

Cuts You Up

Peter Murphy

I find you in the morning
After dreams of distant signs
You pour yourself over me
Like the sun through the blinds You lift me up
And get me out
Keep me walking
But never shout Hold the secret close
I hear you say You know the way
It throws about
It takes you in
And spits you out It spits you out
When you desire
To conquer it
To feel you're higher To follow it
You must be clean
With mistakes
That you do mean Move the heart
Switch the pace
Look for what seems out of place On and on it goes
Calling like a distant wind
Through the zero hour we'll walk
We'll cut the thick and break the thin
No sound to break no moment clear
When all the doubts are crystal clear
Crashing hard into the secret wind You know the way
It twists and turns
Changing color
Spinning yarns You know the way
It leaves you dry
It cuts you up
And takes you high You know the way
It's painted gold
Is it honey
Is it gold You know the way
It throws about
It takes you in
And spits you out Oh, cuts you up
Oh, cuts you up
Oh, cuts you up

Oh, la la la la la la la You know the way

It throws about

It takes you in

And spits you out It spits you out

When you desire

To conquer it

To feel you're higher To follow it

You must be clean

With mistakes

That you do mean Move the heart

Switch the pace

Look for what

Seems out of place Oh, cuts you up

Oh, cuts you up It's o.k.

It goes this way

The line is thin

It twists away Cuts you up

And spits you out

Keeps you walking

But never shout Oh

Oh

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