

Joan Armatrading, How Cruel

Some people want to see my blood gush out
And others want to watch while I cry
I heard somebody say once I was way too black
And someone answers she's not black enough for me

I bite my tongue and it bites me back
I bought a house and the neighbours moved
I had a dog but it was stolen

Some people say that it's coming
And I'll get it
It must be something I have no control of
They'll put the skin of the fruit on the ground
And I'll slip and fall

Oh how cruel to make a girl cry
Oh how cruel to make a girl cry
Oh how cruel to make a girl cry

I have no hope in hell and I want to get to heaven
Too many lies or not enough sinnin'

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