

King, I cringed I died I felt hot

Hear me talk to you
Hear me talk to you
Hear me talk to you
Hear me talk to you
If love is the escape
Then tell me is a kiss the gate
Hear me talk to you
Hear me talk to you
Too many lips it seems to me
Are sealed to save their face
Hear me talk to you
Hear me talk to you
The whispers of the dark
Can seem cold and lacking heart
Transparent under clinical scrutiny
What was sweet becomes obscene
Stinging your heaving spleen
And gag as your force fed religiously
Just like you did to me
I cringed I died, I said, I cringed I died I felt hot
Your just a pale imitation of my love
I cringed I died, I said, I cringed I died I felt hot
Your just a pale imitation of my love
Hear me talk to you
Hear me talk to you
Hear me talk to you
Hear me talk to you
Because you're just a stranger now
Via the New York tenements
And the dancing Japanese
Hear me talk to you
Hear me talk to you
From the heat of Adelaide
To the clubs 'round Souchiehall Street
Hear me talk to you
Hear me talk to you
The crippled lover crawls
Their ego on the floor
Easy prey for an opportunist
I reached up too far
For you were no Holy Grail
Just a sad reflection of my hearts desire
I cringed I died, I said, I cringed I died I felt hot
To find your pale imitation of my love
I cringed I died, I said, I cringed I died I felt hot
Because your pale imitation of my love
Hear me talk to you
Hear me talk to you
Because you're just a stranger now