

Where's Your Gravity?

David Sylvian

Baby's putting on her make-up
Her mouth is swollen as arose
Countdown, she wraps her legs around him
Weightless, she's taking off her clothes
Candy, colours in her pocket
Bright children hiding in their rooms
Soft toys spread across her pillows
Self-annihilation couldn't come too soon
Where's your gravity?
Where's your mind?
Share your thoughts with me
Waste my time
Slow down, nothing's gonna save you
Ice-cream dripping from your spoon
Oh, but come now, you're always telling stories
Bare-foot, walking on the moon
Wake up, and someone's bound to tell you
Your pretty face is gone to hell
So find them, something you can trade with
Hand-make something you can sell
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