

The Cult, Joy

Yeah, I poisoned myself but I survived the thrill of life
I altered my state of mind so I could fly, mmm
Yeah, travelled beyond my pedestrian ties
My innocence, yeah, and those sweet lies
I rode in that car as far as it would take me, take me

I don't need no gun
I walk into the sun
Find what's going on
Find what's going down
I don't need no gun
I walk into your fun
Fun into the sun
Find what's going on

Your velvet tear rolled down my back
Your arms wrapped tight around me
I felt so good knowing that you could let go with me, yeah

I don't need no gun
I walk into your sun
Find what's going on
Find what's going down
I don't need no gun
I walk into your fun
I don't need the sun
To find what's going on
Crazy hippie girl
Soft lips make me swirl
More than I can feel
Mystery to me
Yeah-hey-yeah

Joy d'vivre, yeah

Mysterious life, what do you hold for us in your cloak?
I begin to shake, your horses, they are frightening me, well

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I don't need the sun
To find what's going on
Crazy hippie girl
Soft lips make me swirl
More than I can feel
A mystery to me
Had my child son
I'm a young king now
Hey mysterious life
Holy criticised
Yeah-hey-yeah
Yeah-hey-yeah

Joy d'vivre...