

Sinead O'Connor, You Made Me The Thief Of Yo

I hope you're happy now...
...I could never make you so...
you were a hard man...
no harder in this world
you made me cold and you made me hard
and you made me the thief of your heart

Winter is cold...oh!
But you're colder still
and for the first time
I feel like you're mine
I share you with the one who will
mend what falls apart
and turn a blind eye
to the thief of your heart

Ohhh you lost
Ohhh you lost all
you lost all
you lost all

I'll never wash these clothes
I want to keep the stain
Your blood to me is precious
nor would I spill it in vain
your spirit sings
though your lips never part
singing only to me
the thief of your heart

Ohhh you lost

Ohhh you lost
Ohhh you lost all
lost all

Ohhh you lost
Ohhh you lost all
lost all