

## 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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