

Then I Heard a Bachelor's Cry

Benjamin Clementine

Lately I've been searching, searching for answers
I walk around the boulevards, looking for magicians
With a cold feet, black coat full of arms outstretched and a leading voice
And I Can't help but shout at the top of my lungs
Who is next in line to get hurt
Who is next in line to get spearedBad mouth, bad habits
Now leads icicles growing out me hair
Our past i'd guaranteed you if you'd stay with me your tomorrow will be endlessly free
(He chants and moans)
Don't know what it was that had made you to come by
Though I know God created me beautifully but don't you know beauty will forever kill. Who is next in line to
get hurt?
Who is next in line to get speared?I am sorry
I can see our future
It isn't so bright
There isn't any lightWho is next in line to get hurt
Who is next in line to get my spear(He chants again)And so I wait
I wait for my next prey
I wait.
Here.

Songwriters

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