

## Crime Of Passion

John Wetton

And you must stand and face the tale to tell  
Who would think that you would take the life of one you  
loved so well?  
And no-one else could see your point of view  
To one and one has always been the answer two, or so  
I'm told  
How does it feel, knowing you're guilty?  
How does it feel, to be all on your own?

With a crime of passion  
A game of love and hate, but it's too late  
There's no compassion  
It's just a tug of war, that's lost before it's begun.  
It's never won  
It's a crime, it's a crime

And so you have to face the world alone  
The life you took and tore apart without a care of your  
own  
And so he gazes in your eyes so cold  
The love you shared, when you were young  
Could never heal the pain you hold  
So how does it feel, knowing you're guilty?  
How does it feel, to be all on your own, on your own?

With a crime of passion  
A game of love and hate, but it's too late  
There's no compassion  
It's just a tug of war, that's lost before it's begun  
It's never won

With something you held so dear  
How could you throw it away?  
Your fatal emotions win the day...

How does it feel?  
How does it feel?