Lip Reading

Thea Gilmore

Spare me the psycho babble the mental rub-down
For the third time today I put his record on
I caught this ailment on the rebound
I'm looking for another one
Just listen to the DJ and follow the instructions
Yeah, you're all so passive you drive me to destruction
'Cause you're melting yourselves down into the cogs of mass production
And you're lip reading, you're lip readingYou've gotta see the designer souls in action
Flagging each disaster so you know where they've been
And I may be a sucker but I don't see the attraction
'Cause your name is mud round here if you don't come clean
Now the bed-sits and graffiti squats are up for rent
And the rebels here today are just tomorrows accidents
And you've been walking white lines but you're so hell bent
'Cause you're lip reading, you're lip readingYou're not listening its more than you can manage
Trusting the soul transmission, trusting the body languageIn the distance someone plays a music hall classic
And the small time pushers predicting snow again
Someone tells the songwriter to quit the theatrics
I expect revolution before I count to ten
So stand in line behind the Miss World failures
Behind the leading voices and behind the drunken sailors
Put our hands together, pray for these drowning men to save us
But they're lip reading, they're lip reading

Songwriters
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