

## Iq "Wurensch"

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I am just a small town boy  
But don't hold that against me  
Mum's a lawyer, dad's got a bank  
But really I'm okay

Should I stop or should I go?  
I'm full of indecision  
I'd throw it away for a dollar a day  
If I could be like

You made me promise not to mention  
You can call round any time of day  
And see me and my family

These things are sent to try us  
Or to land us in hot water  
Turning gray as my tube record plays  
When I call you, come as you are

You don't need fancy cars or finery  
You don't need a credit card to buy me

They'll never understand  
I bite the hand that's feeding me  
Saying I must be mad  
That's a matter of opinion

You, I'll give you all of my affection  
You and I can celebrate defection

Get up and go tonight  
I've seen the light that's leading me  
Saying that I'll be back  
Well, that's a matter of opinion

We'll work, we don't care  
How long it takes us  
We'll save, we'll buy that house  
On the hill some day

Never thought I'd be  
The black sheep of the family

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Control me, console me  
Conceive me, consume me  
We all need some space  
Just a little room to breathe

My girlfriend sees to me  
I know that I couldn't do it alone  
We will shine for you  
Come and share the atmosphere up here

Now that we're over, over the moon  
It feels like we're in heaven, heaven  
Over, over the moon  
It feels like we're in heaven now

Over, over the moon  
It feels like we're in heaven, heaven  
Over, over the moon  
It feels like we're in heaven now

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