Moral

S.O.D.

These New Romantics are oh so boring
I could swear I've been there once or twice before
I should grow wings and just forget the club
You know the legends never wanted to be me
For too erratic to be O.K. so?
If you're concerned well I don't care
You play games, you play safe
Me I just sighed with reliefMatthew's mother. The change disturbs me
You've everybody's friend. Age, I suppose
Just like religion you're going nowhere
Like your so explicit clothes onto the floor
On those occasions when everything broke down
Including you and me
See the boy, see the girl
The exhibition is now over

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