

Marc Almond

"Things You Loved Me For"

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I was dragging your face around the floor
Somebody's boot heel in your mouth
Scars of cigarettes buds on your tongue
These are the things you loved me for

Found a young boy down by the dockside
Lying half-in
Half-out of the water
Had a leather facing nailed to his head
Left his little soul away
Back in that bed
Jesus loves all little children (x2)

I broke a large bottle on the edge of your cranium
You stared there
Smiling at eyes of oblivion
I sent you down to spending your damn deliria
When you began screaming
I spat in your mouth
I kissed you so tenderly

Thinking about
Yes, these are the things you loved me for
These are the things you loved me for

But God will never see you in the bowels of the building
For the ever righteous angel will know what your
feeling
He'll find you
Seek you nevertheless
Running petroleum all over your legs
The hymn that he sing won't be forgiveness
The hymn that he sing won't be of love
Angels are immune to love and desire
You reach down slowly to the gut of the fire
The smell of the sin (x3)
The smell of the glory
These are the things you loved me for (x5)

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