

## Sex (The Black Angel)

New Model Army

Look at my eyes - you know what it is  
I want you, I want you  
The way your body moves beneath that dress  
And all the nights I've spent away alone in sleeplessness  
It's a hunger that we can fill  
Racing, racing  
And every nerve tingles with it  
I want you, I want you  
You know the way that I can make you feel  
Of all the faces in the crowd, there's only you  
Pull down your hair a little  
Open up your mouth a little  
You're beautiful, you're the best  
This feeling that you know oh so well  
Your oldest friend from the fires, the fires of hell  
And I want you now  
Driving down  
Driving down  
Into the fires  
Every stretch and move is like a dream  
Eating, biting, scratching  
And all there is, is these racing pulses  
And the breathing  
Forget all the lies that they gave to you  
Believe in this 'cause how could this feeling not be true  
Driving down