

Alison Moyet

"Boy's Own"

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Well how are you?
Can I look a little closer?
Well let me introduce you to
Say how'd you do believer

So tell me is he young enough
Or could it be hung up enough?
And does he help to keep it up
When he's handing it out, out to please you?

Do you ever sink the night away?
How about the day, ain't it getting long?
These eggshell hearts you're tripping on

Oh when you've got money you can build a bomb
Oh it's beautiful, torching up your lonely night
Oh how you shine when you throw all the suckers on
You're tired of every single one

Oh you're filthy, filthy, filthy
And someone's gonna hold you down
You're gonna be sorry for the way
You whore a life around, yeah

Now tell me is he young enough
Or could it be hung up enough?
Or maybe just be hung enough to keep it up
When you're flagging?

Do you ever soak the night away?
How about the day, ain't it getting long?
These eggshell hearts you're tripping on

Oh when you've got money you can build a bomb
Oh it's beautiful, torching up your lonely nights
Oh how you shine when you throw all the suckers on
You're tired of every single one, yeah

These eggshell hearts you're tripping on

Oh when you've got money you can build a bomb
Oh it's beautiful, torching up your lonely nights

Oh how you shine when you throw all the suckers on
You're tired of every single one, yeah

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