

# Champagne

Marc Almond

A winter morning sun in New York  
Champagne wakes and checks the time  
It's hard to keep a cup of coffee down  
When there's so much on your mind  
Kicks a cockroach 'cross the bedroom floor  
Checks the mirror grabs some clothes  
Waits for the aching to subside  
Where to find it no-one knows  
And they say you're doing fine  
They're just playing with your mind  
And they never even know your name  
But they all want you to shine  
To glitter all the time  
They all want a little taste of Champagne  
Takes the subway early afternoon  
Downtown to Eighth Avenue  
To the Show Palace Theatre  
Where Champagne bares all  
In a low rent nude revue  
In the darkness shadow people  
Stare at Champagne glassy eyed  
Takes the tips and imitates a smile  
Waits for the aching to subside  
And they say you're doing fine  
They're just playing with your mind  
And they never even know your name  
But they all want you to shine  
To glitter all the time  
They all want a little taste of Champagne  
Later in a room  
On a little glass pipe  
Sweet dreams to help him  
Forget his life  
He leans on the wall  
Rolls back his eyes  
And says to all the aching Goodbye