

Paul Heaton

"Mitch"

Visit "[Mitch](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

How can I turn this red cross, back into a tick?
Like how come I turned good looks into frail and sick?
Not only did I blind the blind
But I also took their stick
Crippled myself with a baseball bat and a brick

Most other men like to whine about the seven year itch
They're the same men who call you liar and bitch
But you're the reason I'm still here
And not facing a ditch, Mitch
And they're a lot poorer than me, I'm incredibly rich

Until I watch them lower my coffin
Deep down in the grave
Until I hear the digging sound of soil and spade
There doesn't seem a single person
Able to persuade
This self-indulgent idiot's the easiest laid

Most other men like to whine about the seven year itch
They're the same men who call you liar and bitch
But you're the reason I'm still here
And not facing a ditch, Mitch
And they're a lot poorer than me, I'm incredibly rich

If there's a way to pay you back before I die
If there's one little prayer I can answer, I'll try
Write these words in cloud
On the bluest of skies
The best pair of ears to a man who just wanted to cry

How did I screw up and throw such a beautiful chance?
Turned down every women that asked me up to dance
Yes stab me with the truth
Use a sword use a lance
I'd still think two steps back is the way to advance

Most other men like to whine about the seven year itch
They're the same men who call you liar and bitch
But you're the reason I'm still here
And not facing a ditch, Mitch

And they're a lot poorer than me, I'm incredibly rich

If there's a way to pay you back before I die

If there's one little prayer I can answer, I'll try

Write these words in cloud

On the bluest of skies

The best pair of ears to a man who just wanted to cry

Visit [Paul Heaton](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.