

# A Flock Of Seagulls, Transfer Affection

Hold on, hold on

I'm trying to transfer affection,  
Trying to feel factor four.  
Trying to change my direction,  
To go where I was once before.

Don't try to tell me now that I'm out here on my own;  
And there's no way to carry on.  
Don't try to tell me that there's nothing left to hide;  
Nothing inside.

I'm trying to break all connections,  
Burning a hole in my heart.  
Trying to transfer affection  
Is starting to tear me apart.

Don't try to tell me now that I'm out here on my own;  
And there's no way to carry on.  
Don't try to tell me that there's nothing left to hide;  
Nothing inside.

Don't try to tell me now that I'm out here on my own;  
And there's no way to carry on.  
Don't try to tell me that there's nothing left to hide;  
Nothing inside.

I'm tired, but then on reflection,  
It's so hard to open my eyes;  
To try reaching out for affection,  
It's so hard to break the disguise.

Hold on, hold on

Typed by John Manfreda