

The Style Council, Here's One That Got Away

The pub talk, the scandals,
like vandals they try to tear you down
The whispers, turn rumours,
there's no truth but that don't stop those cats
They need the little bit extra,
they don't mind if it's only conjecture
They tried to tell me I wasn't full time,
I tried to think of an alibi
I felt so awful I spat in their faces and ran for my life

They need that little bit extra,
they don't mind if it's only conjecture
They tried to tell me their's was the right way,
I tried to shout that was a lie,
I felt so sick I spat in their lifestyles with a runaway pride!

Untouched by unhuman hands,
'cause only God knows I don't call that a man
Who spends his waking days,
telling others what to think and what to say

They tried to tell me I wasn't normal,
I tried to shout there's no such thing!
I felt so sick I spat on their lifestyles with a runaway pride!

So catch me if you can,
'cause I would rather be dead than live like that -
Hey, hey, hey!