

# Kate Bush, It Hurts Me

Slipping past the chimney-pots,  
Down among the ashes, away from old times--  
Why must I self-indulge in memories?  
I should be celebrating to a moving melody,  
But it hurts me, it hurts me,  
Honey, honey, it hurts me.  
And I'm feeling like a waltz,  
Growing old, - old, old, old, old.  
I was fiery but you put me out.  
I was always one for loving and leaving.  
I like to think I was immune to romance.  
I should be laughing at some good old comedy.  
Oh, but it hurts me, it hurts me.  
Honey, honey, it hurts me.  
And I'm feeling like a waltz -  
If you laughed at me, I'd laugh too.  
Waltz, don't you know that I'd be really breakin'-ing.  
L'amour--marche avec un etranger.  
I shouldn't care, you're not my darling anymore,  
But it hurts me, it hurts me,  
Honey, honey, honey, honey.  
And I'm feeling like a waltz,  
Growing old, old, old, old, old