

SEE-THROUGH

Yellow Magic Orchestra

You try to fool me and lose me in your excesses
You're so see-through in your very tight dresses

As you drown in your glass of Cointreau
And I drop off to sleep in the gloom

We're still running round in circles
We're still running round in circles

As the smoke from your cigarette spirals
You're so clever at hiding your guilt

We're still running round in circles
We're still running round in circles