

What Difference Does It Make?

The Mr. T Experience

All men have secrets and here is mine
So let it be known
For we have been through hell and high tide,
I can surely rely on you?
And yet you start to recoil,
Heavy words are so lightly thrown
But still I'd leap in front of a flying bullet for you
So, what difference does it make?
So, what difference does it make?
It makes none
But now you have gone
And you must be looking very old tonight
The devil will find work for idle hands to do
I stole and I lied, and why?
Because you asked me to
But now you make me feel so ashamed
Because I've only got two hands
Well, I'm still fond of you
So, what difference does it make?
Oh what difference does it make?
It makes none
But now you have gone
And your prejudice won't keep you warm tonight
The devil will find work for idle hands to do
I stole and then I lied just because you asked me to
But you know the truth about me
You won't see me anymore
But I'm still fond of you
But no more apologies
No more apologies
I'm too tired
I'm so very tired
And I'm feeling very sick and ill today
But I'm still fond of you