The Rapture "Olio"

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I called you on the telephone 'cause I was lonley

I called you up just to hear your

Your eyes I know are a cold cold blue

Pale white skin dead like a mannequin

Seem to fade

Looking and not wanting to come up to date

Like a broken clock

The hand is still

Though the pain I was watching as sound hit my ears

We don't fit any more

We don't fit any more

Not the same

Not the same

Not the same, same, same

Ripped up in the shadows

Over and over again

I remember before as your mouth

It touched my face

Small hands grabbing me

Trapped in my thoughts

You repeating like a machine gun

Phantasmagoria

The time pelting me

pelting me

Hipped up in the shawdows

Over and over again

Ripped up in the shadows

Over and over again

Over and over again

Over and over again /]

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