No telephone will ring for you, no friends will call around, no presents for the birthday girl, or flowers will be found. In splendid isolation, you will drift from day to day, I gave you everything I could, you've thrown it all away.

And all she wants, is everything, but everything's not good enough, the whole wide world, just would not do, then how can I, be good enough for you?

So now I find, you've changed your mind, and hope that I will to  $\circ$ ,

the world is moving forward, but you're further from the truth. God knows it's all so simple, did I rob you of your pride? 'cause finger after finger, she has torn you from my side.