

Cutting Crew, I Just Died In Your Arms

Oh I, I just died in your arms tonight
It must have been something you said
I just died in your arms tonight
I keep looking for something I can't get
Broken hearts, they're all around me
And I don't see an easier way, to get out of this
Her diary sits by the bedside table
The curtains are closed, the cat's in the cradle
Who would have thought that a boy like me could come to this
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I just died in your arms tonight
Oh I, I just died in your arms tonight
It must have been some kind of kiss
I should have walked away
I should have walked away
Is there any just cause for feeling like this?
On the surface I'm a name on a list
I try to be discreet, but then blow it again
I've lost and found it's my final mistake
She's loving by proxy, no give and all take
'Cause I've been thrilled to fantasy, one too many times
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It was a long hot night, she made it easy
She made it feel right
But now it's over, the moment has gone
I followed my hands to my head, I know I was wrong
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