

Electronic, Get The Message

I've always thought of you as my brick wall
Built like an angel, six feet tall
Six feet tall
And when you go away, I start to weep
You're too expensive girl to keep
Isn't it sweet?

I don't know where to begin, living in sin
How can we talk? Look where you've been
I've counted the nights of living in sin
How can we talk? Look where we've been

Take my independent point of view
I've loosened my wallet, thanks to you
Don't do me any favors
Hark, the herald angels sting
Please repair my broken wing
Why won't you look at me? I live and breathe

(We can make it all the time, to live or die)

Blame it on appearance
It might seem
A shame that we're
Not you or me