

Siouxsie And The Banshees

"Pull To Bits"

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Tongues are clacking words of one vision

One tiny incision and teeth are cracking

on thin air, on thin air

And teeth are cracking on thin air

Pull to bits--in silence

left rotting on the ground

Slowly pull to bits--in silence

without a sound, without a sound

Building's bleached with shatter-shatter-clatter

fill their senses with cement

watch the people scatter

one by one, one by one

Pull to bits--in silence

left rotting on the ground

Slowly pull to bits--in silence

without a sound, without a sound

Young lungs snapping coming up for air

the mindless ones yapping, slashing through the
thoroughfare

one by one, one by one

oh one by one without a fucking care

Pull to bits--in silence

left rotting on the ground

Slowly pull to bits--in silence

without a sound, without a fucking sound

Pull to bits, yackety-yackety-yack-yack-yack

Pull to bits, shatter-shatter-shatter-clatter

Pull to bits, yap-yap-yap-yapping

Pull to bits--without a sound

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