Vaudeville and Burlesque

Marc Almond

I've had my fill of ugly words
I've had my fill of lies
When the only truth or 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 paint
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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