

Dirty

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 fa
ith.
Here comes christ on crutches.
And here comes another god. Here comes another god like a buffa
lo thunder
with a...smell of sugar...and a velvet tongue...and designer vo
odoo.
And I got phone sex to see me through the emptiness in my 501s.
Freeze-dried with a new religion. And my teeth 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 conf
used.
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 f
arringdon 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...