

Boy George "II Adore"

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Mother clutches the head of her dying son
Anger and tears
So many things to feel
Sensitive boy good with his hands
No-one mentions the unmentionable
But everybody understands
Here in this cold white room
Tied up to these machines
It's hard to imagine him as he used to be
Laughing, screaming, tumbling queen
Like the most amazing light show you've ever seen
Whirling, swirling, never blue
How could you go and die
What a lonely thing to do
Silence equals death
This is what they say
But the anger and the tears
Do not take the pain away
How far must it go
How near must it be
Before it touches you
Before it touches me
Here in this cold white room
Tied up to these machines
It's hard to imagine life as it used to be
Did you ever ask those strangers
What they're searching for
Did they laugh and tell you
They're not really sure
You were hurt by love
But still you came right back for more
Il adore
Il adore
Il adore
Thanks mum

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