

# Spastica

## Elastica

A morbid fascination with all things in extremes  
A limited sport will leave its spot on me  
Early in the morning, I've given up on sleep  
I'm in the attention, but all I hear is my heart beat  
Your spastic aspirations will make a man of me  
Brought him for his playing, such sensitivity  
Monsters of the present are the monsters of the past  
Took a look in your lyric book, your head's right up my arse  
It's unbelievable  
The way you've got all  
It seems improbable  
The inner city fauna is crying 'round your feet  
I never really noticed how your eyebrows seemed to meet  
In perpetual fear of being swallowed whole  
Beached in the suburbs in the body of a whale

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