Spastica

Elastica

A morbid fascination
With all things in extreme
The limited sports
Will leave a spot on me
Early in the morning
I give it up for sleep
I'm going to need attention
But all I hear is my heart beatOh, Oh, Oh, Oh, OhHis spastic aspirations
Would make a man out of me
Bleeding from his brain, Such sensitivity
Monsters of the present
Are the Monsters of the past
Took a look in your lyric book
Your head's right up your arse
Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, OhIt's unbelievable
The way you've got it all
It seems too probable
Oh, OhThe Inner-city fauna
Is crawling round your feet
a morbid fascination with all things in extreme
a limited sport will leave its spot on me
early in the morning, i've given up on sleep
i'm in need of attention, but all i hear is my heart beathis spastic aspirations will make a man of me
brought him for displaying such sensitivity
monsters of the present are the monsters of the past
took a look in your lyric book, your head's right up your arseit's unbelievable, the way you got it all
it seems improbable
the inner city fauna is crying round your feet
i never really noticed how your eyebrows seemed to meet
in perpetual fear of being swallowed whole
beached in the suburbs in the body of a whale

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