

Mick Karn, Sensitive

Sensitive

Your voice, your face, your hair is everywhere
Today my dreams turned into nightmares
In time, i hate to say it, gentlemen
There'll be nothing wonderful here
There'll be nothing left to fear

All the people see me as a fool
All the people say that it's because of you
All the people like to think they care
If you'd shake their hands and stab them
Maybe they'd become sensitive

Now my life i've spent inside this jealousy
It seemed so easy
I could have your beauty for free
When time decides to take this pain away
We'll find our freedom again
We're still gentlemen

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All the people say that it's because of you
All the people like to think they care
If you'd shake their hands and stab them
Maybe they'd become sensitive