

Secret Child

Marc Almond

He lives inside me
Secret....small...intrusive
Sometimes he steals
My dreams

Closing my eyes, I see him
Running, falling on a beach
Where the sea is always blue
He collects the sea shells
To build me castles in the air
And offer me wondrous journeys

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Secret....small...intrusive
Sometimes he steals
My dreams

His hair curly, and so soft
His two hands just like yours
No longer release what they hold
He brings me back to my springtime
And just the same as when you're glad
His eyes become colours of flowers

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Secret....small...intrusive
Sometimes he steals
My dreams

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Sometimes he steals
My dreams

But when my eyes
Are sparkling from
The burning salts of sorrow
His become the black of the lost
I think he often sees this state
And from the deep within myself
Splashes the laughter of the child

He lives inside me
Secret....small...the child
The child.....i will never....have from you