

Wild Beasts

"We Still Got the Taste Dancing On Our Tongues"

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Kick!

The spirit kicks,
but the moonshine plays cheap tricks.
Us kids are cold and cagey rattling around the town,
scaring the oldies into their dressing gowns,
as the dribbling dogs howl.

What's so wrong with just a little fun?
We still got the taste dancin' on our tongues.
When we pucker up our lips are bee-stung.
We still got the taste dancin' on our tongues.

We got gusto, we are headstrong.
We still got the taste dancin' on our tongues.
Fill our bellies and we fill our lungs.
We still got the taste dancin' on our tongues.

Darling the spirit is kicking,
don't be fooled by the moonshine, it's tricking.
Frock spill like alcho-pop around girls' knees.
Trousers and blouses make excellent sheets, down
dimly lit streets.

Why should we feel bad for what we've done?
We still got the taste dancin' on our tongues.
Love the smash and grab of our goings on.
We still got the taste dancin' on our tongues.

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