

## Sweet Thing

Joan as Police Woman

It's safe in the city to love in a doorway  
To wrangle some screens from the door  
And isn't it me, putting pain in a stranger

Like a portrait in flesh who trails on a leash  
Will you see that I'm scared and I'm lonely  
So I'll break up my room and yawn and I  
Run to the centre of things  
Where the knowing one says

Boys, boys, it's a sweet thing  
Boys, boys, it's a sweet thing, sweet thing  
If you want it, boys, get it here, thing  
'Cause hope, boys, is a cheap thing, cheap thing

I'm glad that you're older than me  
Makes me feel important and free  
Does that make you smile, isn't that me  
I'm in your way and I'll steal every moment  
If this trade is a curse, then I'll bless you  
And turn to the crossroads of Hamburg, as in

Boys, boys, it's a sweet thing  
Boys, boys, it's a sweet thing, sweet thing  
If you want it, boys, get it here, thing  
'Cause hope, boys, is a cheap thing, cheap thing

Is it nice in your snow storm, freezing your brain  
Do you think that your face looks the same  
Then let it be, it's all I ever wanted  
It's a street with a deal and a taste  
It's got claws, it's got me, it's got you