

The Score

Sarah Slean

Oh I
Rented a motorbike
And all night
I had the Fear...
But onward,
Oh how the terrifying choice
was clearSo white!
The moon was a wicked sight
His cruel wife
Had cut off an ear
When the fog cleared
I heard the voices of a million cheerThis time
The pleasure's all mine
I've got your number
I know the score
I'd be a hopeless romantic
But for the fortune I made
in goldMy heart bent
Towards the circus tent
A man in red
Beckoned me near
In his wild eyes
I saw the faces of a million cheerHe said,
"This time,
The pleasure's all mine
I've got your number
I know the score
And you and
your hopeless romantics
Will wipe the highway I pave
in gold..."In his wild eyes,
Oh how the terrifying choice
was clearThis time...
oh the pleasure is all mine
I've got your number
I know the score
And I'd be
a hopeless romantic...
but for the fortune I made

The fortune I made
The fortune I made
in gold.

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