

Mind in Pocket

Bob Geldof

Say what you want

Stuffed air, muggy, thunderous July
Snatches of human drum `n` bass rolling by
Noise intrudes into my interesting mood
Over half-read books
And half-eaten food
Upstairs they`re staging the usual riot
But I`d prefer it to the silence
I`m more afraid of quiet
I need the cities shrieks
This night of urban charms
There`s people on the street
Dancing to their car alarms

Put your mind in your pocket
Put your pocket
Where your mouth should be

Talk to totally nude girl for a dollar
I`m in a topless mood
But my dick can`t be bothered
I want to speak to a fully clothed person
For free I think
But I`m not really certain