

Siouxie And The Banshees

"Sick Child"

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And I know I never knew you
your mind your pain I will melt your winter tears
If you say you will
if you could say you will

Convalescing bruised I set my mind awake
dare to take another look
If you say you will
if you could say you will

King of moon gloomy afternoon
losing track of word & metre
Still shaking in this tear room
like a sick child
Still shaking nothing reconciled
like a sick child

Melancholia colliding out of mind
in a silver swirl I take a lungful in
Blow a fistful out if you could say you will

King of moon gloomy afternoon
losing track of word & metre
Make your final touch people talk too much
madman screams an unknown language

Still shaking in the tear room
like a sick child
Still shaking nothing reconciled
like a sick child

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