Psychosexual

Pop Will Eat Itself

>From the temple
Down to the spine
The aching of the loins
to the hips that bump and grind
In a world of little or no love
I come from up above
I'm psychosexual sexterrestrial!
Take those clothes off and
Take your time
Fall into a trance and
Just free your mind
In a world of little or no love
I come from up above
I'm psychosexual sexterrestrial!
Wake up feeling large
Think big! And we will merge
In dreams I walk and
Talk with you
I feel we're on the verge
In a world of little or no love
I come from up above
I'm psychosexual sexterrestrial!
Psycho!

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