

# God Sends

Peter Murphy

Of course we can see  
From the lipstick that's used  
From even the wig that sits  
That's all we see of you  
I've done it among the many who

From paint to health  
Bricka-brack fashion  
Giving you the talk back  
Giving you the buzz  
It's called a feedback  
It's fierce  
It's not from above  
It's fierce

Tell my friends they're all potential  
They're all potential Godsend  
I feel that this is me coming  
You'll never meet me

Oh young and pure  
An inward girl  
A simple shape and mind  
A no-mans land  
A chosen ground  
A sitting for the sign  
Sashed and shorn  
Hallowed be her name

Saying 'no I don't want to talk anymore'  
Is the prerogative of the superstar  
I say no all the time  
I'm super  
So are you! say no

Tell my friends they're all potential  
They're all potential Godsend  
I feel that this is me coming  
You'll never meet me

The message clear  
For weak and strong  
He takes no pleasure in your pain  
The face is distant death

Saying 'no I don't want to talk anymore'  
Is the prerogative of the superstar  
Put yourself on the line  
Stay super  
Say you!  
Say no!

Tell my friends they're all potential  
They're all potential -  
-Godsend

I feel that this is me coming

Tell them they'll never meet me