

The Cult

"Joy"

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Yeah, I poisoned myself
But I survived the thrill of life
I altered my state of mind
So I could fly

Yeah, traveled beyond my pedestrian ties
My innocence, yeah and those sweet lies
I rode in that car as far as
It would take me, take me

I don't need no gun
I walk into the sun
Find what's going on
Find what's going down

I don't need no gun
I walk into your fun
Fun into the sun
Find what's going on

Your velvet tear rolled down my back
Your arms wrapped tight around me
I felt so good knowing
That you could let go with me, yeah

I don't need no gun
I walk into your sun
Find what's going on
Find what's going down

I don't need no gun
I walk into your fun
I don't need the sun
To find what's going on

Crazy, hippie girl
Soft lips make me swirl
More than I can feel
Mystery to me
Yeah, hey, yeah
Joy d'vivre, yeah

Mysterious life
What do you hold for us in your cloak?
I begin to shake
Your horses, they are frightening me, well

I don't need no gun
I walk into your sun
Find what's going on
Find what's going down

I don't need no gun
I walk into your fun
I don't need the sun
To find what's going on

Crazy, hippie girl
Soft lips make me swirl
More than I can feel
A mystery to me

Had my child son
I'm a young king now
Hey, mysterious life
Holy criticized
Yeah, hey, yeah
Yeah, hey, yeah

Joy d'vivre
Joy d'vivre
Joy d'vivre
Joy d'vivre

Joy d'vivre
Joy d'vivre
Joy d'vivre
Joy d'vivre

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