

Siouxie And The Banshees

"Pulled To Bits"

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Tongues are clacking words of one vision
One tiny incision and teeth are cracking

on thin air, on thin air
And teeth are cracking on thin air
Pulled to bits--in silence
left rotting on the ground
Slowly pulled to bits--in silence
without a sound, without a sound
Buildings bleached with shatter-shatter-clatter

fill their senses with cement
watch the people scatter
one by one, one by one

Pulled to bits--in silence
left rotting on the ground
Slowly pulled to bits--in silence
without a sound, without a sound

Young lungs snapping coming up for air
the mindless ones yapping, slashing through the
thoroughfare
one by one, one by one
oh one by one without a fucking care

Pulled to bits--in silence
left rotting on the ground
Slowly pull to bits--in silence
without a sound, without a fucking sound
Pulled to bits, yackety-yackety-yack-yack-yack

Pulled to bits, shatter-shatter-shatter-clatter
Pulled to bits, yap-yap-yap-yapping
Pulled to bits--without a sound

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