

# Victims

Culture Club

The victims we know so well  
They shine in our eyes  
When they kiss and tell  
Strange places we never see  
But you're always there  
Like a ghost in my dreams  
And I keep on telling you  
Please don't do the things you do  
When you do those things  
Pull my puppet strings  
I have that strangest void for you

We love and we never tell  
What places our hearts in the wishing well  
Love lead us into the stream  
And it's sink or swim  
Like it's always been  
And I keep on loving you  
It's the only thing to do  
When the angel sings  
There are greater things  
Can I give them all to you

Pull the strings of emotion  
Take a ride into unknown pleasure  
Feel like a child  
On a dark night  
Wishing there was some kind of heaven  
I could be warm with your smiling  
Hold out your hand for a while  
The victims  
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Show my heart some devotion  
Push aside those that whisper never  
Feel like a child on a dark night  
Wishing we could spend it together  
I could be warm with your smiling  
Hold out your hand for a while  
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