

S.o.s. "Circulate"

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(Swing Out Sister)

You've given into temptation's demands
By a cruel slight of hand you could lose it all
Cold and alone when your luck leaves you
Stranded
Walk out empty handed, greed takes its toll
You moved too fast
You spoke too soon
And now it's too late
Fate for the taking you gamble with love
Got to lose to win what you're dreaming of
Mistakes you're making put my love on hold
While you're out fortune faking my heart grows
Cold
You moved too fast
You spoke too soon
And my love won't wait
People are talking about you
Rumors are spreading tell me they're not true
I'm tired of waiting it's too late
You let your love circulate
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You've given into temptation's hands
By a cruel slight of hand you could lose it all
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