

Anita Lipnicka & John Porter, Lover, turn around

Whole lotta people shopping for love
Think that it's religion - the colour of blood
So many bees around the flowers but where's the honey
You can take the memory but you can't take the money
Lover, turn around
One last time
Lover, turn around
No need to make a statement, so many around
I'll buy a ticket to the moon on the underground
Read a little Ha Jin, a little Hanif
Come to terms with reality, get the twist of my drift
Lover, turn around
One last time
Lover, turn around
Well I'm packing up my things bit by bit
Throwing out the stuff that doesn't fit
Got a compass, a road map and a mint for the taste
Don't wanna be lost when I leave this place
Lover, turn around
One last time
Lover, turn around