

Philip Lynott "Solo in Soho"

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Stop this lying, stop this cheating
Stop treating me like I am some kind of fool
Over whose eyes you can pull the wool, you're not so
cool
Remember it's to me you are speaking

Stop cutting, stop hurting
Stop this dirt about you lifting up your skirt
To any man dressed in pants
With shirt buttons undone and flirting

When you're so low down in Soho
There is no hope, no how
No place to go
You will go along

Some people say I'm a crazy kind of fool
But be that as it may
You always treat me cruel
Solo in Soho

Stop talking, stop eating
We can't go on meeting and greeting
And meeting and sleeping and meeting and cheating
You know that's deceiting and that's only repeating

When you're so low down in Soho
There is no hope, no how
You've got nowhere to go
But you go along

Some people say I'm a crazy kind of fool
But be that as it may
You always treat me cruel
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When you are so low in Soho
There is no hope, no how, no how
You've got nowhere to go
But you go along

Some people say I'm a crazy kind of fool
But be that as it may
Always treat me cruel
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