

# George Michael, Through

(George Michael)

Is that enough?  
I think it's over  
See, everything has changed  
And all this hatred may just make me strong enough  
To walk away

They may chase me to the ends of the earth  
But I've got you babe  
And they may strip me of the things that I've worked for  
But I've had my say

So hear me now  
I've enough of these chains  
I know they're of my making  
No one else to blame for where I stand today  
I've no memory of truth  
But suddenly the audience is so cruel  
So God, hey God you know why I'm through

Through

I guess it's tough, I guess I'm older  
And everything must change  
But all this cruelty and money instead of love  
People, have we no shame?

They may chase me to the ends of the earth  
But I've got you babe  
And they may take away the things that I've worked for  
But you'll pull me through

It's so clear to me now  
I've enough of these chains  
Life is there for the taking  
What kind of fool would remain in this cheap gilded cage  
I've no memory of truth  
But suddenly the audience is so cruel  
Oh God, I'm sorry

I think I'm through  
I think I'm through  
I think I'm, I know I'm...