

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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