

Rush Minute

Massive Attack

I wanna be clean but I gotta get high
...It's good to be here so hard to come by...
You bring pain cause you got game...
And needles and pins a man can't take

...Peaches living in niches
...Digging the scene like beautiful cliches
...From these shapes of a gangster lean
...Ignoring wars on gasoline
...Our god's ?? and made to get high
...God's left hand wasn't made to get by...
Got more highs left in me
...And there's more room in recovery...

From evil ?? that strip all chrome
...From Marshall Amps into broken homes...
And borstal blues to countless clicks
...That rhythm sticks to those classic cheques...
Steal your tears and drown your fears
...All is clear in a glass of beer
...Peaches living in niches...
Digging the scene like beautiful cliches...
You fill me with endorphins...
And you star in magazines...
We draw liquor from the mattress springs
...It ain't over til the last bell rings...
Got more highs you and me...
And deluxe rooms in recovery