

# 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 jewellery  
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...

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>