

Marc Almond

"Mamba"

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And tonight the look that branded me
Was like a pool of burnt out gasoline
Shiny brown skin like the melting tar
On a sticky summer road
Finger on the trigger
Words like bullets blast the brain
Nails a brittle edge of a breaking glass in a bar room
brawl
Lay myself like a big jack rat
Limp and lazy on the sallow soaked floor
And now you're feeling sorry
Now I'm shattered sad and worn out
Ragged raped of mind and soul
Empty like an ashtray
Damp and dirty grime and grease
A broken hearted effigy
A bone cracked cranium face frozen about you
The cheap wine that you drown the million little devils
in your brain
Stained your mouth and leaves a purple trail down
heartache lane
To slash my sickly senses leaving me in my own hell
The silent sob of shaking shoulders as the candle drips
and dies
Driving out the tear smeared figure that I used to know
as you (you)
Your heel grinds out the cigarette stub you used to
know as me
Take a sip out of the dirty glass that helps to glitter up
your dirty little life
Loneliness may eat me up
Keep determined to survive this time
And skin like cocaine numb and yellow cut with
poisoned pain
Feel so shot and shocked and shattered and shamed
But the hero and the heroine
That scars and helps me mellow out again
And close my eyes in ecstasy of cleaning out the
decaying crimes
That are sinking me in self pity
Meet my eyes in fired goodbye
Like a flick knife in the chest

And just a tiny touch of you
So dark and damned and easy
Hope fallen the prey
To a thousand use and abuse 'ems
For I know that in the end the poison darts of hate
Will eat you up and will rise up
From the oily sea of my waxy lazy gloom
And stick the final pin that sends you in humiliation
from the room
And I know you though you play marlene dietrich in the
bar
Sinking slurring out of key like some jarred and jaded
star
But the colour seems so faded fake fur that you surely
are
Your much more blue than angel say goodbye to style
and pride
As you show your heart with a naughty little organ
That beats out the number on the knees
The sensuality of the glorious diamonte dress
That hangs from your shoulders baring your bruised
and battered chest
As you beat out the rhythm of the song
The rhythm on the flesh singing 'einen mann'
qualluded deluded
Never never you and though you play at
Cat and mouse by giving me your whisky mouth
Remember that this little snake kisses you to kill
And I'll buy them all drink to toast
And charge the bill to you
You'll never see a faster mover dart in for attack
Slither shining
Danger a winding belt of black
Treacle runs from all your pores
The venom from the bite
Revenge is sweet and strikes just like a mamba every
night

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