

Generator

RacketEar

We generate heat
We generate emotion
We generate a feeling
That is better left here
Than a memory on a wall I'd rather cry than forget you We generate pain
We generate suspicion
We generate a rumour that's sick
But a rumour that is probably true I'd rather die than forget you (I won't let my dreams slip away from me)
I'm talking sex motion
I'm talking 'bout fashion
I'm talking 'bout skin games
I'm talking 'bout secrets (And I won't let my heart run away with me)
I'm talking temptation
I'm talking 'bout memories
I'm talking 'bout feelings
I'm talking 'bout emotion We generate lies
We generate pictures
We generate a video film
That I couldn't let my best friend see I'd rather lose than forgive you We generate shame
We generate secrets
We generate a reason for living
And we generate a reason for not I'd rather hurt than forget you I can't believe that I'm here
I can't believe what I've seen
I can't believe what I'm doing to you

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