

Jimmy Somerville, We Know How It Feels

How can they be so cruel,
When they call me names to hurt me,
Exception to the rule
No, they knowing nothing at all

No they don't understand,
How I could hold your hand
Will they ever understand
How I could hold your hand close to me

Oh, we know how it feels

Our love is real

I'm a prisoner in this age
It won't give in easy
They'll have to turn the page
Instead of putting you down

Needing a helping hand
I'm not so different after all
Needing a promised land
So we can get along