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Culture Beat "Black Comedy"

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Sweet cunning eyes try to take from me You're too young, I'm too wise, this is parody A taste of what you like can be fatal sometimes Arms that hold you tight but leave you cold, so cold

The stars in the sky are out of reach tonight Tears fall like rain, wrong again, words won't make me right

'cause I knew from the start you were wrong for me Call it fate if you like or black comedy

Love, maybe lust, made me sweet sixteen So my soul lost control, nothing in between A taste of what you want can be brutal sometimes Arms that hold you tight but leave you cold, so cold

The stars in the sky are out of reach tonight Tears fall like rain, wrong again, words won't make me

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