

Elastica **"Spastica"**

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A morbid fascination with all things in extremes
A limited sport will leave its spot on me
Early in the morning, I've given up on sleep
I'm in the attention, but all I hear is my heart beat

Your spastic aspirations will make a man of me
Brought him for his playing, such sensitivity
Monsters of the present are the monsters of the past
Took a look in your lyric book, your head's right up my
arse

It's unbelievable
The way you've got all
It seems improbable

The inner city fauna is crying 'round your feet
I never really noticed how your eyebrows seemed to
meet
In perpetual fear of being swallowed whole
Beached in the suburbs in the body of a whale

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