

Living Proof

Why does love have to, where does it go to ?

Out of my door

How much have you got, is it enough for me,

Or will I want more ?

Oh, oh, you tell me you just want some fun

I'm trapped between the fire and the man with the gun.

Time in a vacuum, waiting for someone to say what they think

But all their pretending doesn't convince me

'Cause they just want to buy me a drink.

Oh, oh, you tell me you want to be free.

I'm trapped between the devil and the deep blue sea.

It's night in the city, I'm filled with self-pity

I'm taking the air

If somebody hits me, here in this city,

I swear I just don't care.