

# Cocoon

## Siouxsie and the Banshees

Here in my cot where my cot loves me  
I'll stay here a while in the cotton wool cocoon  
Till the Chrysalis is ripe, till the time is right  
With this feeling of insecurity  
I have to shrink back inside, run and hide  
Back in the cocoon, hugging my knees  
Watching my insides, the skinned glow-worm writhings  
Lying in blankets, I've been here a while  
Tapping out rhythms, tapping out rhythms  
Against the mattress and wall  
The heat melts the sheets, another layer is peeled  
Tapping out rhythms, tapping out rhythms  
Just my cot, the wallpaper and me  
I've been here awhile tapping out rhythms  
Tapping out rhythms  
Still finding charms in the memory of those constrictor arms  
Glowing in the dark in my luminous green  
A pearl beaded lizard bathed in a Gossamer scent  
With my heat detector lip-pit, pulling at the newly formed tissue  
Lying in blankets, I've been here awhile  
Tapping out rhythms, tapping out rhythms  
Against the mattress and wall  
Waiting, waiting to loose the bandages  
Waiting, for new appendages  
Lying in blankets, I've been here a while  
I've been here too long banging out rhythms  
Listen for other tappings banging out rhythms  
Banging out rhythms, banging out rhythms  
Listen for other tappings banging out rhythms  
Banging out rhythms  
Tapping out rhythms, tapping out rhythms  
Tapping out rhythms

Songwriters

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