

Peter Murphy **"God Sends"**

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Of course we can see
From the lipstick that's used
From even the wig that sits
That's all we see of you
I've done it among the many who

From paint to health
Bricka-brack fashion
Giving you the talk back
Giving you the buzz
It's called a feedback

It's fierce
It's not from above
It's fierce

Tell my friends, they're all potential
They're all potential godsend
I feel that this is me coming
You'll never meet me

Oh young and pure
An inward girl
A simple shape and mind
A no mans land

A chosen ground
A sitting for the sign
Sashed and shorn
Hallowed be her name

Saying, "No, I don't want to talk anymore"
Is the prerogative of the superstar
I say no all the time
I'm super, so are you, say no

Tell my friends they're all potential
They're all potential godsend
I feel that this is me coming
You'll never meet me

The message clear

For weak and strong
He takes no pleasure in your pain
The face is distant death

Saying, "No, I don't want to talk anymore"
Is the prerogative of the superstar
Put yourself on the line
Stay super, say you, say no

Tell my friends they're all potential
They're all potential godsend
I feel that this is me coming
Tell them they'll never meet me

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