

Flawless [Go To The City] (Shapeshifters Remix)

George Michael

Cause you're beautiful (Like no other)
Cause you're beautiful (maybe tonight, they'll see you tonight) Beautiful, beautiful And it's no good waiting by
the window
It's no good waiting for the sun
Please believe me, the things you dream of
They don't fall in the laps of no-one And it's no good
Waiting, waiting
And it's no good
Waiting You've got to go to the city Always the same
Always the same dreams yeah yeah
Always the same (yes you're movin' up) Well you've got to think of something
Cause your job pays you nothing
But you've got the things God gave you
So the music may yet be your savior Got to be a way, some way
Got to be some way to make your way to the light (All the girls say)
Got to be some way, today, today, maybe tonight, maybe tonight And it's always the same
Always the same dreams yeah yeah
Always the same (yes you're movin' up) You're beautiful, you are, and you know it
You're wasted here, you're a star
In this small town of hand-me-downs who don't even know it Sometimes it brings you down
Sometimes it eats you up
Sometimes you think that your head's going to blow
It doesn't get better Don't you know, you've got to go to the city
You've got to reach the other side of the glass
I think you'll make it in the city baby
I think you know that you are more than just
Some fucked up piece of ass Got to be a way, some way
Got to be some way to make your way to the light (All the boys say)
Got to be some way, today, today, maybe tonight,
They'll see you tonight And it's always the same
Always the same
Always the same dreams yeah yeah
Always the same (yes you're movin' up) Cause you're beautiful (like no other)
Cause you're beautiful (take me, make me)
Cause you're beautiful (maybe tonight, they'll see you tonight) Beautiful, beautiful And it's no good waiting by
the window
It's no good waiting for the sun
Please believe me, the things you dream of
They don't fall in the laps of no-one And it's no good,

Waiting, waiting
And it's no good
Waiting You've got to go to the city
You've got to go to the city,
They're going to find you there Cause you're beautiful
Cause you're beautiful Sometimes it brings you down
Sometimes it eats you up
Sometimes you think that your head's going to blow and
It doesn't get better Don't you know, you've got to go to the city
You've got to reach the other side of the glass
I think you'll make it in the city baby
I think you know that you are more than just
Some fucked up piece of ass More than just Sid you've got to think of something
Cause your job pays you nothing
But you've got the things God gave you
So the music may yet be your savior Do you want a savior, savior
Say that you do,
You know you're wasted here, wasted here
And there ain't no miracles happening any time soon

Songwriters

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