

Vaudeville and Burlesque

Marc Almond

I've had my fill of ugly words, I've had my fill of lies
When the only truth and beauty now is deep within your thighs
The roses are in bloom my dear, I haven't any fear
That you'll love me like you did last year Look at me do you see a man against the world?
But don't look at me and see an unhappy man
With some powder and some paints
And the patience of a saint, I'm still here My life's not over yet
I'm not up there on the shelf
I've found someone to love
Apart from just myself I've had my fill of bitterness, I've had my fill of dirt
I've had enough of emptiness, I've had enough of hurt
I think we'll get the last laugh if we don't break down and cry
And find the joke's on you and I Look at us, do you see us in a Burlesque show?
Look at us, are we in Vaudeville?
We've tasted every thrill, every powder, every pill
And we're still here I've had enough of broken cups
I've had enough of scenes
Of other people's laughter
When we go through our routines The lilies aren't in season so I've no reason to fear
That you'll love me like you did last year
That you'll love me like you did last year
That you'll love me like you did last year

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