

# Nobody Loves Me

Bryan Ferry

When the heat is on you rant and rave  
Your poison pen your shotgun slave  
You realize life's not the same  
Your tortured sighs, they fall like rain

When the cold wind blows I think of you  
Your emerald eyes, your golden shoes  
You walk away from my rage  
On the flaggy shore I watch the waves

Vermilion sky I don't think so  
A cigarette and voices low  
What should I do - what could I say?  
What's going on, let's drift away.