

# Eurythmics, Regrets

I've got a delicate mind  
I've got a dangerous nature  
And my fist collides  
With your furniture  
I've got a delicate mind  
I've got a dangerous nature  
And my fist collides  
With your furniture

I'm an electric wire  
And I'm stuck inside your head

I'm a hungry Mohican  
I've got a razor blade smile  
So don't come near me  
I've got a singular style  
Fifteen senses  
Are on my plate  
All the things  
You love to hate

I'm an electric wire  
And I'm stuck inside your head

Where I go to no one knows  
Find me where the cold wind blows  
Regrets

Black is red and red is white  
In this country I do what I like  
Regrets

(That's right that's right..)