

Il Adore

Boy George

Mother clutches the head of her dying son
Anger and tears, so many things to feel
Sensitive boy, good with his hands
No one mentions the unmentionable, but everybody understands
Here in this cold white room
Tied up to these machines
It's hard to imagine him as he used to be
Laughing, screaming, tumbling queen
Like the most amazing light show you've ever seen
Whirling, swirling, never blue
How could you go and die, what a lonely thing to do?
Silence equals death, this is what they say
But the anger and the tears do not take the pain away
How far must it go? How near must it be?
Before it touches you, before it touches me
Here in this cold white room
Tied up to these machines
It's hard to imagine life as it used to be
Laughing, screaming, tumbling queen
Like the most amazing light show you've ever seen
Whirling, swirling, never blue
How could you go and die, what a lonely thing to do?
Did you ever ask those strangers what they're looking for?
Did they laugh and tell you they're not really sure?
You were hurt by love but still you came right back for more
Il adore, Il adore, Il adore
Thanks mum

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