

Dirty Epic

Underworld

Sweet in winter sweet in rain
Shake well before use she said
You never touch me anymore this way

Connector in. Receiver out
You let me in through the back door
Ride the sainted rhythms on the midnight train to Romford
Ride the sainted rhythms

Sweet in winter sweet in rain
Shake well before use she said
You never touch me anymore this way
Oh no
Connector connector connector connector
You're a connector connector connector connector

I'm so dirty
And the light blinds my eyes
You're oh so dirty
And the light it blinds my eyes
Here comes christ on crutches

Call me wet trampoline she said today
Well I was too busy with my hand
Shake well before use she said
But you never touch me anymore
I was busy listening for phone sex
Coming through the back door
In skin-tight trunks
And we all went mental and danced

I get my kicks on channel six
I get my kicks on channel six

To the off-peak electricity
And the light blinds my eyes
And I feel dirty
And the light blinds my eyes
And I feel so shaken in my faith
Here comes christ on crutches
And here comes another god
Here comes another god
Like a buffalo thunder
With a smell of sugar and a velvet tongue
And designer voodoo
And I got phone sex to see me
Thought the emptiness in my 501s
Freeze-dried with a new religion
And my teets stuffed back in my head

I get my kicks on channel six
The light it burns my eyes
And I feel so dirty
Here comes christ on crutches
I will not be confused
Will not be confused
They left me confused

I will not be confused with another man

This pressure of opinions

Lighten up

Listen to your eyes you said

But all I could see was Doris day

In a big screen satellite

Disappearing down the tube hole on farringdon street

With whiplash willy the motor psycho

And the light it burns my eyes

And the light it burns my eyes

I get my kicks on channel six