

# Dark Entries (Live @ the Royal Court, Liverpool)

## Bauhaus

Caressing bent up to the jug again with sheaths and pills  
Invading all those stills in a hovel of a bed  
I will scream in vain  
Oh please miss lane, leave me with some painWent walkin' through this city's neon lights  
In fear of disguising my warping seathing  
Pressure lines and graceless heirs, intangible of price  
Trying so hard to find what was rightI came upon your room it stuck into my head  
We leapt into the bed degrading even lice  
You took delight in taking down, all my shielded pride  
Until' exposed became my darker sidePuckering up and down some avenue of sin  
Too cheap to ride they're worth a try  
If only for the old times, cold times  
Don't go waving your pretentious loveHe's soliciting on his tan brown brogues  
Gyrating through some lonesome devil's row  
Pinpointing well meaning upper class prey  
Of walking money checks possessing holesHe often sleekly offers his services  
Exploitation of his finer years  
Work with loosely woven fabrics of lonely office clerks  
Any lay suffices his dollar green eyeI came upon your room it stuck into my head  
We leapt into the bed degrading even lice  
You took delight in taking down, all my shielded pride  
Until' exposed became my darker sidePuckering up and down some avenue of sin  
Too cheap to ride they're worth a try  
If only for the old times  
Don't go waving your pretentious lovePretentious  
Pretentious  
Pretentious  
Pretentious  
Pretentious  
Pretentious

Songwriters

BURKAT, MICHAEL /Published by

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