## King, I cringed I died I felt hot

Hear me talk to you

If love is the escape

Then tell me is a kiss the gate

Hear me talk to you

Hear me talk to you

Too many lips it seems to me

Are sealed to save their face

Hear me talk to you

Hear me talk to you

The whispers of the dark

Can seem cold and lacking heart

Transparent under clinical scrutiny

What was sweet becomes obscene

Stinging your heaving spleen

And gag as your force fed religiously

Just like you did to me

I cringed I died, I said, I cringed I died I felt hot

Your just a pale imitation of my love

I cringed I died, I said, I cringed I died I felt hot

Your just a pale imitation of my love

Hear me talk to you

Because you're just a stranger now

Via the New York tenements

And the dancing Japanese

Hear me talk to you

Hear me talk to you

From the heat of Adelaide

To the clubs 'round Souchiehall Street

Hear me talk to you

Hear me talk to you

The crippled lover crawls

Their ego on the floor

Easy prey for an opportunist

I reached up too far

For you were no Holy Grail

Just a sad reflection of my hearts desire

I cringed I died, I said, I cringed I died I felt hot

To find your pale imitation of my love

I cringed I died, I said, I cringed I died I felt hot

Because your pale imitation of my love

Hear me talk to you

Hear me talk to you

Because you're just a stranger now