

Thea Gilmore "People Like You"

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Sex is the open sesame, to a rich mans eyes.
And I am not prepared to be patronised, to
compromise, to sanitise my ugly tongue cold eyes.
And babe you know you'd better watch those
incriminations, watch what those fingers do cos life has
a funny way..of pointing those fingers back at you.

And she can be a hole in a mattress, of a back alley
bedroom
Where each frame of a life is blue and stained with
people, people like you. People like you.

And sweetheart I think you should let me hold your
grudge for you, Im a little better qualified and a lot
more willing to.
And she just sits there looking vacant, like they always
do.
Well you never know anyone anyway, I never even knew
myself..myself until today. now my lifes a newspaper,
with some pages blown away.

she can be a hole in a mattress, of a back alley
bedroom
Where each frame of a life is blue and stained with
people, people like you. People like you.
what does this, what does this, what does this
smile..what does this, what does this, what does this
smile, what does this, what does this, what does this
smile...do for you?

Well does it do it for you?

She could be a hole in a mattress, of a back alley
bedroom
where each frame of a life is blue and stained with
people..people like you..people like you..well do people
like you, like their not supposed to

well I....said I.....oh I...know so many people like you.

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