

# George Michael

## Tapes 'n Tapes

Up in the light  
Holding the knife  
So quickly

Out of the morn  
fighting for sun  
So quickly

Dead in the night  
In the dead of night  
Biding you time away  
In the light of the glow  
All alone, All alone  
It's a box so cold  
The box don't know  
You've balked at signs  
And chalked the lines  
And sold for fineness  
Sold you kindness  
for hounds  
Dig the holes  
In your hands

Wedded to lies  
Of the favorite Child  
In a manner to shun Your cot away

Now the bed of the swine  
Has the room for all mine  
In the city That drowns the life away

Me in the middle  
Harbored from the dogs  
on a random hideaway  
In the madness of rome  
With the body to show  
It's the box So cold  
The box still knows  
You've been up at times  
You've been hiding times  
I've been short at times  
I've been shown your times  
When you come  
and your body's  
Away  
Your holding  
Your times  
On the tame  
And You Can't  
Understand  
What we say

Wedded to lies  
Of the favorite Child  
In a manner to shun your cot away

Now the bed of the swine

Has the room for all mine  
In the city that drowns the life away

In the shadow of sores  
We will march with the bores  
To the drainage that marks the tidalwave