

Spacehead

"Senses Working Overtime"

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(XTC; Andy Partridge)

One, two, three, four, five senses working overtime
Trying to take this all in
I've got one, two, three, four, five senses working
overtime
Trying to taste the difference 'tween the lemon and
lime
Pain and pleasure and the church bells softly chime

Hey, hey, night fights day
There's food for the thinkers and the innocents
All live slowly, all live slowly
My, my, the sky will cry
Jewels for the thirsty and the guilty ones
All die slowly, all die slowly

And all the world is biscuit shaped
Its just for me to feed my face
And I can see, hear, smell, touch, taste
And I've got one, two, three, four, five senses working
overtime
Trying to take this all in
I've got one, two, three, four, five senses working
overtime
Trying to taste the difference 'tween the lemon and
lime
Pain and pleasure and the church bells gently chime

And birds might fall from black skies
And bullies might give you black eyes
And buses might skid on black ice
But to me they're very, very beautiful, beautiful

And all the world is football shaped
Its just for me to kick in space
And I can see, hear, smell, touch, taste
And I've got one, two, three, four, five senses working
overtime
Trying to take this all in
I've got one, two, three, four, five senses working

overtime
Trying to tell the difference 'tween goods and crimes,
drugs and treasure
And there's one, two, three, four, five senses working
overtime
Trying to take this all in
I've got one, two, three, four, five senses working
overtime
Trying to taste the difference 'tween the lemon and
lime
Pain and pleasure and the church bells softly chime

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