  
And the gutter sings to me  
A roundabout of down and outs  
In cardboard box city  
My song calls from the gutter  
And the gutter sings to me  
A roundabout of down and outs  
A dark cacophony

The wolvern of the orphan gangs  
Take turns to search and steal  
They splash about the puddles  
And are trodden under heel  
They bathe their pearly faces  
In the lights of Chinatown

And they lick their pearly fingers  
When the street lamps flicker down

My song calls from the gutter  
And the gutter sings to me  
A roundabout of down and outs  
In cardboard box city  
My song calls from the gutter  
And the gutter sings to me  
A roundabout of down and outs  
A dark cacophony

All night I've been up  
With the bitterest of thoughts  
I can't seem to throw  
All my cares to the wind  
Makes me sleep feverish

Makes me sleep scared  
Pillow of secrets  
And blanket of sins

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