

Kate Bush

"It Hurts Me"

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Slipping past the chimney-pots,
Down among the ashes, away from old times--
Why must I self-indulge in memories?
I should be celebrating to a moving melody,
But it hurts me, it hurts me,
Honey, honey, it hurts me.
And I'm feeling like a waltz,
Growing old, - old, old, old, old.
I was fiery but you put me out.
I was always one for loving and leaving.
I like to think I was immune to romance.
I should be laughing at some good old comedy.
Oh, but it hurts me, it hurts me.
Honey, honey, it hurts me.
And I'm feeling like a waltz -
If you laughed at me, I'd laugh too.
Waltz, don't you know that I'd be really breakin'-ing.
L'amour--marche avec un etranger.
I shouldn't care, you're not my darling anymore,
But it hurts me, it hurts me,
Honey, honey, honey, honey.
And I'm feeling like a waltz,
Growing old, old, old, old, old

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