

Germ's "The Slave"

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Starts in your head
Moves to your hands
Body starts shakin'
'Cos you're in demand
You do the slave to the beat
Of the Neuro-sutra Can Can

You're lashed 'twixt the stars
With your ice and motor cars
You do the slave to the beat
Of the Neuro-sutra Can Can

Oh, yeah, yeah, pull out the Zen
I've [Incomprehensible] in my hand
Your life seems wasted, your bodies laced in
Don't stop now, you've got to trace it

You put your hands together
Writhe in the shackle
You twist your body 'round
'Til it starts to crackle
You do the slave to the beat
Of the Neuro-sutra Can Can

You're lashed 'twixt the stars
With your ice and motor cars
You do the slave to the beat
Of the Neuro-sutra Can Can

Oh, yeah, yeah, pull out the Zen
I've [Incomprehensible] in my hand
Your life seems wasted, your bodies laced in
Don't stop now, you've got to trace it

Right here, right now
Shake it in and out now
Lights on, off now
Make it spin and fight now

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