

James

Lloyd Cole

Ugly children with poor complexions and greasy hair
Receive no concessions
And it's a heartless world
And it's a thoughtless heartless world

Oh James
Oh you're a terrible child
Hide yourself away

From furnished accommodation with a view and window seat
You swear she really is the best thing that you have ever seen
But your heart is in the wrong place
Cover your face and despair yourself away

Oh you're impossible, James
Hide yourself away

And it's a sin to be a saint
And you're impossible, James

And it's impossible to accept
That she's impossible
And as a consequence you lock yourself away
And it's a crime to be alive and be alone
And be content to be

Oh James
Oh you're a terrible child
Hide yourself away

And in the morning when you wake
Nothing will have changed