Love is the ballet where the dancer falls

Love is the game where the loser calls

Always make sure that you know the rules of the game

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Love was your hero
Why did you let it go?
Face of the week
It was TV Times
You've got your life
And I've got mine, so you say

Fame goes to your head
Pictures above every boy's bed
You don't answer the 'phone anymore
In case it's the public
Oh, what a bore they can be!

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Success, it was short-lived
You begged me to forgive
The way you had acted
The way that you were
A desperate attempt to regain the love that was there

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When you were offered a second chance You ran to their arms without a glance at me

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The rules of the game

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