

Blindman

Boy George

White lines on a dirty mirror
My reflection haunting me
Dead eyes and desperation
And my hyprocrisy
You think you're so immune
Go dry your mother's tears
I disconnect from you
Your lying and your flying
I know you love me but keep away
I'm feeling more like myself today
I don't need this drug
I don't need this fix
You better believe
I can handle it
Blindman
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Dark room strange company
You're making the devil twitch
You look like a corpse tonight
So you think death is hip
I disconnect from you
Your lying and your dying
You're my kind of circle
You're my kind of freak
You're my kind of loser
Let's be incomplete