Body Language

Pete Townshend

Mix it up and make it nice
Cussed it once and cussed it twice
Talking chrome and whispering steel
Escargot and lemon peelBody language
Body language
Remove the bandage
Body languageBeasting lips and private art
Treat it like an auto part
Bored, ignored and charred too much
Now it's me who's out to lunchBody language
Knee bone's let it
Martian landing
Body languageAnd I, claiming warm welcome, breast fed
Promises of buss lips and then sleep
Dreams of tossing, turning in the market rubble
Like a rat comfortable and secure in hellMouths never speaking, all inferred, deferred
Not even spluttered, never screamed or shouted
All that's long gone
Face dancing, body languagePlastic metic flush it harder
A cold Medusa working larder
Never try to touch me with out that thing
It's far too rusty, body language

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