

Ian Astbury**"Metaphysical Pistol"**

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When I look in your eyes
I see a burning star
I see a heart that's wild
I see a place I can't define
Your mind is sharp
You don't miss a beat
You see right through people
Who can't see into you

Is life just a trip from ... the maternity ward to the
creamatory
Is life just a trip from ... the maternity ward to the
creamatory

Your slight smile
Holds me wrapped for a while
And they can't pull me down
Pull us down
Pull us down

Soul of flesh
Burn bright in your hair
Yeah people get scared
They don't understand
How beautiful you are

Mistakes... money... sex... yourself... power... these are
all false gods

Metaphysical pistol with a gut full of hate
Metaphysical pistol with a heart full of light
Metaphysical pistol with a gut full of hate
Metaphysical pistol with a heart full of light

Soul of flesh
Burn bright in your hair
Yeah people get scared
They don't understand
How beautiful you are

Metaphysical pistol with a gut full of hate

Metaphysical pistol with a heart full of light
Metaphysical pistol metaphysical pistol
Metaphysical pistol with a heart full of light

Metaphysical pistol with a gut full of hate
Metaphysical pistol with a heart full of light
Metaphysical pistol with a gut full of hate

We are sitting smack in the middle... of the beatific
vision

Heart full of light - money
Gut full of hate - sex
Heart full of light - power
Gut full of hate - yourself
Heart full of light - mistakes
Gut full of hate - these are all false gods
Heart full of light - vision
Gut full of hate - vision
Heart full of light
Metaphysical pistol with...
Gut full of hate
Metaphysical pistol with...
Heart full of light
Metaphysical pistol with...
Gut full of hate

Heart full of light...
Gut full of hate...

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