Unbelievable (BBC In Concert)

Emf

You burden me with your questions
You'd have me tell no lies
You're always asking what it's all about
Now listen to my replies
You say to me I don't talk enough
But when I do I'm a fool
These times I've spent, I've realized
I'm going to shoot through
And leave youThe things, you say
Your purple prose just gives you away
The things, you say
You're unbelievable
You burden me with your problems
By telling me more than mine
I'm always so concerned
With the way you say,
You've always go to stop
To think of us being one
Is more than I ever know
But this time, I realize
I'm going to shoot through
And leave youSeemingly lastless, don't mean
You can ask us
Pushing down the relative
Bringing out your higher self
Think of the fine times, pushing
Down the better few, instead of
Bringing out the clues, to what the
World and everything anger to, brace
Yourself with the grace of ease,
I know this world ain't what it seems.
What the fuck was that,
It's unbelievable

Songwriters
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