Belladonna

John Cooper Clarke

Oh, Belladonna, never knew the pain
Maybe I'm crazy, maybe it'll drive me insane
The open letter just carelessly placed
And your moving silence, the tea so delicately lacedOut of reach, out of touch
How you've learned to hate so much
Out of reach, out of touch
How you've learned to hate so muchCame from passion and you gave it a name
The fingers of poison like needles in the drivin' rain
So smile discreetly as you watch with such grace
Now I must slip away but can you forget my faceOut of reach, out of touch
How you've learned to hate so much
Out of reach, out of touch
How you've learned to hate so muchOut of reach, out of touch
How you've learned to hate so much
Out of reach, out of touch
How you've learned to hate so much

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