

## Black Comedy

Culture Club

Sweet cunning eyes try to take from me  
You're too young, I'm too wise, this is parody  
A taste of what you like can be fatal sometimes  
Arms that hold you tight but leave you cold, so cold

The stars in the sky are out of reach tonight  
Tears fall like rain, wrong again, words won't make me right  
'cause I knew from the start you were wrong for me  
Call it fate if you like or black comedy

Love, maybe lust, made me sweet sixteen  
So my soul lost control, nothing in between  
A taste of what you want can be brutal sometimes  
Arms that hold you tight but leave you cold, so cold

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