

Hiroshima

Culture Club

You've got Hiroshima, going cough inside
You cheat and lie, just to survive
Shake the money tree, heed the warning signs
Where lovers lie, not parricides What would you give to be the master of your life?
This struggle is such a waste of time, yours and mine I give you these eyes that I see through
My blood, my money too
I'm not afraid to run to you 'cause I get lonely too
No one knows you, like I do You've got Hiroshima, inside, where lovers lie What would you give to be the
master of your life?
'Cause struggle is such a waste of time, yours and mine I give you these eyes that I see through
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