

# The Flesh is Willing

Marc Almond

Lying in her own asylum  
Love has her in an endless coma  
Tear marked pillows  
Broken china  
Things they say that love is made of  
Wet and strewn  
She lies sedated  
Wrenched with arms and legs akimbo  
Locked up in her own asylum  
Locked up in love's endless limbo  
The flesh is willing but the spirit is weak  
The flesh is willing but the spirit is weak  
Locked up in her own asylum  
Feeling so ashamed and crazy  
Lets the other inmates touch her  
Touch intimate places on her  
Love has her in a sea of vitriol  
Tear marked pillows  
Broken china  
Things they say that love is made of  
The flesh is willing but the spirit is weak  
The flesh is willing but the spirit is weak  
Swollen tongued and swimming eyes  
Smiles but never ever smiles  
Can't sleep at night for endless wailing  
Weeping, wailing, howling  
Love's shuddering howl  
Love's shuddering howl  
The flesh is willing but the spirit is weak  
The flesh is willing but the spirit is weak  
If she can hoodwink the doctor  
She'll get out for good behaviour  
She'll get out for good  
Locked up in her own asylum  
Love has her on her knees  
Locked up in her own asylum  
Love has her on her knees  
The flesh is willing but the spirit is weak  
The flesh is willing but the spirit is weak  
Skin and bone  
Hot and cold  
Brazen brave  
Brain and brawn  
Push 'n' shove  
Slick 'n' slow  
Broken home  
Love and you  
You and me  
Soft and sound  
Smile and cry  
Touch and go  
Sad and slow  
Break and bold  
Wild and wound  
Sleep and sound  
Have and hold  
Have and hold

Have and hold