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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