

## Pulse

## The Psychedelic Furs

My baby paints herself red  
She paints her hair  
Her hair is dead  
She's living in the city  
With the bodies that scream

We are all Jesus  
We all dream  
See the dancer in there reeling  
Paint the sky upon the ceiling

Four useless gods upon a day  
So blinded by the filth on Sunday  
Saying the words for the idiots  
You are miracle drivels

Optical sewer  
Listens to the flowers fall  
Paint the words upon the wall

This is the pulse of fools like you  
Who sound so red and turn so blue  
The sound of uselessness in summer  
The war is over if you want

See the dancer see me reeling  
Paint the sea upon the ceiling

Pulse  
My baby paints herself red  
She paints her hair  
Her hair is dead

She's living in the city  
With the bodies that scream  
We are all Jesus  
We all dream

See the dancer see me reeling  
Paint the sky upon the ceiling

That's pulse