

# Eurythmics, Impossible

I've got a habits I know  
Of picking on your faults  
It fakes a lot to make you mad  
But if I tried I'm sure I would  
And if my Sunday gets too dull  
Would you allow me to be  
Awful, I mean miserable, impossible ?

That's what friends are for  
I've noticed just by watching other people  
While they're talking to each other  
Since this party started  
I've been feeling pretty shaky  
Like a fish out of cold water  
In a glass of coca cola