Politics

Thompson Twins

Sophisticated slave trade rhythmically admired Give me a punctual bliss He's in love with a velvet glove Soon he'll feel the fist His senses are reeling He can't sit still He's got that same old feeling The same old thrill The same old thrill Goose flesh, giggling, stimulating scenes Pleasure is a means to the end Hedonistic high time He can't get enough Physical encounters can offend Drinking like a fish out of water high and dry When there's no tomorrow he doesn't even try Don't take a walk, when it's easier to run Don't take it easy No don't take it Don't you touch the flesh, the fragile flesh He's never going to get near the heart He can prodel, he can poke but it won't get him closer He's only playing a part Across the threshold he feels his nostrils flare The stifling perfume is so thick in there Don't take a walk, when it's easier to run Don't take it easy, no don't take it Don't take it easy, Don't take it easy Don't take it, Don't take it Sophisticated slave trade rhythmically admired Give me a punctual bliss He's in love with a velvet glove Soon he'll feel the fist His senses are reeling He can't sit still He's got a sort of feeling