

# No Home Without Its Sire

Peter Murphy

No yester dreams, no gray desire  
No body's sap and tire  
No sorrows born of lust's disguise  
No home without it's sire Break out the tomb, the self-made womb  
No faded flick, no gray desire  
No body's sap and tire And if you ask me, you know I'll give  
And if you run from me  
Well, I'll be waiting in the driver's car And if you ask me, you know I'll give  
And if you run from me  
Well, I'll be waiting in the driver's car No yester dreams, no faded flick  
No body's sap and tire  
No sorrows born of lust's disguise  
No home without it's sire Break out the tomb, the self-made womb  
No faded flick, no gray desire  
No home without it's sire And if you ask me, you know I'll give  
And if you run from me  
Well, I'll be waiting in the driver's car And if you ask me, you know I'll give  
And if you run from me  
Well, I'll be waiting in the driver's car And if you ask me, you know I'll give  
And if you run from me  
Well, I'll be waiting in the driver's car And if you run from me  
Well, I'll be waiting in the driver's car

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