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 mindKicks a cockroach 'cross the bedroom floor
Checks the mirror, grabs some clothes
Waits for the aching to subside
Where to find it? No one knowsAnd 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 ChampagneTakes the subway, early afternoon
Downtown to Eighth Avenue to the Show Palace Theater
Where Champagne bares all
In a low rent, nude revueIn the darkness, shadow people
Stare at Champagne glassy eyed
Takes the tips and imitates a smile
Waits for the aching to subsideAnd 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 ChampagneLater 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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