

# All About You

Nik Kershaw

I do believe that you believe most everything you've told me  
Incredibly, you'd guarantee the crock of shit you sold me  
You still deny a single lie has ever passed from your lips  
You play the game, say I'm to blame. I must be paranoid

I must be paranoid

This song is about you  
All about you  
All about you

You carry on like nothing's wrong, the mother of invention  
The centre of some kind of love, the centre of attention  
I do declare you're unaware you've even got a problem  
No telling you. All I can do is try to spell it out

In case there's any doubt  
Let me spell it out

This song is about you  
All about you  
All about you