

Peter And The Test Tube Babies, Love In The Fir

Last night I was dreaming, I was locked in a prison cell.
When I woke up screaming, I was calling out your name.
And the judge and the jury, they all put the blame on me,
they wouldn't go for my story, they wouldn't hear my plea.

Only you can set me free, 'cos I'm guilty (guilty), as a boy can be.
Come on baby, can't you see, I stand accused of love in the first degree.

Someday I believe it, she'll come to my rescue.
Unchain the heart you're keeping, and let me start anew.
The hours pass slowly since you've thrown away the key.
Can't you see that I'm lonely, won't you help me please ?