

Pretty Things, Bitter End

They say that bearing crosses is a religion in itself
But honey the strain I'm under, it's ruining my health
When we first met as lovers, we walked together hand in hand
But now that bridge of love has shattered, I'm such a lonely man

I'm not gonna be your monkey,
I'm not gonna be your fool
I'm not gonna stand round waiting
While you're out there trying to be cool
At the bitter end.

Well you listed all my virtues honey, and you charged a real high price
Well given this set of circumstances, I don't think that's nice

I'm not gonna be your monkey, I'm not gonna be your clown
I'm not gonna stand round watching as they lower you down

In the ground
At the bitter end.

I'm like a knight in shining armour, honey do I detect some rust?
I'm moving one step higher, honey tell me, honey tell me, honey you must

Well I gave you all my confidence, and you gave me back just lies
I recognise amongst our best friends, most of them are spies
With all this poison in the system, love was murdered from the first
And though I practiced eastern logic, I just cannot break the curse

Well I'm not gonna be your monkey,
I'm not gonna dance any jig
I'm not gonna stand round waiting,
As you're taking your lunch with the pigs
At the bitter end.