

Alison Moyet, Boys Own

How are you, can I look a little closer
Well let me introduce you to
Say how d'you do believer
So tell me is he young enough
Or could it be hung up enough
And does he help to keep it up when he's handing
It out to please you
Do you ever think the night away
How about the day ain't it getting long
These eggshell hearts you're tripping on

Oh when you've got money you can build a bomb
Oh it's beautiful, touching up your lonely nights
Oh how you shine when you throw all the suckers on
Tired of every single one

Oh you're filth, you're filth, you're filthy
And someone' gonna hose you down
You're gonna be sorry for the way you whore a life around
Now tell me he is young enough
Or could it be hung up enough
Or maybe just hung up enough to keep it up when you're flagging
Do you ever soak the night away
How about the day ain't it getting long
These eggshell hearts you're tripping on