

Stories of Johnny

Marc Almond

Try hard to make the world look bright today
Try hard to make my nightmares go away
Try hard to keep the fear away
The cold of day, try hard
Try hard to play the games the world would like you to play
But people, they don't really listen
Their smiles are the keys to the prison
I'll call on the angels, to hold my head softly
They'll always remember . . . Stories of Johnny
Try hard to make my anger go away
Try hard to make my money last the day (no way)
Try hard to keep away the pain
Stop the rain, try hard
Try hard to fly a thousand miles away
But people, they don't really listen
Their smiles are the keys to the prison
I'll call on the angels, to hold my head softly
They'll always remember . . . Stories of Johnny
My smoky lover . . . will close my eyes forever
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