

Cruel

Prefab Sprout

Cruel is the Gospel that sets us all free
Then takes you away from me
There is no Chicago urban blues
More heartfelt than my lament for you
I'm a liberal guy, too cool for the macho ache
With a secret tooth for the cherry on the cake
With a pious smile, a smile that changes what I say
While I waste my time in regretting
That the days went from perfect to just okay
Lordy, what would I do? Don't call me possessive
But God if he's smoochin' with you
I's a jealous boy root, the world should be free
But don't you go following suit, my heart is aligned
It couldn't be neutral, I couldn't be that way inclined
It's hard to defend
Paa paa paa, these feelings might tuppent up friend, it's cruel
Paa paa paa, it's cruel
Paa paa paa, it's cruel, it's crueller than cruel But cruel is the Gospel that sets us all free
Then takes you away from me
Should a love be tender and bleed out loud
Or be tougher than tough and prouder than proud?
If I'm troubled by every folding of your skirt
Am I guilty of every male inflicted hurt?
But I don't know how to describe the modern rose
When I can't refer to her shape against her clothes
With the fever of purple prose
Lordy, what would I do? Don't call me possessive
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My contribution to urban blues

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