

## Marc Almond "In Your Bed"

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How good it must be  
In your bed  
Let me slip beneath the pile  
The sky tells me nothing worthwhile  
It will rain again it said  
And me so alone in my bed

I think of people of my years  
Who take wives, husbands, or lovers  
For their stormy nights ahead

How good it is  
In your bed  
How the feathers are so snug  
I would enter like a drug  
If you weren't so noisy right  
Too many sermons in the night

Are you scared of me touching you?  
Open your sheets  
Shut your mouth too  
Now it's too late  
I'm there

It's almost too hot  
In your bed  
Beneath the thick blanketing  
Turn off the lights it's upsetting  
Come close to me  
I beg of you  
I'll enjoy what you do

Just say how and just say when  
And if a gourmand de cr f me  
I must have someone  
At all costs

But still you must realise  
Before tomorrow's sunrise  
Lest you desire it  
Or dream  
If you touch me

I'll.....scream!

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