

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

Lyrics provided by

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