

In the relative calm  
Of an all night party  
I played some strange games  
Under her bed  
Our bodies moved  
A new foreign gymnast  
Dull conversation  
Went over our heads

In that relative calm  
Of that all night party  
I found some strange things  
Under her bed  
When our bodies moved  
As easy as breathing  
Dull conversation  
Over our heads

Critical themes  
Reduced to an outline  
Shaded in fleshtones  
Inside her bed  
Our bodies spoke  
All night I listened  
Limbs leaving their thoughts  
Outside my head

We ride like this we swim like this  
Live like this in homes like this  
And work like this in holes like this  
Shout like this we run like this  
And breed like this in beds like this  
Fall like this go round like this  
And laugh like this we drive like this  
Learn like this we try like this  
We walk like this impress like this  
Live like this we talk like this  
We love like this we kill like this  
Cry like this we sleep like this  
We ride like this we swim like this  
Live like this in homes like this  
And work like this in holes like this  
Shout like this we run like this  
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