

British Lions, Break This Fool

(John Fiddler/Overend Watts)

My temperature's risin' I'm knocked off my feet
I'd get a better deal right out on the street OK
You look through me like I'm made outta glass
You don't need a diamond to make that pass OK
I can tell in your eyes that you're telling me lies I don't want your love
I can tell in your eyes that you're telling me lies I don't want your love,
don't want your love

To hear you speak you're goin' for the prize
You're gonna cut this freak right down to size OK (OK)
You're playin' a game but you make the rules
You're in for the kill to break this fool OK (OK)
I can tell in your eyes that you're telling me lies I don't want your love
I can tell in your eyes that you're telling me lies I don't want your love,
don't want your love,
Don't want your love, don't want your love

I'm just a guy who's lost his cool now
I'm just a clown who's become a fool now
I'm just a road without no cars now
I'm just a wound without a scar now

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