

# A Question of Lust

## Poor Rich Ones

Fragile  
Like a baby in your arms  
Be gentle with me  
I'd never willingly  
Do you harmApologies  
Are all you seem to get from me  
But just like a child  
You make me smile  
When you care for me  
And you knowIt's a question of lust  
It's a question of trust  
It's a question of not letting  
What we've built up crumble to dust  
An' it is all of these things and more  
That keep us togetherIndependence  
Is still important for us though  
We realize  
It's easy to make the stupid mistake  
Of letting go  
Do you know what I mean?My weaknesses  
You know each and every one  
It frightens me  
I need to drink  
More than you seem to think  
Before I'm anyone's  
And you knowIt's a question of lust  
It's a question of trust  
It's a question of not letting  
What we've built up crumble to dust  
An' it is all of these things and more  
That keep us togetherKiss me goodbye  
When I'm on my own  
But you know that I'd  
Rather be homeIt's a question of lust  
It's a question of trust  
It's a question of not letting  
What we've built up crumble to dust  
An' it is all of these things and more  
That keep us togetherIt's a question of lust

It's a question of trust  
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That keep us together

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