

Robert Palmer "Flesh Wound"

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We flew over miles of ocean
Be prepared
I don't have the faintest notion
Who'll be there
You underestimated
Nobody sympathized
I think you'll soon feel better
Once we get inside

I see the door is open
Why don't we walk right in
Let's put our party hats on
And let the fun begin
We should have called and said
That we were on our way
Who would have ever guessed
That you'd be so unreachable

Just another flesh wound
Another thorn in my side
Just another flesh wound
Another wonder-cure that you tried
Just another flesh wound
Another scratch on your hide
Just another flesh wound
Another irritation you abide

You know the rumor's going
That he was synthesized
And if we had to dress
I wouldn't be surprised

I say, you're so outrageous
You'll go to number one
They'll have us both arrested
For having too much fun

Just another flesh wound
Another scratch on your hide
Just another flesh wound
Another thorn in your side
Just another flesh wound

Another bruise on your pride
Just another flesh wound
Another paranoia that you hide

And when she held her nose
She took an underdose
It was nice to see her
Completely comatose

You go first
You're completely debonair
Let's go dutch
It's only fair

Just another flesh wound
Another thorn in your side
Just another flesh wound
A minor injury you dignified
Just another flesh wound
Another unsuccessful suicide
Just another flesh wound
Another curse that you ride

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