

Boys Own

Alison Moyet

How are you,
Can I look a little closer
Well let me introduce you to
Say how d'you do believer
So tell me is he young enough
Or could it be hung up enough
And does he help to keep it up
When he's handing it out to please you
So you ever sink the night away
How about the day ain't it getting long
These eggshell hearts you're tripping on

Oh when you've got money
You can build a bomb
Oh it's beautiful,
Torching up your lonely nights
Oh how you shine when you throw
All the suckers on
Tired of every single one

Oh you're filth, you're filth, you're filthy
And someone's gonna hose you down
You're gonna be sorry for the way
You whore a life around
Now tell me is he young enough
Or could it be hung up enough
Or maybe just be hung enough to keep it up
When you're flagging
Do you ever soak the night away
How about the day ain't getting long
These eggshell hearts you're tripping on