

Bankrupt Emotionally

Moloko

You're just playing with me
Bankrupt emotionally

So you sent me cold hearts and dead flowers, can I send it back
?
You splash out on some fancy perfume in a beautiful, but a rented room.
And it takes bitter grapes to make it, our finest wine.
And your far out, far-
flung philosophies could not be further from my mind.

In actuality, bankrupt emotionally

You promised me you'd fly me to the moon.
You are late, I'm still waiting.
All of one we need to
But seriously, that drift with me
Get off my cloud
It's reserved for an angel with darker wings.
If it's so important to you, can't you wait?
Can't you just give in?

In actuality, you're just playing with me.
The facts are there to see, bankrupt emotionally.
In actuality, you're just playing with me.
The facts are there to see, bankrupt emotionally.
In actuality, you're just playing with me.
The facts are there to see, bankrupt emotionally.

You're just playing with me.

Bankrupt emotionally.