

Jimmy Somerville, Victims

Billy sits alone and wonders what to do and where to go,
Billy grows tired every day and meaning seems to fade away,
Billy knows he's not alone, he knows he's not to blame.
Others fear through ignorance,
And Billy's cared to stay among the whispers barely spoken,
Billy feels contempt, indignant words from hypocrites,
To them it's God's revenge.

No-one to blame, there's only victims
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Billy worked with other men, to them was once a lad.
When they learned of Billy's story, went behind his back,
Spread around the factory floor, then Billy got the sack,
Friends have washed their hands of Billy, he feels so betrayed.

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Billy's young and Billy's dying, fighting every day.
The few he trusts will give him strength, they will not walk away,
Love will never wash its hands, and never will betray,
Billy can't escape the truth, but he won't die alone.

No-one to blame, there's only victims. (To fade)