

## Boy George "Blindman"

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White lines on a dirty mirror  
My reflection haunting me  
Dead eyes and desperation  
And my hypocrisy

You think you're so immune  
Go dry your mother's tears  
I disconnect from you  
Your lying and your flying

I know you love me but keep away  
I'm feeling more like myself today  
I don't need this drug  
I don't need this fix  
You better believe I can handle it

Blindman blindman

Dark room strange company  
You're making the devil twitch  
You look like a corpse tonight  
So you think death is hip

I disconnect from you  
Your lying and your dying

You're my kind of circle  
You're my kind of freak  
You're my kind of loser  
Let's be incomplete

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