

Prefab Sprout, Wicked Things

Your Mother's got bags of good advice the don'ts exceed the do's

But she's not you

All it takes is a little nerve as I close in for the kill

Just stand still

What could make a girl believe the wicked things he'd say ?

What could make a girl believe the wicked things he'd say ?

Like by the grace of God he'll be the bugle boy on judgment day

All the jokers running wild, their politics are street, but still elite

The revolution's underway the dream is coming true - But not for you

All it takes is a little nerve as they close in for the kill

You just stand still

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Like by the grace of God he'll be the bugle boy on judgment day

Why must honest Joe reap the wicked seed they sow ?

Maybe honest Joe hides from things he hates to know

If Joe goes on this way on honest wind will surely come and blow