

## **Marc Almond**

### **"Secret Child"**

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He lives inside me  
Secret....small...intrusive  
Sometimes he steals  
My dreams

Closing my eyes, I see him  
Running, falling on a beach  
Where the sea is always blue  
He collects the sea shells  
To build me castles in the air  
And offer me wondrous journeys

He lives inside me  
Secret....small...intrusive  
Sometimes he steals  
My dreams

His hair curly, and so soft  
His two hands just like yours  
No longer release what they hold  
He brings me back to my springtime  
And just the same as when you're glad  
His eyes become colours of flowers

He lives inside me  
Secret....small...intrusive  
Sometimes he steals  
My dreams

He lives inside me  
Secret....small...intrusive  
Sometimes he steals  
My dreams

But when my eyes  
Are sparkling from  
The burning salts of sorrow  
His become the black of the lost  
I think he often sees this state  
And from the deep within myself  
Splashes the laughter of the child

He lives inside me  
Secret....small...the child  
The child.....I will never....have from you

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