

# Boys Own

Alison Moyet

Well how are you?  
Can I look a little closer?  
Well let me introduce you to  
Say how'd you do believer So tell me is he young enough  
Or could it be hung up enough?  
And does he help to keep it up  
When he's handing it out, out to please you? Do you ever sink the night away?  
How about the day, ain't it getting long?  
These eggshell hearts you're tripping on Oh when you've got money you can build a bomb  
Oh it's beautiful, torching up your lonely night  
Oh how you shine when you throw all the suckers on  
You're tired of every single one Oh you're filthy, filthy, filthy  
And someone's gonna hold you down  
You're gonna be sorry for the way  
You whore a life around, yeah Now tell me is he young enough  
Or could it be hung up enough?  
Or maybe just be hung enough to keep it up  
When you're flagging? Do you ever soak the night away?  
How about the day, ain't it getting long?  
These eggshell hearts you're tripping on Oh when you've got money you can build a bomb  
Oh it's beautiful, torching up your lonely nights  
Oh how you shine when you throw all the suckers on  
You're tired of every single one, yeah These eggshell hearts you're tripping on Oh when you've got money you  
can build a bomb  
Oh it's beautiful, torching up your lonely nights  
Oh how you shine when you throw all the suckers on  
You're tired of every single one, yeah

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