

# Joan Armatrading, How Cruel

Some people want to see my blood gush out  
And others want to watch while I cry  
I heard somebody say once I was way too black  
And someone answers she's not black enough for me

I bite my tongue and it bites me back  
I bought a house and the neighbours moved  
I had a dog but it was stolen

Some people say that it's coming  
And I'll get it  
It must be something I have no control of  
They'll put the skin of the fruit on the ground  
And I'll slip and fall

Oh how cruel to make a girl cry  
Oh how cruel to make a girl cry  
Oh how cruel to make a girl cry

I have no hope in hell and I want to get to heaven  
Too many lies or not enough sinnin'

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