

James Reyne, Rip It Up

This river's running deeper
Water's cold as ice
This river's running deeper
Water's cold as ice
While we ricocheted from doorways
And rolled the liar's dice

Now would you ever hurt me
Or leave me in the lurch
Now would you ever hurt me baby
Or leave me in the lurch
Do dogs chase after passing cars
Do Nuns kneel down in church

Chorus
Rushing Waters
Sleeping Daughters

Rip it up
Rip it up

There's a message from my baby
Lipstick on the fridge
There's a message from my baby
Lipstick on the fridge
It says James don't wait up for me
Ah take it to the bridge
And drop it in the water

When I call I call your name
Your not there your still to blame
When your gone I feel the shame
When I call I call your name
Your not there your still to blame
When your gone I feel the shame

Rip it up

You always had a soft spot
For an educated tongue
You always had a soft spot baby
For an educated tounge
I could've been your Henry Higgins
Could've been my Pygmalion