

Marc Almond

"The Days Or Pearly Spencer"

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A tenement, a dirty street
Walked and worn by shoeless feet
Inside it's long and so complete
Watched by a shivering sun

Old eyes in a small child's face
Watching as the shadows race
Through walls and cracks and leave no trace
And daylight's brightness shuns

The days of Pearly Spencer
Ahh Ahh
The race is almost run

Nose pressed hard on frosted glass
Gazing as the swollen mass
On concrete fields where grows no grass
He stumbles blindly on

Iron trees smother the air
But withering they stand and stare
Through eyes that neither know nor care
Where the grass has gone

The days of Pearly Spencer
Ahh Ahh
The race is almost run

Pearly where's your milk white skin
What's that stubble on your chin
It's buried in the rot-gut gin
You played and lost not won

You played a house that can't be beat
Now look your head's bowed in defeat
You walked too far along the street

Where only rats can run

The days of Pearly Spencer

Ahh Ahh

The race is almost run

The days of Pearly Spencer

Ahh Ahh

The race is almost run

The race is almost run

A tenement, a dirty street

Remember worn and shoeless feet

Remember how you stood to beat

The way your life had gone

So Pearly don't you shed more tears

For those best forgotten years

Those tenements are memories

Of where you've risen from

The days of Pearly Spencer

Ahh Ahh

The race is almost won

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