

Nobody Loves Me

Bryan Ferry

When the heat is on you rant and rave
Your poison pen your shotgun slave
You realize life's not the same
Your tortured sighs, they fall like rain

When the cold wind blows I think of you
Your emerald eyes, your golden shoes
You walk away from my rage
On the flaggy shore I watch the waves

Vermilion sky I don't think so
A cigarette and voices low
What should I do - what could I say?
What's going on, let's drift away.