

My Fickle Resolve

The Stranglers

Sometimes you can't tell fact from fiction
Lies from glory, contradictions
Running through everything

It never seems to make much sense
The way you keep me in suspense
And you deliver exactly nothing

I've often thought when faced with you
It's gonna take some strong voodoo
To wipe the slate clean, all dirt's plead

But the sincerity you fear
Just makes you much harder to hear
Than a butterfly in an air raid

And my fickle resolve will be
The death of me one day I'm sure

You can't suppress if you adore
They'll always keep you wanting more
You see my problem? Well, it's yours, too

I've often punched above my weight
And wound up feeling less than great
When live incanted a promise

If feeling like a rubber band
When all of the elastic's dead is normal
Well I'm a loose man

But sticking to the points I've made
Can sometimes seem so dull and staid and formal
A moose stam

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The death of me one day I'm sure

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