

Wurensch

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 okay Should 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 like You made me promise not to mention
You can call round any time of day
And see me and my family These 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 are You don't need fancy cars or finery
You don't need a credit card to buy me They'll never understand
I bite the hand that's feeding me
Saying I must be mad
That's a matter of opinion You, I'll give you all of my affection
You and I can celebrate defection Get 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 opinion We'll work, we don't care
How long it takes us
We'll save, we'll buy that house
On the hill some day Never thought I'd be
The black sheep of the family
Never thought I'd be
The black sheep of the family Control me, console me
Conceive me, consume me
We all need some space
Just a little room to breathe My girlfriend sees to me
I know that I couldn't do it alone
We will shine for you
Come and share the atmosphere up here Now 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 now Over, over the moon
It feels like we're in heaven, heaven
Over, over the moon
It feels like we're in heaven now Never thought I'd be
The black sheep of the family

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