

Rapture, The

"Whoo! Alright, Yeah...Uh Huh"

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Oh, the sun drenched French girls won't relate
To a frozen glare from the Northern State
Dreamin' of fat happy babies
Kickin' ladies on the Metro now

And the mirrors won't sing back divine
Be it choppin your hair or choppin a line
But you laugh-crack-up they
Laugh-crack up and smile

Whoo! Alright - let's fall apart
And the clock starts tickin now
Tick tick tick tick tick tick OW!

She said 'your allegory is far too blunt'
I said 'this ain't no laboratory your the cunt'
She said 'emotional distance, it dosn't rhyme
or resonate brilliance from in it's time'
But is it lyrical genius or crap rock poetry?
I say the lineage runs Morrison, Patti Smyth and me

But maybe the reason we're so uninspired
Is cuz the hour is late and the bodies are tired
I think everyone here can agree
That a party ain't great cuz the booze is free
Naw the free spirits ain't settin' no one's spirits free

Yeah! Uh huh, I'm falling apart
And the clock starts here and now
Tick tick tick tick OW!

Wind it up now

People don't dance no more
They just stand there like this:
They cross their arms and stare you down
And drink and moan and diss
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I used to think life's a bitter pill, but its a grand old time

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