

Psychic Tv "New York Story"

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Life is a vaccum pump, always sucking me dry (x2)
Anyway, I love you anyway Â you say.
And you lie on the bed
The sheets are crumpled around your head
Maybe thats how we meet
We need to feel that were complete
Comunicate or die through it
Sometimes thats the lie of it
These things we souldnt do
Always end up destroying you
Anyway, I love you anyway you say

This is a new york story (x3)
Anyway, I love you anyway you say
Sucking me dryÂ

And the salt and the sugar on your table
They enable us to do these stupid things we do
These lines we steal arent even true
My fantasy was never you
And the blood is blossoming like flowers
Up inside the glass
Eating up our living hours
Draining us of all our powers
Its obvious, I know
One of us should really go
Step outside the door
Run away, and be the cure

This is a new york story (x3)
Anyway, I love you anyway you say
Sucking me dryÂ

And the lies and theÂ legacies
And all those wastedÂ destinies
Your body is so cold
Its turning blue, you look so old
Not human anymore
I think weve lost this hopeless war
And your soiled and spoiled and so lost my friend
I think that this could be the end
But fear will do it all again

And i can pour cold water onto you
And yours eyes open and see right though
You suddenly look so gray
Look me in my eyes and say
Anyway

This is a new york story (x3)
Anyway, I love you anyway you say
How do you deal? (how do I deal?) (x3)
Anyway

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