

# Body Language

Róisín Murphy

Have you omitted to say  
Those rubber bullets don't bounce off you?  
Oh, in cry, hear it in stereo

I'll cry after everything is done and dusted  
I may convince bold and original  
Forgive, what's that for  
When you're heading for the dance floor?

I'm here, goin' deep with those climb downs  
Branding me a heretic, kind of infant terrible  
I risk, I take it to the brink of it  
Drop you like a hot potato, everybody turn a hater

If you hear what your body says, learn body language  
If I could speak, I'd call your name, oh  
If I could hear what your body says, I wouldn't change it  
If you speak over to me, oh

Between false and tragedy lies  
A human emotion for hoping it'll turn out alright  
Ah, dickens, thicker now than chicken soup  
And the way that you turn it will take you to the end of the line

But learn, speak it, that body language  
Definition of wordplay, conditional love  
You can't contemplate, impossible to separate  
One from the other, your mother's sister's brother's lover

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Tied up for the foreseeable future  
Had ended in the seventies science fiction motion picture  
Back in the day, don't cut it now anyway  
Quite a different animal, don't you'd wish you'd had a mission?

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