

# Electronic, Get The Message

I've always thought of you as my brick wall  
Built like an angel, six feet tall  
Six feet tall  
And when you go away, I start to weep  
You're too expensive girl to keep  
Isn't it sweet?

I don't know where to begin, living in sin  
How can we talk? Look where you've been  
I've counted the nights of living in sin  
How can we talk? Look where we've been

Take my independent point of view  
I've loosened my wallet, thanks to you  
Don't do me any favors  
Hark, the herald angels sting  
Please repair my broken wing  
Why won't you look at me? I live and breathe

(We can make it all the time, to live or die)

Blame it on appearance  
It might seem  
A shame that we're  
Not you or me