

Fat Cat

Boy George

Another song of Woe
Woe sounds like this
You say nothing's changed
Where were you when my world
Was spinning into masquerade
You claim it's just a question of mathematics
I shut the door on your amateur dramatics
Then you think too much
And you talk too much, vicariously
Yeah you think too much
And you talk too much
Every word is substance free
You're the dirt on my collar
You're the hole in my favourite shoe
You're the last dying breath of love
You're the weight that I need to lose
And you hurt yourself
You say I'm deranged
I'll admit to being strange
But I just can't stop loving you
If the light in your eyes
Addiction came as a surprise
Didn't think I'd be so into you
Then you think too much
And you talk too much
so carelessly
Yeah you think too much
And you talk too much
Every word is substance free
You're the dirt on my collar
You're the hole in my favourite shoe
You're the last sighing breath of love
You're the weight that I need to lose
You're the dirt on my collar
You're the hole in my favourite shoe
You're the last - last dying breath of love
You're the weight that I need to lose