

Coldcut "Pan Opticon"

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Oh yes! Lets go to that new place, with a
Name a bit like that place, where the famous
Get so out of their face, they die of fatal
Cocktails all chemically mace, we'll be
Rubbing shoulders with the stars inna outer
Space.

There'll be seven foot women there, five
O'clock shadow rammed into ladies under-
Wear and the animals go in two by two,
Into the circus, into the zoo, into the loo.
And hog boars snuffle with curly pig tails,
Guest list cysts leaving trails like snails,
There'll be the pierced, the piercing screaming
Studs, fiercer than Elvis, pure phets no duds.
Fake diamonds, holographic cheekier than
Jesus, but pornographic.

Oh do! Yes lets! Lets go to that new place,
With the name like the place where the
Glamorous died, and user friendly all are we,
The tired tried, what do you do?
I'm God, you lied.

And the animals go in two by two, the
Warthog, the snuffleupacus and the anteater,
All drinking 5 pound beers by the litre, it's ok she
Says, you don't have to pay because he's a
Member, wearing nothing but a peanut in the
Middle of December. Suddenly, I'm on top form
And terribly bright, glitter, tinsel, sparkle me
Baby, every night, I'm an extraordinarily curious
Creature and I know it, how bohemian! Shush
For the poet, nah fuck that! Let's go to the loo,
Like animals two by two, and what was it
You said you do? Is there any way I can
Network with you?

So you tell me about a movie you're making, hopefully
making,
Hopefully making, starring Uma Thurman, hopefully
making,
Hopefully.

And you talk for too long, then you say, I love this song,
must
Shake a leg on the dance floor, with that fashion type

wild boar,
And she needs an apple stuffed into her fa

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