

The Catherine Wheel "Idle Life"

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Give me soap to shave around
Give me soap to shave around
With my guts exposed and slippy

Don't let them rush me
Don't hesitate
Don't let them take me away
There's nothing wrong
There's a malady in everyone
That keeps me away from the light

Shine, I give my first story
As I live the idle life
The leaping colour keeps your heart alive
A creeping glow beside you lava like
Shine you make your own glory
Come on take the idle life
A foreign guy I'm God's own prototype
A blushing bride who loves an idle life

Always above me
I light the day
Here rise the sun I embrace
There's nothing wrong
There's an apogee in everyone
That keeps you awake and alive

Shine, I gave my own story
Now I live the idle life
I know my foes may get me overnight
I'm safe and dry I'm God's own prototype
Shine, you crown your own glory
Come on take the idle life
Creeping colour fills your heart tonight
We see no others in our idle lives

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