Dirty Epic

Underworld

Sweet in winter, sweet in rain "Shake well before use," she said You never touch me anymore this way Connector in, receiver out You let me in through the back door Ride the sainted rhythms On the midnight train to Romford Ride the sainted rhythms Sweet in winter, sweet in rain "Shake well before use," she said You never touch me anymore this way Oh no, connector, connector, connector, connector You're a connector, connector, connector, connector And I'm so dirty and the light blinds my eyes You're oh so dirty and the light, it blinds my eyes Here comes Christ on crutches "Call me wet trampoline," she said today Well I was too busy with my hand "Shake well before use." she said But you never touch me anymore I was busy listening for phone sex Coming through the back door in skin tight trunks And we all went mental and danced I get my kicks on channel six To the off peak electricity

And the light blinds my eyes and I feel dirty And the light blinds my eyes and I feel so shaken in my faith Here comes Christ on crutches And here comes another God, here comes another God Like a buffalo thunder, with a smell of sugar And a velvet tongue and designer voodoo Well I got phone sex to see me through the emptiness in my 501s Freeze dried with a new religion And my teeth stuffed back in my head I get my kicks on channel six

The light it burns my eyes and I feel so dirty Here comes Christ on crutches I'll never be confused Never be confused They left me confused I will not be confused with another man This pressure of opinions "Lighten up, listen to your eyes," you said But all I could see was Doris Day in a big screen satellite Disappearing down the tube hole on Farringdon Street With whiplash Willy, the motor psycho Tthe light it burns my eyes And the light it burns my eyes I get my kicks on channel six I get my kicks on channel six

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