

Westlife, Verdict

I will confess to you
Because you made me think about the times
You turn the picture on to me and I'll turn over
The vision was a masterpiece of comic timing
But you wouldn't laugh at all
And I wonder what the boy was thinking
The picture was an old collage of something classical
The model with a tragic air
Because without a doubt he'd given up the fight
The ghost of somebody at his side

I will confess to you
Because I didn't think about the message
As I walked down the alleyway it was a Sunday
And all my friends deserted me because you painted me
As the fraud I really was
And if you think you see with just your eyes you're mad
'Cause Lisa learned a lot from putting on a blindfold
When she knew she had been bad
She met another blind kid at a fancy dress
It was the best sex she ever had

I'll send a dress to you
Because it's needing badly taken in
But I was so embarrassed when I missed your party
It was me that paid for it eventually
Because you know how much I wanted
To meet your friend the star of stage and local press
The dream of all the bowlie boys that hang around here
And I'm no different from the rest
I'm not too proud to say that I'm okay with
The girl next door who's famous for showing her breasts

You're not impressed by me
But it's a funny way for you to tell me
A whisper in a choir stall
The man was talking about you simultaneously
Frankly, I let my heavy eyelids flutter
Because I have been sleeping badly lately
I know you were historical from all the books I've read
But I thought you could be bluffing
And with this chance I've missed I feel remiss
It's days and months before I see you again