

Thompson Twins, The "Slave Trade"

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Sophisticated slave trade rhythmically admired
Give me a punctual bliss
He's in love with a velvet glove
Soon he'll feel the fist
His senses are reeling
He can't sit still
He's got that same old feeling
The same old thrill
The same old thrill
Goose flesh, giggling, stimulating scenes
Pleasure is a means to the end
Hedonistic high time
He can't get enough
Physical encounters can offend
Drinking like a fish out of water high and dry
When there's no tomorrow he doesn't even try
Don't take a walk, when it's easier to run
Don't take it easy
No don't take it
Don't you touch the flesh, the fragile flesh
He's never going to get near the heart
He can prod, he can poke but it won't get him closer
He's only playing a part
Across the threshold he feels his nostrils flare
The stifling perfume is so thick in there
Don't take a walk, when it's easier to run
Don't take it easy, no don't take it
Don't take it easy, Don't take it easy
Don't take it, Don't take it
Don't take it, Don't take it
Don't take it, Don't take it
Don't take it, Don't take it
Sophisticated slave trade rhythmically admired
Give me a punctual bliss
He's in love with a velvet glove
Soon he'll feel the fist
His senses are reeling
He can't sit still
He's got a sort of feeling

