

Crocodile

Underworld

Is that you? Is that, is that really you?
To call between my lips
Two kangaroo fingers
Push through and scratch my back in rhythm Slow foot, slow fast
Waiting for a night to wrap around us
I could go in there
Get some sweet stuff All these things in me
(In me)
All these things in me
(In me) Is that you? Is that, is that really you?
To hold beneath my skin
Two numbers click between her touch
When you pull me down into them Rising and rising
(Through the inside of a glass eye painting)
Calling me in there
Get that sweet stuff All these things in me
(In me)
All these things in me
(In me) Vocoder stuff
(Did you walk around the stairs?) Is that you? Is that, is that really you?
To crawl between my lips
Two kangaroo fingers
Push through and scratch my back in rhythm Slow foot, slow fast
Waiting for a night to wrap around us
I could go in there
Get some sweet stuff All these things in me
All these things in me

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