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