

Robert Palmer, Flesh Wound

We flew over miles of ocean--be prepared.
I don't have the faintest notion who'll be there.
You underestimated; nobody sympathized.
I think you'll soon feel better once we get inside.
I see the door is open -- Why don't we walk right in?
Let's put our party hats on and let the fun begin!
We should have called and said that we were on our way;
Who would have ever guessed that you'd be so unreachable?
Just another flesh wound--another thorn in my side
Just another flesh wound--another wonder-cure that you tried
Just another flesh wound--another scratch on your hide
Just another flesh wound--another irritation you abide
You know the rumour's going that he was synthesized.
And if we had to dress, I wouldn't be surprised.
I say -- you're so outrageous -- you'll go to number one!
They'll have us both arrested for having too much fun.
Just another flesh wound--another scratch on your hide.
Just another flesh wound--another thorn in your side.
Just another flesh wound--another bruise on your pride.
Just another flesh wound--another paranoia that you hide.
And when she held her nose, she took an underdose.
It was nice to see her completely comatose.
You go first, you're completely debonair;
Let's go dutch -- it's only fair.
Just another flesh wound--another thorn in your side.
Just another flesh wound--a minor injury you dignified.
Just another flesh wound--another unsuccessful suicide.
Just another flesh wound--another curse that you ride.