

The Slits

"Adventures Close To Home"

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Passion that shouts
And red with anger
I lost myself
Through alleys of mysteries
I went up and down
Like a demented train

Don't take it personal
I choose my own fate
I follow love
I follow hate.

Searching for something
That makes makes hearts move
I found myself.
But my best possession
Walked into the shade
And threatened to drift away.

Don't take it personal
I choose my own fate
I follow love
I follow hate.

Full of myself
I left you behind
As if I could,
Possessed by Quixote's dream
Went to fight dragons
In the land of concrete.

Don't take it personal
I choose my own fate
I follow love
I follow hate.

Rolling in pain
Discovered what hurts
And tasted hell
Infatuated by madness
I danced in flames
And drunk in the depth of love.

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