

We Still Got The Taste Dancin' On Our Tongues

Wild Beasts

Kick! The spirit kicks
but the moonshine plays cheap tricks.
Us kids are cold and cagey rattling around the town
scaring the oldies into their dressing gowns
as the dribbling dogs howl.
What'so wrong with just a little fun?
We still got the taste dancin' on our tongues.
When we pucker up our lips are bee-stung.
We still got the taste dancin' on our tongues.
We got gusto
we are headstrong.

We still got the taste dancin' on our tongues.
Fill our bellies and we fill our lungs.
We still got the taste dancin' on our tongues.
Darling the spirit is kicking
don't be fooled by the moonshine
it's tricking.
Frock spill like alcho-pop around girls' knees.
Trousers and blouses make excellent sheets
down dimly lit streets.
Why should we feel bad for what we've done?
We still got the taste dancin' on our tongues.
Love the smash and grab of our goings on.
We still got the taste dancin' on our tongues