

Anything Is Good Enough

Thompson Twins

She sits there
Her hair is curled
She is living in a detached world
He walks by
He sees his chance
Thinks he's looking for romance
For romance
He talk to her of things he's done
And tries to make it all seem fun
But as she listens to what he say
Energy just drifts
Drifts away, Drifts away

I have seen it
I have done it too
You could be her
He could be you
So carry on the way you are
The air is thinning more and more
The things you are, the things you do
The men he killed screaming for you
Screaming for you
Just for you

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But as she listens to what he say
Energy just drifts
Drifts away, Drifts away