

Talking

Boy George

When did it start, the clouding of self?
Thinking myself into someone else
Someone else I need to be
Someone who was never me
They stare at me [?] talk under their breath
I create the drama, but offer my forgiveness

Holographic thinking and such [?]
As the [?] blood falls from your lips
The dirt under your fingernails
Says you don't really think about yourself

When there's too much talking
When there's too much thinking
How can you make peace with that?
How can you make peace?
When there's too much talking
When there's too much thinking
She wants evolution
You want everything to change
Except for you

Watching you both square up in the ring
Him blaming you and you blaming him
Just take it on the [?]
Let's take this fight upstairs
And no one else really cares
How this ends

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