

The Psychedelic Furs, Forever Now

a banker in a tired suit
is counting in his head
he's standing in your overcoat
he's lying on your bed
president gas is tap dancing
for the banker he's a thief
he isn't very honest
but he's obvious at least
you and i are walking past yeah
having lost our way
we don't count our money
we are giving it away
yeah giving it away
this policeman is just sitting down
in sunglasses and dirt
undercover now at least
so nobody gets hurt
they go through this pantomime
they do it everyday
they'll be back again tomorrow
but they don't play for free
you and i are walking past yeah
having lost our way
we don't count our paper
we are giving it away
yeah giving it away
doesn't this remind you
of these things we've done before
like counting all the times
we've seen ourselves in other scenes
everybody's busy
listening and pulling blinds
this is all so stupid
we're just shouting i want you
and i are walking past yeah
having lost our way
we don't count our money
we are giving it away
yeah giving it away
let it stay forever now
let it stay forever now
let it stay forever now
let it stay forever now