

In Your Bed

Marc Almond

How good it must be
In your bed
Let me slip beneath the pile
The sky tells me nothing worthwhile
It will rain again it said
And me so alone in my bed

I think of people of my years
Who take wives, husbands, or lovers
For their stormy nights ahead

How good it is
In your bed
How the feathers are so snug
I would enter like a drug
If you werent so noisy right
Too many sermons in the night

Are you scared of me touching you?
Open your sheets
Shut your mouth too
Now its too late
Im there

Its almost too hot
In your bed
Beneath the thick blanketing
Turn off the lights its upsetting
Come close to me
I beg of you
Ill enjoy what you do

Just say how and just say when
And if a gourmand de crme
I must have someone
At all costs

But still you must realise
Before tomorrows sunrise
Lest you desire it
Or dream
If you touch me
Ill.....scream!