

Marc Almond "Surabaya Johnny"

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I was only a child when I met you.
You came from the burma lagoon.
You said, "would you like a bit of travel? "
You promised me all but the moon.
I asked you what you did for a living.
And you swore, god's my witness, to me.
That you worked for the railroad people,
And would never ever follow the sea.

You said a lot, johnny.
Not a word was true, johnny.
You betrayed me, johnny
The moment we met.
I hate your guts johnny.
Don't stand there grinning
Take that cigarette out of your mouth, you pig.

Surabaya johnny,
Why did you treat me so wrong?
Surabaya, johnny,
My god, and I do love you so.
Surabaya, johnny,
Why am I feeling so low?
You have no heart, johnny.
And I do love you so.

At first, it was always sunday,
As long as I pleased you at night.
But only a few weeks later,
Not a thing I did was right.
Up and down we tramped through the punjab,
The river along to the sea.
But now when I look in the mirror,
There's a broken face that I see.

You wanted no love, johnny.
You wanted the loot, johnny.
But your lips, johnny,
I could never forget.
You asked for everything, johnny,

I gave you more, johnny.

Take that cigarette out of your mouth, you shit

Surabaya, johnny.
Why did treat me so bad?
Surabaya, johnny,
My god, and I love you so.
Surabaya, johnny.
Why am I feeling so low?
You have no heart, johnny,
And I do love you so.

I wish I had paid more attention
To that nickname of yours and the rest.
All along that bloody awful coastline,
You have been a notorious guest.
In a sixpence-a-night bed one morning,
I will wake to the thunder of the sea.
And your ship will be leaving the harbour,
And you won't even wave to me.

You have no heart, johnny!
You're a bastard, johnny!
Why did you leave me?
Can you tell me that?
I love you more, johnny,
Than the first night, johnny.
Take that fucking cigarette out of your mouth, you shit.

Surabaya, johnny.
Why did you treat me so wrong?
Surabaya, johnny,
My god, and I do love you so.
Surabaya, johnny.
Why am I feeling so low?
'cos you have no heart, johnny.
And I do love you so.

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