

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