

# 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?  
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I'm not afraid to run to you 'cause I get lonely

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