

# Boy George, More The Likely

What's the use in trying  
For my senses say no place is this for you  
What's the use in holding out my arms  
I couldn't find reasons  
If I tried to  
What's the use in floating?  
If all it does is tell you someone's under you  
What's the use in being if I learn to  
Be neglectful to the all things that mean the most of you  
But I can hear me say  
More than likely  
I'm the one you're living for  
Find out oh yeah  
And I finally understand  
And I say  
More than likely  
I'm the one you're living for  
More than likely  
More than likely  
What's the use in praying?  
When all the things that mean so much  
To none of you  
What's the use in pouring out my heart  
Into the situations I could cry through  
Oh what's the use in closing  
All the doors that let the loving into you  
What's the use of loving if I learn  
Not feel anything at all  
Even if it means the most of you  
I can hear me say  
More than likely  
I'm the one you're living for  
Find out I am  
Then I'll finally understand  
More than likely  
More than likely  
I'm the one you're living for  
Even if you find  
That I'm transcending most of my mind  
To the often closing doors  
What's to come and what's in store  
Even if because  
I find them sending most of my love  
To the often closed mess  
You must require  
What you're living for  
What's the use in clinging (let go)  
All the hosts that leave you somewhere next to lies  
What's the use in buying all my time  
Try to figure out the fame  
Likes to communicate the size  
I can hear me say  
More than likely  
I'm the one you're living for  
Find out I am  
And I can finally understand  
More than likely  
More than likely  
I'm the one you're living for