

Marc Almond "Moonbathe Skin"

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Moonbathe skin
Moonbathe skin
Of the people of the dark
Will your beauty draw me in
Will you hustle with my heart
In the ether of the dusk
Where deceit takes over trust
Will you hustle with my heart
And give me gold that only rusts

Every evening
I'm following an echo
D'un chanson de Juliette Greco
Calls out to the loser in my soul
Moonbathe skin
So pale and so cold
Moonbathe skin
So pale and so cold

Slay me with your golden smile
You who never sees the sun
Though your words are volatile
There's no bullets in your gun
And before the kiss of day
Loves undertaker comes my way
And I lose myself in you
In your eyes of bitter blue

Every evening
I'm following an echo
D'un chanson de Juliette Greco

Calls out to the loser in my soul
Moonbathe skin
So pale and so cold
Moonbathe skin
So pale and so cold

And with all the makeup gone
And tomorrow looking on
Will your beauty still define
Something that forever shines

Following the bruises up your arm
And the circles round your eyes
In the shadows where you live
Where the sun will never rise

Every evening
I'm following an echo
D'un chanson de Juliette Greco
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