

# 'Til Tuesday, Crash And Burn

He was saying, 'You look like an angel.'  
But you never really know what the hell to make of that  
Take your pick 'cause it don't really matter  
I get lonely when I hear it and sad when he takes it back  
But all in all, another fall won't even make a dent

The world will turn, at least that's what they say  
We'll crash and burn, it's hard to look away  
That kind of thing is easier to say than do.

How about we break with tradition?  
We'll pretend we're everything that you believe we're not  
So he said, 'I guess I'll try, but on one condition.  
Someone ought to let me know when it gets close to ten o'clock.'  
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You keep saying that you're only human  
What you mean is that you think you're the only human here  
Still I think that it's just a rumour  
And you might as well be taking it home as a souvenir.

How about we break with tradition?