

# The Score

Sarah Slean

Oh I  
Rented a motorbike  
And all night  
I had the Fear...  
But onward,  
Oh how the terrifying choice  
was clear

So white!  
The moon was a wicked sight  
His cruel wife  
Had cut off an ear  
When the fog cleared  
I heard the voices of a million cheer

This time  
The pleasure's all mine  
I've got your number  
I know the score  
I'd be a hopeless romantic  
But for the fortune I made  
in gold

My heart bent  
Towards the circus tent  
A man in red  
Beckoned me near  
In his wild eyes  
I saw the faces of a million cheer

He said,  
"This time,  
The pleasure's all mine  
I've got your number  
I know the score  
And you and  
your hopeless romantics  
Will wipe the highway I pave  
in gold..."

In his wild eyes,  
Oh how the terrifying choice  
was clear

This time...  
oh the pleasure is all mine  
I've got your number  
I know the score  
And I'd be  
a hopeless romantic...  
but for the fortune I made  
The fortune I made  
The fortune I made  
in gold.