

## Words So Leisured

Franz Ferdinand

She's an emotion avenger  
She is the villain who sends a  
Line of dark fantastic passion  
She knows that you will surrender  
Knows that you will surrender

You want this fantastic passion  
We'll have fantastic passion  
You can feel her lips undress your eyes  
Why should ugly skin that never feels

Never feel your fingers tingle tense anticipation on it  
This one is an easy one, feel the word and melt upon it  
Words of love, words so leisured  
Words are poisoned darts of pleasure, die

Yes, she's in her black mood tonight  
Watch her dye your black hair white  
Rob you of your muscles, slacken  
All the skin that was so tight

So ask for a reason, ask for any reason  
Ask for the one reply for the one reply  
Try for reason but passion never lives  
It dies with reason, try for reason then die