

Berlin, Boy girl

There's no easy way to start this
But I need to tell you why
I am five seconds from saying
I can take no more tonight
Peeling off the lies you've hidden
You still think you're being good
And I carry all the weight
Of what you think a good man should
Yes, I got your letter
And I cried - don't ask why
Is the love that I remember
A scream hello, a kiss goodbye?
Yea, you say you bought me flowers
But I guess I paid for the show
I would like to know the reason why
My friends all told me so
I refuse to believe that my love has been abandoned
I will never be free
'til the loser has finally won
It's the way it turns out
The way it turns out
The way it turns out that way