

# 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 reading You'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 reading You're not listening its more than you can manage  
Trusting the soul transmission, trusting the body language In 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

THEA GILMORE Published by

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