

The Room Below

Marc Almond

I keep old feelings locked
In the room below
Soft kisses
Stained wine glasses
And outside the snow
Broken windows
Wilted flowers
And we stayed happy there for hours
Oh, how I love Carmen Amaya
She sings my sad then happy heart
How I loved any kind of love
And you the love of art
I painted walls flamenco orange
You painted me in greys and charcoals
We stayed together, braved the winter
I was happy, but then I had you
Oh, how I love Carmen Amaya
She sings my sad then happy heart
How I loved any kind of love
And you the love of art
Sometimes the ceiling would collapse
The upstairs sink leaked down our walls
We never washed the cups or dishes
Well love can keep you very busy
Oh, how I love Carmen Amaya
She sings my sad then happy heart
How I loved any kind of love
And you the love of art