

Marillion, Whatever Is Wrong With You

We need to talk
About the way
You've been behaving
We need to talk
About the Christmas lights
In your clothes
We need to talk
About the stranger
In the kitchen
We need to talk
About the scissors
And the silver foil
I thank God
You're so fabulously
Odd
Whatever is wrong with you
Whatever is wrong with you
Whatever is wrong with you
Is so right for me
We need to talk
About the wedding cake
And the wet suit
We need to talk
About the policeman
Down the hall
You're truly strange
But it wouldn't do for us
All to be the same
Whatever is wrong with you
Whatever is wrong with you
Whatever is wrong with you
Is so right for me
Just right for me