

# 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 peel Body language  
Body language  
Remove the bandage  
Body language Beasting lips and private art  
Treat it like an auto part  
Bored, ignored and charred too much  
Now it's me who's out to lunch Body language  
Knee bone's let it  
Martian landing  
Body language And 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 hell Mouths never speaking, all inferred, deferred  
Not even spluttered, never screamed or shouted  
All that's long gone  
Face dancing, body language Plastic 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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