

Tapes 'N Tapes, George Michael

Up in the light
Holding the knife
So quickly

Out of the morn
fighting for sun
So quickly

Dead in the night
In the dead of night
Biding you time away
In the light of the glow
All alone, All alone
It's a box so cold
The box don't know
You've balked at signs
And chalked the lines
And sold for fineness
Sold you kindness
for hounds
Dig the holes
In your hands

Wedded to lies
Of the favorite Child
In a manner to shun Your cot away

Now the bed of the swine
Has the room for all mine
In the city That drowns the life away

Me in the middle
Harbored from the dogs
on a random hideaway
In the madness of rome
With the body to show
It's the box So cold
The box still knows
You've been up at times
You've been hiding times
I've been short at times
I've been shown your times
When you come
and your body's
Away
Your holding
Your times
On the tame
And You Can't
Understand
What we say

Wedded to lies
Of the favorite Child
In a manner to shun your cot away

Now teh bed of the swine
Has the room for all mine
In the city that drowns the life away

In the shadow of sores
We will march with the bores
To the drainage that marks the tidalwave