

Fine Frenzy, A "Electric Twist"

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You should be wilder, you're no fun at all
Yeah, thanks for the input
Thanks for the call

With dull knives and white hands
The blood of a stone
Cold to the touch, right
Right down to the bone

But you give me the electric twist and it kicks like a
pony
And true, you might get away with it
It's a risk, it's a risk yeah

Picked from a hot grove, packaged for sale
It drips down the sleeve
Gets under your nails
A loss of the senses
A chip off a tooth
The smells of the city
They ride in your suit

He says don't think don't talk
Don't think
Don't think don't talk
Don't think
Don't think don't talk
But I don't think I want to

Cause you give me the electric twist
and it kicks and it kicks like a pony
And true, you might run away with it, it's a risk it's a risk
yeah
Because it kicks yeah
It really kicks yeah

And the touch of your lips it's a shock not a kiss
It's electric twist, it's electric twist

And the touch of your lips it's a shock not a kiss
It's electric twist, it's electric twist

And the touch of your lips it's a shock not a kiss
It's electric twist, it's electric twist

And the touch of your lips it's a shock not a kiss
It's electric twist, it's electric twist

He says don't think don't talk Don't think
Don't think don't talk Don't think
Don't think don't talk
But I don't think I want to

Cause you give me the electric twist and it kicks and it
kicks yeah

And true, let you get away with it, it's a risk it's a risk
yeah

You might get away with it
It's a risk yeah
But it kicks yeah
It really kicks yeah

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh (X3)

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