Boy George "Next Time"

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Next time I sing a ballad
And they say that I'm too pop
What the hell - if it gets me to the top
Next time I'll be handsome
Or pretty at least
I will have big muscles - I'll lay on the beach

Next time I'll paint pictures
Like a real van gogh
Wear little black hats - hang my cigarettes so low
Sit in french cafes
Drinking french pernod
Next time gigolo - next time we go

Next time, next time, next time, ooh next time, next time

Next time I'll be full blooded 'stead of half-cherokee I'll put on my warpaint - and they'll listen to me Next time I'll tell my mama With a baby on my knee (say gay)

I'll sweep and clean and dress my dream - kick that broke down washing machine

Next time, next time, next time, ooh next time, next time

Next time I'll be kinder
And I'll be tougher too
I won't worry half as much - and neither will you
But for now I've got to go
On and strut my stuff
I'll sing my song and swing along - tomorrow I'll be
better off

Next time, next time, next time, ooh next time, next time

No, no next time

Wop, bob a loo bop bam

Next time

Anyone here seen ray charles? James brown

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