

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