

# The Sundays, Another Flavour

fashion - the timing's all wrong  
they taste another flavour  
and pretty soon you're gone  
fashion - this time it's too late  
you knew you'd have to pay for this one day

he loves me now - he loves me not-  
he loves me once again  
usual story, another surprise

(ooh yeah, ooh yeah)

fashion - this time it's alright  
they tickle you with a feather  
they tell you you're sublime  
turn on - to each their own  
usual story, another surprise

(ooh yeah, ooh yeah)

fashion - the timing was wrong  
your friends are fair weather  
you knew it all along  
turn on - to each their own  
it's doing my mind in another surprise

(ooh yeah, ooh yeah...)

don't let them black you out for the evening  
sad-happy sufferer no no no  
don't let them crack you  
try not to feel it  
as long as they're watching your show this time