

Bananarama, Preacher Man

It's like a magic
I've got to have it
Whatever lies out of reach of me
And to despise it
Just magnifies it
Can't obliterate the need
You're bad news disguised
Dressed and painted with lies
But I just can't see
When truth is concealed
How the danger appeals
But my conscience sees
I heard it from the preacher man
He said leave that boy alone
He's no good for you
I heard it from the preacher man
He said Heaven must have sent you
But the devil's gonna get you
He's gonna do it for you
You're like a black cat
Who always knows that
It's life is a mystery
You mesmerize me
And then you hypnotize me
'Til obsession devours me
You're silky words soothe me
As they move me
To ecstasy
And just as I'm falling
I hear a voice calling
Don't believe
I heard it from the preacher man
He said, "Leave that boy alone
He's no good for you"
I heard it from the preacher man
He said, "Heaven must have sent you
But the devil's gonna get you"
He's gonna do it for you
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