

An American Werewolf In Paris Movie

"Mouth"

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Song by Bush

You gave me this-made me give-your silver grin (still
sticking it in).
You have some machine soul machine.
Soul of Machine.
The longest kiss.
Feeling furniture days.
Drift madly to you.
Pollute my heart; Drain.
You have stolen, me broken me, stolen me, broken me.
All your mental armour drags me down, nothing hurts
like your mouth.
Your loaded smiles and pretty just desserts.
Wish it all for you.
So much it never hurts.
You have soul machine. Stolen me all your mental
armour drags me down.
We can't breathe when we come around.
All your mental drags me down nothing hurts like your
mouth.
We'd been missing long before never found our way
home.
We'd been missing long before we will found our way.
You gave me this-made give you have soul machine
broken free all
your
mental
armour drags me down we can't breathe when we
come around all
your
mental
armour drags me down nothing hurts like your mouth.
All your mental armour, all your mental armour and
your mouth.

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