

Fat Cat

Culture Club

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 dying 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

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