

# Boy George, Grand Scheme Of Things

Heaven sent, hatred spent  
This mark's on my wall  
Words that cut you down to size  
Bring the ocean to your eyes  
Is it you, is it me  
Keep your cheap philosophy  
For someone who's done enough  
To overdose on twisted love  
Every second, every hour that you take away my power  
No one knows what fortune brings in the grand scheme of things

In the grand scheme of things  
You and I are very small  
In the grand scheme of things  
We know nothing at all

Innocence, no remorse  
Just mystery and lies  
Holding out your begging bowl  
Got my teardrops in your eyes  
Is it me, is it you  
Such a thoughtless thing to do  
To someone who's done enough  
To hold on to twisted love  
Every second, every hour that you take away my power  
No one knows what fortune brings in the grand scheme of things

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