

# Robert Palmer, Flesh Wound

We flew over miles of ocean--be prepared.  
I don't have the faintest notion who'll be there.  
You underestimated; nobody sympathized.  
I think you'll soon feel better once we get inside.  
I see the door is open -- Why don't we walk right in?  
Let's put our party hats on and let the fun begin!  
We should have called and said that we were on our way;  
Who would have ever guessed that you'd be so unreachable?  
Just another flesh wound--another thorn in my side  
Just another flesh wound--another wonder-cure that you tried  
Just another flesh wound--another scratch on your hide  
Just another flesh wound--another irritation you abide  
You know the rumour's going that he was synthesized.  
And if we had to dress, I wouldn't be surprised.  
I say -- you're so outrageous -- you'll go to number one!  
They'll have us both arrested for having too much fun.  
Just another flesh wound--another scratch on your hide.  
Just another flesh wound--another thorn in your side.  
Just another flesh wound--another bruise on your pride.  
Just another flesh wound--another paranoia that you hide.  
And when she held her nose, she took an underdose.  
It was nice to see her completely comatose.  
You go first, you're completely debonair;  
Let's go dutch -- it's only fair.  
Just another flesh wound--another thorn in your side.  
Just another flesh wound--a minor injury you dignified.  
Just another flesh wound--another unsuccessful suicide.  
Just another flesh wound--another curse that you ride.