

# Anything Is Good Enough

Thompson Twins

She sits there  
Her hair is curled  
She is living in a detached world  
He walks by  
He sees his chance  
Thinks he's looking for romance  
For romance  
He talk to her of things he's done  
And tries to make it all seem fun  
But as she listens to what he say  
Energy just drifts  
Drifts away, Drifts away

I have seen it  
I have done it too  
You could be her  
He could be you  
So carry on the way you are  
The air is thinning more and more  
The things you are, the things you do  
The men he killed screaming for you  
Screaming for you  
Just for you

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Energy just drifts  
Drifts away, Drifts away