

Erasure, Paradise

(A. Bell / V. Clarke)

Hey, now did I tell you that I was going?
Yes, I'm leaving, 'cause there's no room in this house.
You're just too much in love with yourself.

Tired of living in slow motion, gonna make the bubble burst,
and fill the ocean with your crocodile tears from your eyes.
Instead of swimming against the tide.

There are better things that a man can do,
than to waste his time on a no good fool like you.
Falling into a hole like paradise.
Falling into a hole like paradise.

You say that you're really sorry, but sorry don't work
when you've heard it for the fifty-second time.
You should be ready to say goodbye.

Tired and you're dead and dreamin',
baby who on earth do you think you're kidding?
Go and put another record on, I'm sick of hearing the same old song.

Don't wanna hear your little white lies.
They can break the moon and decimate the sky.
Falling into a hole like paradise.
Falling into a hole like paradise.

There are better things that a man can do,
than to waste his time on a no good fool like you.

I'll be going away soon, only time will tell
if I'll ever be back again.

I'll be going away soon, only time will tell,
if I'll ever be back again.

(falling into a hole like paradise)

(falling into a hole like paradise)