

Evil (The Michael Cliff House Remix)

Grinderman

O baby baby baby!
Who needs the stars? You are my Star!
Who needs the moon? You are my moon!
O baby baby baby!Cling to me baby in this rented room
Who needs the TV? You are my TV!
Who needs a record player? You are my record player!
O cling to me baby in this rented room!Hear the ringing on the telephone
A voice from a hundred miles away
Its breath is heavy and you're all alone
It's got something that it wants to say
It's got something that it wants to say
Its breath is heavy and you're all alone
A voice so clear you can feel its breath
Coming down the telephoneO my precious baby
Now it is the time that we must speak
They have divided us from our children
And they've tossed them on the heap
Who needs children? You are my child!
Who needs children? My little lamb!
Who needs children? You are my child!
Crying like a demon in your daddy's arms!

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