

Morcheeba, Friction

Skye :

Locked in a cell for your very last breath
How can it be that,
This is your death
Something is stirring, way underneath
As people ignite the last burning wreath

Friction is turning to fire
Friction is burning much higher

Men in high places
Can't understand
How to end trouble in this broken land
They have no idea and no feelings for love
Just send in the dogs and they stand well above

Friction is turning to fire
Friction is burning much higher

Spikey-T :

Them say me bringing the naughty dread
So now I fight for me life
Can't feel me youth and
Now can't feel me wife
Me a feature until you leave unpleased because
Try me call me and beg me for tease
???
??? make peace
Don't return to send the light out there
That's why the friction can't seize, yeah.

Skye :

Red is the vision,
Flames light the street
Danger in droves as we feel the heat
All coming together, the time is now ripe
Think for yourself and forget all the hype !

Friction is turning to fire
Friction is burning much higher

Friction is turning to fire
Friction is burning much higher

Spikey-T : Fire brought to my babylon

Skye : Turning to fire

Spikey-T : Fire burning near my babylon, know how

Skye : Burning much higher

Spikey-T : I'll tell you fire burning the babylon

Skye : Turning to fire

Spikey-T : Fire burning down the babylon, know how

Skye : Burning much higher