

# Electronic, Forbidden City

Forbidden city

There's not a hope  
While you're in this kind of mood  
Too much to drink  
But not enough to lose  
You tore me apart  
Now I've got to suffer  
I wish I'd been around when you started this

Give me a chance  
I'd show you what I could do  
You're in a trance  
And I'm not so fond of you  
You may be a friend  
But you're not my relation  
But you're the only person I ever knew

And it's too late to wash my hands  
We're caught in a trap  
Set for a man

There is a wind  
That blows in the northern skies  
Holding me back  
No matter how hard I try  
If I had the sense  
I'd leave here tomorrow  
I wouldn't even bother to say goodbye

But it's too late to wash my hands  
We're caught in a trap  
Set for a man

Would you lie to me  
If you thought I was wrong  
You deserted me  
When it all went wrong  
Would you lie to me  
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But it's too late to wash my hands  
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