

Olivia Newton-John, Choosing (When It's Too Late)

(Tim Rice/John Farrar)

I've tried to ignore
All the stench of your life
Only holding back
For my wife
Even she has seen
Your poisoned soul displayed
Seen each move you've made
Contaminate, degrade

Who's this juvenile?
Who this infantile clown?
He's not even worth
Knocking down
Stamp your tiny foot
My precious little lamb
Bleat ad nauseam
But I don't give a damn

Where to go? Heart ever bounded
Coward? No--spirit confounded
Always hoping belief will bring release
God alone can give me peace
Watching me scream and hate
Only choosing when it's too late

May this imbecile
Cause your heart to feel joy
You did after all
Choose the toy
Do you now suppose
I'll leave with no reply?
Basic laws apply
An eye demands an eye

Where to go? Heart ever bounded
Coward? No--spirit confounded
Always hoping belief will bring release
God alone can give me peace
Watching me scream and hate
Only choosing when it's too late