

The Police "Someone To Talk To"

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Though it's me that's on fire not this cigarette
I was stabbed in the back by that young suffragette
And what do I care if she leaves me alone?
If I need somebody, I'll pick up the phone

I'll put on my good face, clean up the flat
I'm starting all over, goodbye to all that
Put on some music and pour out a drink
I'll go back to bed and I'll try not to think

Someone to talk to
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She was a person I just couldn't see
And I tried to make her what she couldn't be
We tried and we tried, but of course in the end
I drove her crazy and right 'round the bend

Now it's too much to just sit here and cry
I can't be seen with a tear in my eye
Why am I standing right next to the phone
When I kept on saying I must be alone?

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I love you, why didn't I say that before?
I guess that it's safe now she's walked through the
door

It's hard when you know that you've got to go on
Feeling so weak and pretending you're strong

I didn't see her, I only felt me
One day I'll learn just which part of me bleeds
Now that she's gone I know she was great
But I fucked it up and now it's too late

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