

# Cuts You Up (Acoustic)

Peter Murphy

I find you in the morning  
After dreams of distant signs  
You pour yourself over me  
Like the sun through the blinds You lift me up  
And get me out  
Keep me walking  
But never shout Hold the secret close  
I hear you say You know the way  
It throws about  
It takes you in  
And spits you out It spits you out  
When you desire  
To conquer it  
To feel you're higher To follow it  
You must be clean  
With mistakes  
That you do mean Move the heart  
Switch the pace  
Look for what seems out of place On and on it goes  
Calling like a distant wind  
Through the zero hour we'll walk  
We'll cut the thick and break the thin  
No sound to break no moment clear  
When all the doubts are crystal clear  
Crashing hard into the secret wind You know the way  
It twists and turns  
Changing color  
Spinning yarns You know the way  
It leaves you dry  
It cuts you up  
And takes you high You know the way  
It's painted gold  
Is it honey  
Is it gold You know the way  
It throws about  
It takes you in  
And spits you out Oh, cuts you up  
Oh, cuts you up  
Oh, cuts you up

Oh, la la la la la la la la You know the way

It throws about

It takes you in

And spits you out It spits you out

When you desire

To conquer it

To feel you're higher To follow it

You must be clean

With mistakes

That you do mean Move the heart

Switch the pace

Look for what

Seems out of place Oh, cuts you up

Oh, cuts you up It's o.k.

It goes this way

The line is thin

It twists away Cuts you up

And spits you out

Keeps you walking

But never shout Oh

Oh

Songwriters

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