Siouxsie 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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