

**Steve Harley****"My Only Vice (Is The Fantastic Prices I Charge For Being E"**

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Simply Lorraine sings for a while  
In a three-octave harmonica style  
It's easy to see her harmony  
stabbing at my songs from behind  
Trying to stick her cosmic philosopher's  
words into rhymes  
Nobody can tell it the same  
To her evcrything's just like a game  
But she'll make it seem some big machine's  
driving you clean outa your mind  
Come on admit it, that's just the limit,  
we've travelled from mad to sublime

Chorus:

Oh she's a lady from a background of pearls  
Who's tormenting and bending my world

My only vice is the fantastic prices I  
Charge for being eaten alive. . .

So Nina can paint dragons on guitars  
She can roll up a Victorian vase,  
That gal can sweep, skip,  
jump and leap into a room full of clowns,  
No one'll tame her, no one'll claim her,  
'til she's been at least all around  
Doreen is a hunk of a man,  
she can wipe every boy from the land  
But Lorraine can fly it way outa sight  
then bring it on back to the fold  
Give me a chance, I want romance,  
don't give me your love quite so cold

Chorus:

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