

Underworld, Dirty Epic

...dead alive...

☐☐..auto...

☐☐..dental mint drug...

sweet in winter

sweet in the rain

shake well before use

she said,

"you never touch me anymore this way"

☐connector-in

☐receiver-out

☐you let me in through the backdoor

☐☐☐..loosen up...

☐☐☐..it's like i'm vomiting...

☐☐☐..all night dancing...

☐☐☐..let him start...

☐☐☐..drip...

ride the sainted rythms on the midnight train to romford

☐☐☐☐ride the sainted rythms

sweet in winter

sweet in the rain

shake well before use

she said,

"you never touch me anymore this way"

(oh no)

connector...

(you're a)

connector...

i'm so dirty

and the light it blinds my eyes

you're oh so dirty

and the light it blinds my eyes

here comes christ on crutches

☐☐☐..ten cents to boot...

☐☐☐..check him undercover...

☐☐☐..huh? who else-

"call me wet trampoline,"

☐☐she said today

but i was too busy with my head

shake well before use

she said,

"but you never touch me anymore"

i was busy listening for phonesex

coming through the back door

☐in her skin tight trunks

☐and we all went

☐mental

☐and dancing

☐☐☐..ah yes, did you get in...

☐☐☐..tell the others did you get in...

□□□...look in the dirty erotic fantasy...

□□□...huh...

□□□...hey...

□□□...big thoughts...

i get my kicks on channel six...
to the off-peak electricity

and the light blinds my eyes
and i feel dirty

hey-ohhhoooooooo-ohhh

and the light blinds my eyes
and i feel so

□shaken in my faith

here comes christ on crutches

and here comes another god (here comes another god)
like a buffalo thunder with a smell of sugar
and a velvet tongue and designer voodoo
□but i got phonesex to see me through
□the emptiness in my 501s
freeze dried in my new religion
and my teeth stuffed back in my head

i get my kicks on channel six...

i get my kicks on channel six
the light it blinds my eyes
□and i feel so dirty
□(i feel so dirty)
□here comes christ on crutches
□(here comes christ on crutches)

i will not be confused (will not be confused)

you left me confused

i will not be confused (with another man)

□□□...dirty dirty dirty...

□□□...second fizzles...

□□□...suck on cockroaches...

this pressure of opinions

lighten up
listen to your eyes you said
but all i could see was doris day
and a bigscreen satellite
disappearing down the tubehole in farringdon st.
with whiplash-willy the motor-psycho

and the light it blinds my eyes

and the light it burns my eyes

i get my kicks on channel six...