

Tricky "Feed Me"

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Tricky:

Hey you, so whatcha gonna do
Unbearable, searable, popular demand
From cradle to grave, the simple diary of man
Unbearable, searable, popular demand
Unbearable, searable, popular demand
From cradle to grave, the simple diary of man
Unbearable, searable, popular demand

Martina:

How things are together we'll destroy
And then we can destroy what we are
Together we can build what we are when we dream the
spirit free
We don't give praise, we take praise
So why are we?

Tricky:

Unbearable, searable, popular demand
From cradle to grave, the simple diary of man

Martina:

How things are together we'll destroy
And then we can destroy what we are
Together we can build what we are when we dream the
spirit free
We don't give praise, we take praise
So why are we?

Tricky:

Unbearable, searable, popular demand
From cradle to grave, this simple diary of man
Unbearable, searable, popular demand

Martina:

Feed me when I'm hungry
Drink me 'till I'm dry
The dream of yesterday becomes another lie
You feed me lies, distortion, the English disaster
No one's free from love for one master

Tricky:

Unbearable searable popular demand

From cradle to grave, the simple diary of man

Martina:

We found a new place to live where we're taught to
grow strong
And strongly sensitive, it always sets the scenery
Colors leave only beauty, words and wine amongst the
greenery
See how it is X2

The only lessons you teach us from a margin
They ask my origin
The only lessons you teach us from a margin
They ask my origin, it's a moral sin, it's a moral sin

Extract from crystal though nothing is clear
I despise you, damn you, dream you
I love you
But still nothing is clear
I think of when i found you
You keep on singin while I'm drowning
Down into that two-tone vision
I've been raised in this place
And now concrete is my religion

See how it is X4

The only lessons you teach us from a margin
You ask my origin
The only lessons you teach us from a margin
They ask my origin

The only lesson you teach us, wrong and right
You ask my origin
The only lesson you teach us, wrong and right
They ask my origin, it's a moral sin, it's a moral sin

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