

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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