

# Burning the Heather

Pet Shop Boys

You've got me all wrong  
I'm not that guy  
I'm just the singer of the song  
In my mind's eye  
If I thought what you think  
I wouldn't even be here  
I've just dropped in for a drink  
Before I disappear

You've got me all wrong  
I'm not on your grapevine  
When I came along  
You were just in my eye-line  
I'm not one to stare  
I'm not that committed  
But I'm always aware  
Of what isn't permitted

Autumn is here  
And they're burning the heather  
Sheepdogs are running  
Hell for leather  
Seasons are changing  
Time's moving along  
Give me a drink and I'll be gone

You've got me all wrong  
There's no one I'm missing  
I'm quite happy to be alone  
There are no lips I'm kissing  
The truth must be the truth  
Unvarnished in its telling  
Otherwise it's just hype you hope  
People won't notice you're peddling

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Where did I come from?  
Where do I go?  
Time is so heartless  
You don't want to know

I set out in the dark  
Waking from a nightmare  
Hoping I could find  
The middle of nowhere  
I'm a stranger in this town  
But that's as far as it goes  
And where I am bound no one knows

Autumn is here

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You've got me all wrong  
That's what I'm sensing  
I'm not one of those bread-heads  
Always pounds, shillings, and pence-ing  
There's a few things I need  
But I've money for paying  
And if you've enough room  
I'll consider staying