

Prefab Sprout, Cruel

Cruel is the gospel that sets us all free,
then takes you away from me.

There is no Chicago urban blues, more heartfelt than my lament for you.
I'm a liberal guy, too cool for the macho ache, with a secret tooth,
for the cherry on the cake.

With a pious smile, a smile that changes what I say.
While I waste my time, in regretting that the days,
went from perfect to just O.K.

Lordy, What would I do? Don't call me possessive,
but God if he's smoochin' with you.

I's a jealous boy root, -the world should be free,
but don't you go following suit my heart is aligned-
it couldn't be neutral, I couldn't be that way inclined.

It's hard to defend, ba ba ba, ba, ba ba,
these feelings tuppentup friend.

It's cruel, ba ba ba, ba ba ba, ba ba ba, ba ba ba,
ba ba It's cruel, ba ba ba, ba ba ba, ba ba ba, ba ba ba,
ba ba It's cruel, it's crueler than cruel.

But cruel is the gospel that sets us all free,
then takes you away from me.

Should a love be tender, and bleed out loud?
Or be tougher than tough, and prouder than proud.

If I'm troubled by every folding of your skirt,
am I guilty of every male inflicted hurt?

But I don't know how to describe the Modern Rose,
When I can't refer to her shape against her clothes.

With the fever of purple prose.

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-My contribution, to urban blues.