Hybrid

Siouxsie and the Banshees

It's a hybrid of me -- I'm a hybrid of he
You're a misfit of me -- I'm a misfit of you... in limbo

Carbon copies run blue -- a reminder for you
But they're only skin deep crumpled shells in a heap
Marked "cheap"

Surrogate heads of a no-no domain
Shoulders form rows to make waves again
Catch the next plane
When you walked through the door marked "enter if you dare"
Reasoned with a friend marked "do not bend"
Bit on that finger marked "handle with care"

A tear soiled your cheek -- a broken finger on the floor
A mess in sawdust -- a shop window burst... no repairs

It's a hybrid of me -- I'm a hybrid of he
You're a misfit for me -- I'm a misfit for you
In limbo... do you speak the lingo?