

## Boy George "Il 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

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?

Did you ever ask those strangers what they're looking  
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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