Words So Leisured

Franz Ferdinand

She's an emotion avenger
She is the villain who sends a
Line of dark fantastic passion
She knows that you will surrender
Knows that you will surrenderYou want this fantastic passion
Well have fantastic passion
You can feel her lips undress your eyes
Why should ugly skin that never feelsNever feel your fingers tingle tense anticipation on it
This one is an easy one, feel the word and melt upon it
Words of love, words so leisured
Words are poisoned darts of pleasure, dieYes, she's in her black mood tonight
Watch her dye your black hair white
Rob you of your muscles, slacken
All the skin that was so tightSo ask for a reason, ask for any reason
Ask for the one reply for the one reply
Try for reason but passion never lives
It dies with reason, try for reason then die

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