

Depeche Mode, Lillian

Oh, Lillian
Look what you've done
You've stripped my heart
Ripped it apart
In the name of fun

Oh, Lillian
I'm a poor man's son
And precious jewels
Weren't found in schools
Where I came from

Pain and misery always hit the spot
Knowing you can't lose what you haven't got

Oh, Lillian
I should have run
I should have known
Each dress you own
Is a loaded gun

Oh, Lillian

Oh, Lillian
I need protection
I hear your voice
And any choice I had is gone

Oh, Lillian
Once I begun
I couldn't stop
'til every drop of blood was sung

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Knowing you can't lose what you haven't got

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