

Pet Shop Boys, Twist In My Sobriety

I sometimes think that I'm too many people
Too many people, too many people
I sometimes think that I'm too many people
Too many people, too many people at once
The husband or the hedonist
The businessman or the communist
The artist or the showbizz creep
The lover or the nervous geek
The question of identity is one that's always haunted me
Whoever I decide to be depends on who is with me
I sometimes think that I'm too many people
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Too many people, too many people at once
The tactless twit putting his foot in it
Or the sensitive soul who's a role model
The urban jet setter - never at home
Or the country recluse - just leave me alone
Extravert or introvert
Love is kind, and love hurts
Rebellion or conformity
What is my identity?
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The intellectual and bon-viveur
or the naive simpleton, so immature
A devoted son and family man
Or the wicked uncle who doesn't give a damn
How often these have tempted me
The question of identity depends on what I'm meant to be
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