

Indochine

"The Lovers"

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I've been your lover for the last time
All this pretending, god know that we tried
I've been a doctor for the last time
If we weren't so good at it, we would have both been
fine
I knock you down
Bruise you with my words
I patch you up
Now it's your turn

What is this thing called love that you speak?
We're out of it, we're out of it
What is this thing called love that you speak?
We're out of it, we're out of it

I've been your lover for the last time
This fight is over, hear the bell ringing out it's the end
the final round
I've been your doctor for the last time
If we weren't so good at it, we would have both been
fine
You knock me down
Cut me with a stare
You patch me up
Now it's my turn

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