

Graffiti My Soul

Girls Aloud

Spike heels and skin tight jeans
I've got a fist full of love that's coming your way, baby
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I've got a fist full of love that's coming your way, baby
Spike heels and skin tight jeans
I've got a fist full of love that's coming your way, baby I'm hanging on a wire
Spike heels and skin tight jeans
I've got a fist full of love that's coming your way, baby
Come baby, come, you know what I mean And the drum beat's rising higher
Bang goes my self control
I got your name on my face your face on my mind
Baby come, baby come, graffiti my soul We should be getting it on
Fly DJ's playing my song
Why don't you take me head on? We should be getting somewhere
Some kind of cool love affair
Don't act as if you don't care
You dream of touching me there Your kisses taste of cyanide
And that's no good for me
An open heart is suicide
In my philosophy I need a walking talking mannequin
That simply folds away
And never questions anything
I've got to say No more explanations
You're never gonna know
You could kill my reputation
I don't do heavy loads No more conversations
You can't carve up the world
It's a dangerous occupation
Talking to a girl I'm complicated
And I celebrate it
You're getting jaded
You're fascinated I'm complicated
(Out the bedroom, down the stairs)
And I celebrate it
(Along the carpet, no one cares)
You tell me you hate it
(On the table, on to the floor)
You're fascinated
(It's procreation and nothing more) Dance if you want till the dirty is done

'Cos we're stars in the dead of the night
But if you're looking for romance
Or a chance to reflect in the sun
Baby, I'm gonna put up a fight And you can dance if you want
Till you fall out of space
And you crash in the back of the car
But if you wanna have the kids and the cash
Then get out of my face don't push my love too far I'm hanging on a wire
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