Good Things Don't Always Come to You

Skunk Anansie

Though you're lost in me you have to see when things ain't right Funny memories won't fill this need when things ain't right.

Safe mistakes I have made get burnt up inside my head. Fatal sees, but never believes the love that it saved wants death.

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Friends die hard, but lovers conceive. The vibe that they hold will please smothered by sexual needs the fade as the days goes by.

Some things don't go as you want them to, good things they don't always come to you. No, no, no!
They don't always come to you

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