

Element Of Crime, A Girl Like You

Seventy-five hundred lonely cigarettes
Ended up in a coughing bitterness
A hundred bottles of sour red wine
A GIRL LIKE YOU is hard to find

Lots of digging and a hundred hopeless tries
All came down to a kind of social exercise
Years of darkness made me think I was blind
A GIRL LIKE YOU is hard to find

Seventy-five hundred lonely cigarettes
Ende up in a coughing bitterness
A hundred bottles and now you're mine
A GIRL LIKE YOU is hard to find