Solo In Soho

Phil Lynott

Stop this lying
Stop this cheating
Stop treating me like I am some
Kind of fool over whose eyes

You can pull the wool
You're not so cool
Remember it's to me you are speaking
Stop cutting

Stop hurting
Stop this dirt
About you lifting up your skirt
To any man dressed in pants with shirt buttons undone and flirting

When you are so low down in Soho
There is no hope no how
No place to go
You will go along

Some people say I'm a crazy kind of fool
But be that as it may
You always treat me cruel
Solo in Soho

Stop talking
Stop eating
We can't go on meeting
And greeting

Meeting and cheating and meeting
And sleeping you know that's deceiting
And that's only repeating
When you are so low

Down in Soho
There is no hope no how
There is no place to go
But you will go along

Some people say I'm a crazy kind of fool
But be that as it may you always treat me cruel
Solo in Soho

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