

# Blindman

Boy George

White lines on a dirty mirror  
My reflection haunting me  
Dead eyes and desperation  
And my hyprocrisy  
You think you're so immune  
Go dry your mother's tears  
I disconnect from you  
Your lying and your flying  
I know you love me but keep away  
I'm feeling more like myself today  
I don't need this drug  
I don't need this fix  
You better believe  
I can handle it  
Blindman  
Blindman  
Dark room strange company  
You're making the devil twitch  
You look like a corpse tonight  
So you think death is hip  
I disconnect from you  
Your lying and your dying  
You're my kind of circle  
You're my kind of freak  
You're my kind of loser  
Let's be incomplete