

# Savage

## Eurythmics

Words of power are killing me  
While the sun displays its teeth  
All mockery is laughing  
All violence is cheap  
She said, "These are my guns  
These are my furs, this is my living room  
You can play with me there sometimes  
If you catch me in the mood"  
Savage, savage  
Savage, you savage  
She said, "I have this unhappiness  
To wear around my neck  
It's a pretty piece of jewelery  
To show what I protect"  
She said, "Everything is fiction  
All cynic to the bone  
So don't ask me to stay with you  
Don't ask to see me home"  
Savage, savage  
Savage, you savage  
Savage, savage, you  
Savage, savage  
Savage, you savage

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