

City Of Nights

Marc Almond

In the city of nights
In the city of nights
As the lights go on there's a magic glow to the sea
But as we move through the streets we can feel the fear
As night goes on there's a tragic show in the city
Those songs are on the ebb and mixed with tears
And down the alleyway the drunks are fighting
Over who will have the last drink from the can
It all seems so romantic in the lying
But what a sad existence for a man
There's speeders, dealers, girls of easy virtue
Laughter, lies and lovers sparkling eyes
Glitter boys and girls out for the dancing
Good time girls and boys out for the highs
And there's a hotel on hope street
Where the concierge will understand your needs
She doesn't care your colour or religion
And she always has a room for you and me
In the city of nights
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There's an oriental flavour in the city
Marta haries, saris and sarongs
Incense candles, prayer and incantations
Golden girls arabia in their song
It seems the doors are closed on the asylums
And in the street they're putting on a show
Talking to themselves they get no answer
Or suggestions for a better place to go
In the city of nights
In the city of nights
A young man dreams of the open sea
In the year from no God knows where he'll be
No open door to set him free
No open door to set him free
Girls sell kisses to the lonely men
Boys turn tricks with the sleight of hand
Women fear to walk where men desire
Inspiration, hope and fire
Hey don't be a stranger
Make a friend don't let it end you
Hey don't be a stranger
There's a light burning in the city
In the city
In the city of nights
As the sun goes down there's a wind blowing through the city
A darker day as summer says goodbye
Another world is waking in the city
All live fears, important knowing eyes
And there amongst the litter and the debris
The sally army busking out a song
Drowning out the sound of breaking windows
Sing along, sing along, sing along
Come on sinners, yeah, yeah
Come on sinners
Come on sinners, yeah, yeah
Come on sinners
Come on sinners, yeah, yeah

Come on sinners
Discos, bringers
Discos, bars
Women, winners
Stiffs and stars
Kings and queens
And cabs and cars
Famous, you know
Who they are
Drugs and punks and
Tarts with heart
Corpses, candle
Works of art
Losers, loomers
Never hads
Groups and dreams
Of hope and fads
Passing fences
Phase and fads
Happy hookers
Lookers, fags
In the city
In the city
In the city