

# Terence Trent D'Arby, Roly Poly

Your dangerous charm and your  
Glamorous arrogance thrilled me  
In the melancholy winter time  
(Uncle Bill please give me time)  
But this war of attrition  
To prove your world ambition  
Worries me  
And you're too concerned with the  
Weight you want to lose  
Well if you listen to confusion  
Long enough it starts to make sense  
Can you hear me talking to ya?  
Roly Poly  
Holy Holy  
Time is tight  
Get it right  
Aren't you lonely?  
Roly Poly  
Holy Holy  
Time is tight  
Get it right  
Aren't you lonely?  
Your fatalist's closet  
Where blood stained deposits hide deeply  
Underneath the cusp of Venus fly  
A terrible beauty  
You are my dear of  
Aphrodisiacs and diamonds  
But your lonely tears trail  
Your penis envy eyes  
And now stop worrying about your  
Weight it looks alright to me dear  
Can you hear me talking to ya?  
Roly Poly  
Holy Holy  
Time is tight  
Get it right  
Aren't you lonely?  
Roly Poly  
Holy Holy  
Time is tight  
Get it right  
Aren't you lonely?  
All your somethings  
Are turning into nothings  
As you reach for  
Something greed inspired  
And all the hopes that  
I once held as your Lover  
Are falling down as  
My manhood loses fire  
Your kinship with money  
A Queen Bee with honey  
Suits you  
As you now belong to the ever  
Changing guard  
A signpost for progress  
A fine token lioness  
Leaves me  
'Cause as you say dear I'm just a  
Face without a card  
Well if you listen to confusion  
Long enough it starts to make sense  
Can you hear me talking to ya?

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