

Champagne

Marc Almond

A winter morning sun in New York
Champagne wakes and checks the time
It's hard to keep a cup of coffee down
When there's so much on your mind
Kicks a cockroach 'cross the bedroom floor
Checks the mirror, grabs some clothes
Waits for the aching to subside
Where to find it? No one knows
And they say you're doing fine
They're just playing with your mind
And they never even know your name
But they all want you to shine, to glitter all the time
They all want a little taste of Champagne
Takes the subway, early afternoon
Downtown to Eighth Avenue to the Show Palace Theater
Where Champagne bares all
In a low rent, nude revue
In the darkness, shadow people
Stare at Champagne glassy eyed
Takes the tips and imitates a smile
Waits for the aching to subside
And they say you're doing fine
They're just playing with your mind
And they never even know your name
But they all want you to shine, to glitter all the time
They all want a little taste of Champagne
Later in a room, on a little glass pipe
Sweet dreams to help him forget his life
He leans on the wall, rolls back his eyes
And says to all the aching, "Goodbye"

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