Wurensh

I.Q.

I am just a small town boy
But don't hold that against me
Mum's a lawyer, dad's got a bank
But really I'm okayShould I stop or should I go?
I'm full of indecision
I'd throw it away for a dollar a day
If I could be likeYou made me promise not to mention
You can call round any time of day
And see me and my familyThese things are sent to try us
Or to land us in hot water
Turning gray as my tube record plays
When I call you, come as you areYou don't need fancy cars or finery
You don't need a credit card to buy meThey'll never understand
I bite the hand that's feeding me
Saying I must be mad
That's a matter of opinionYou, I'll give you all of my affection
You and I can celebrate defectionGet up and go tonight
I've seen the light that's leading me
Saying that I'll be back
Well, that's a matter of opinionWe'll work, we don't care
How long it takes us
We'll save, we'll buy that house
On the hill some dayNever thought I'd be
The black sheep of the family
Never thought I'd be
The black sheep of the familyControl me, console me
Conceive me, consume me
We all need some space
Just a little room to breatheMy girlfriend sees to me
I know that I couldn't do it alone
We will shine for you
Come and share the atmosphere up hereNow that we're over, over the moon
It feels like we're in heaven, heaven
Over, over the moon
It feels like we're in heaven nowOver, over the moon
It feels like we're in heaven, heaven
Over, over the moon
It feels like we're in heaven nowNever thought I'd be
The black sheep of the family

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