

Brett Anderson

"Scorpio Rising"

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There's anger in their skin
It's just a style for them
They move with murder in their vein
A cardboard filled indoors
They pass the daylight off
And kiss their innocence away
Scorpio rising
Scorpio rising
Scorpio rising
It's on the wind
Their lies are analysed
By intellectual types
Who know the depth of their disease

And love is just a game
To pass the hours away
To spend endeavours on your knees
Scorpio rising
Scorpio rising
Scorpio rising
It's on the wind
Scorpio rising
Scorpio rising
Scorpio rising
It's on the wind
It's on the wind
It's on the wind
It's on the wind

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