

Crime Of Passion

John Wetton

And you must stand and face the tale to tell
Who would think that you would take the life of one you
loved so well?
And no-one else could see your point of view
To one and one has always been the answer two, or so
I'm told
How does it feel, knowing you're guilty?
How does it feel, to be all on your own?

With a crime of passion
A game of love and hate, but it's too late
There's no compassion
It's just a tug of war, that's lost before it's begun.
It's never won
It's a crime, it's a crime

And so you have to face the world alone
The life you took and tore apart without a care of your
own
And so he gazes in your eyes so cold
The love you shared, when you were young
Could never heal the pain you hold
So how does it feel, knowing you're guilty?
How does it feel, to be all on your own, on your own?

With a crime of passion
A game of love and hate, but it's too late
There's no compassion
It's just a tug of war, that's lost before it's begun
It's never won

With something you held so dear
How could you throw it away?
Your fatal emotions win the day...

How does it feel?
How does it feel?