# Anarcoma

## Marc Almond

A stiletto scrapes the pavement
Leaving a red streak of paint
Breaks a sweat upon the sailors
To them she is a saint
Tattoo on the muscle
That says
'in love forever i'
She'll take them and she'll break them
Oh come hold me till I die.Anarcoma, anarcoma, anarcomaThere's a ladder in her nylons
Where we can climb up to the stars
Join a queue of borsalinos
As you bend over the bar
Tattoo on her muscle says
'beware, behave, be mine'
She'll eat them up for breakfast
One at a timeAnarcoma, anarcoma, anarcomaWell come on if you need loving
Pirondelllo don't be shy
It just takes a little money
And we'll get there by and by
For I've got a little more
Than any other girl
You pay a little extra
For a trip around the world
And if the world is not enough
Then I'll take you to the sky
Put you in an armhold
Blacken both your eyes
For you'll find no other woman
That will love you like I do
I'll just open up the oven door
And leave the cooking up to youAnarcoma, anarcoma, anarcomaAnd she took me to her room
That had never seen the light
Those sheets had seen a legion
And she beat me up all night
And over morning coffee
She shook her black hair from it's mess
Her lips a gash of lipstick
And she sucks a cigaretteAnarcoma, anarcoma, anarcomaI could be yours
You could be mine

You could be mine

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