

Lloyd Cole, James

ugly children with poor complexions and greasy hair
receive no concessions and it's a heartless world
and it's a thoughtless heartless world
oh james oh you're a terrible child
hide yourself away from furnished accommodation
with a view and window seat
you swear she really is the best thing that you have ever seen
but your heart is in the wrong place
cover your face and despair yourself away
oh you're impossible james hide yourself away
and it's a sin to be a saint
and you're impossible james
and it's impossible to accept that she's impossible
and as a consequence you lock yourself away
and it's a crime to be alive and be alone
and be content to be
oh james oh you're a terrible child
hide yourself away
and in the morning when you wake
nothing will have changed