

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