

Another Flavour

The Sundays

Fashion, the timing's all wrong
They taste another flavor
And pretty soon you're gone
Fashion, this time it's too late
You knew you'd have to pay for this one day
He loves me now, he loves me not
He loves me once again
Usual story, another surprise
Ooh yeah, ooh yeah
Fashion, this time it's alright
They tickle you with a feather
They tell you you're sublime
Turn on to each their own
Usual story, another surprise
Ooh yeah, ooh yeah
Fashion, the timing was wrong
Your friends are fair weather
You knew it all along
Turn on to each their own
It's doing my mind in another surprise
Ooh yeah, ooh yeah
Don't let them black you out for the evening
Sad, happy sufferer no, no, no
Don't let them crack you, try not to feel it
As long as they're watching your show this time

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