

Then I Heard a Bachelor's Cry

Benjamin Clementine

Lately I've been searching, searching for answers
I walk around the boulevards, looking for magicians
With a cold feet, black coat full of arms
Outstretched and a leading voice
And I can't help but shout at the top of my lungs, saying

Who, who is next in line to get hurt?
Who, who is next in line to get speared?

Bad mouth, bad habits
Now leads icicles growing out me hair
Our past I'd guaranteed you if you'd stay with me
Your tomorrow will be endlessly free

Don't know what it was that had made you to come by
Though I know god created me beautifully
But don't you know beauty will forever kill

Who, who is next in line to get hurt?
Who, who is next in line to get speared?

I am sorry, I am sorry, I am sorry, I am sorry, I am sorry, I a
m sorry
I am sorry, I am sorry, I am sorry, I am sorry, I am sorry, I a
m sorry
I am sorry, I am sorry, I am sorry, I am sorry, I am sorry, I a
m sorry
I am sorry, I am sorry, I am sorry, I am sorry, I am sorry, I a
m sorry

I can see our future, see our future, see our future
I can see our future, see our future, see our future
I can see our future, see our future, see our future
I can see our future, see our future, see our future
And it isn't so bright, and it isn't so bright
There is no light, there isn't any light
And it isn't so bright, and it isn't so bright
There is no light, there isn't any light

Who, who is next in line to get hurt?
Who, who is next in line to get my spear?

And so I wait, I wait
I wait for my next prey
I wait
Here