

Philip Lynott, Solo In Soho

Stop this lying
Stop this cheating
Stop treating me like I am some
Kind of fool over whose eyes you can pull the wool
You're not so cool
Remember it's to me you are speaking

Stop cutting
Stop hurting
Stop this dirt
About you lifting up your skirt
To any man dressed in pants with shirt buttons undone and flirting

When you are so low down in soho
There is no hope no how
No place to go
You will go along
Some people say I'm a crazy kind of fool
But be that as it may

You always treat me cruel
Solo in soho

Stop talking
Stop eating
We can't go on meeting
And greeting
Meeting and cheating and meeting
And sleeping you know that's deceiting
And that's only repeating

When you are so low
Down in soho
There is no hope no how
There is no place to go
But you will go along
Some people say I'm a crazy kind of fool
But be that as it may you always treat me cruel
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