

Roisin Murphy, Body Language

Have you omitted to say
Those rubber bullets don't bounce off you?
Oh, incry, hear it in stereo
I'll cry after everything is done and dusted
I may convince bold and original
Forgive, what's that for when you're heading for the dance floor?
I'm here, go deep with those climb-downs
Branding me a heretic kind of infant-terrible
I risk I take it to the brink of it
Drop you like a hot potato, everybody turn a hater

If you hear what your body says, learn body language
If I could speak, I'd call your name
If I could hear what your body says, I wouldn't change it
If you speak over to me

Between false and tragedy lies
A human emotion for hoping it'll turn out alright
Ah, dickens, thicken now then chicken soup
And the way that you turn it will take you to the end of the line
But learn, speak it, that body language
Definition of wordplay, conditional love
You can't contemplate, impossible to separate
One from the other, your mother's, sister's, brother's lover

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Tied up for the foreseeable future
Had ended in the 70's science fiction motion picture
Back in the day, don't cut it now anyway
Quite a different animal, don't you wish you'd had a mission

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