

C 21**"Obsessions"**

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Sunday, wake up, give me a cigarette.
Last night's love affair is looking vulnerable in my bed
Silk sheet, blue dawn, Colgate, tongue warm
Won't you quit your crying? I can't sleep
One minute I'm a little sweetheart
And next minute you are an absolute creep

We've got obsessions
I want to wipe out all the sad ideas that come to me
when I am holding you
We've got obsessions
All you ever think about are sick ideas involving me,
involving you

Supermarket, what packet of crackers to pick?
They're all the same, one brand, one name, but really
they're not
Look, look, just choose something quick
People are staring, time to come quick in
Cheeks are on fire; just choose something, something,
something
Pressure overwhelming
Next minute I am turning out of the door, facing one
week without food
A day, a day when things are pretty bad
Don't let it make you feel sad, the crackers were
probably bad luck anyway
Can't let your cold heart be free
When you act like you've got an OCD

We've got obsessions
I want to erase every nasty thought that bugs me every
day of every week
We've got obsessions
You never tell me what it was that made you strong and
what it was that made you weak.

We've got obsessions
I want to erase every nasty thought that bugs me every
day of every week.
We've got obsessions

You never told me what it was that made you strong
and what it was that made you weak
Made you weak, made you weak, made you weak,
made you weak, made you weak
Made you...

Sunday, wake up, give me a cigarette
Last night's love affair is looking vulnerable again

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