

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

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