

Rebel of Love

Toyah

(Words Willcox / Music Bogen)

Who are you?

Your skin cuts.. it bleeds

Then is clear before the new day is through

Who are you?

You've opened the door before I've rung the bell

Who are you?

I won't tell

Are you the Rebel of Love?

Your soul shines

You give love such respect

Like part of a strange sect

Or some new religion

The boy a new toy

Takes the razor and shaves his head

Removes the emblem from his chest

And lays it to rest upon his bed

Urban warrior, angry, bitter and ignored

Your behaviour doesn't go with your face

Your body doesn't move the way your mouth behaves

But there's a taste in my mouth

Mean machine what a dream

And going to waste

Your behaviour doesn't go with your face

Your body doesn't move the way your mouth behaves

But there's a taste in my mouth

Mean machine what a dream

And going to waste

He left us wanting more

It's blatantly obvious his every move

Scored the highest score

He moved

He moved

He moved in body and soul

In body and soul

He moved

He moved

He moved in body and soul

In body and soul

He moved
He moved
He moved in body and soul
In body and soul

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