

# 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