

Marc Almond "Saint Judy"

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Saint Judy
She's staggering across the floor
Saint Judy
Behaving like a whore
Saint Judy
She's giving it all the tears
She tears her dress
Looks a mess
Well I've wanted to do it for years
Well I've wanted to do it for years

Now I had a dream
Well, more a fantasy
Kip Noll, John Holmes and me
All in bed we were going O.T.T.
What a sight to see
What a sight to see

Well a diva a day
Keeps the boredom away
I love 'em when they throw up their arms
And they bathe in that applause
Shouting
Screaming
Singing
Stamping
Slamming hotel doors
Champagne chilled
And the pills well spilled
All wide eyes
And overkill

Minks
The drinks
The curves
The kinks
Always acts before she thinks
Well that's what you call a star boys
That's what you call a star

Too many of my skeletons
In other people's closets

Too many people taking

Without leaving deposits
Too many people bringing me down
Bringing me down

Well they may find me on a hotel floor
High heels in a pool of gore
Curtains closed
And a bolted door
Breaking every law

And if I die before I wake up
I pray the Lord don't smudge my make-up
The dress will be fine when the hem I take up
The dress will be just fine

Sometimes I feel like a moral-less child
Sometimes I feel that I've gone too wild
Spilled my guts
Done myself in
Died for a multitude of sins
It feels good to die for your sins
It feels so good
So good boys

Well, let's all put on our sequined dresses
And end it all in tears
Let's all holler and beat our breasts
Ending it all in tears
Christ I've wanted to do this for years

Saint Judy
What are we going to wear?
Saint Judy
Our souls we're gonna bear
Saint Judy
She's squeezing out those tears
She tears her dress
Looks a mess
Christ I've wanted to do this for years

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