

Victims

Culture Club

The victims we know so well
They shine in our eyes
When they kiss and tell
Strange places we never see
But you're always there
Like a ghost in my dreams
And I keep on telling you
Please don't do the things you do
When you do those things
Pull my puppet strings
I have that strangest void for you

We love and we never tell
What places our hearts in the wishing well
Love lead us into the stream
And it's sink or swim
Like it's always been
And I keep on loving you
It's the only thing to do
When the angel sings
There are greater things
Can I give them all to you

Pull the strings of emotion
Take a ride into unknown pleasure
Feel like a child
On a dark night
Wishing there was some kind of heaven
I could be warm with your smiling
Hold out your hand for a while
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Show my heart some devotion
Push aside those that whisper never
Feel like a child on a dark night
Wishing we could spend it together
I could be warm with your smiling
Hold out your hand for a while
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