

# Hugh Cornwell, Putting You in the Shade

Putting you in the shade I'm afraid  
All of those times when you were whipping me  
It took it's toll though it was hard to see  
I had a feeling that I'd come out tops  
There'd be a silver lining when i let you drop  
Dropping you in the drink i think  
Show me a farmer with a golden goose  
He makes sure that he never lets it loose  
Cos if he does then the eggs ain't laid  
Then the crops don't grow  
And the haystacks don't get made  
Cutting you to the quick cos you're sick  
Pointed your gun at me just once to much  
My line of defence wasn't hard to judge  
And now you're ruing as you cross the street  
But it's too late now cos I'm off and i found my feet

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