

The Psychedelic Furs, Pulse

my baby paints herself red
she paints her hair
her hair is dead
she's living in the city
with the bodies that scream
we are all jesus
we all dream
see the dancer in there reeling
paint the sky upon the ceiling
four useless gods upon a day
so blinded by the filth on sunday
saying the words for the idiots
you are miracle drivell
optical sewer
listens to the flowers fall
paint the words upon the wall
this is the pulse of fools like you
who sound so red and turn so blue
the sound of uselessness in slumber
war is over if you want
see the dancer's semen reeling
paint the sea upon the ceiling
pulse
my baby paints herself red
she paints her hair
her hair is dead
she's living in the city
with the bodies that scream
we are all jesus
we all dream
see the dancer's semen reeling
paint the sky upon the ceiling
that's pulse