

Peter Murphy, Give What He's Got

Xavier new boy loves Venus the cat
But he's locked up in a whirlpool
The crowds see him
All complicated no shine
If they saw with their inner
They'd see a man bigger than kind
So much bigger than kind
Bigger than kind

Pray that he makes it
Pray that he makes it
Pray that he makes it
Pray that he makes it

Sets himself up
He's the target, its own shot
He's got to learn to relax, man
Give what he's got
He's diggin his own river bed
When it's hot out, he's a shiver
Looking for the water of life
He needs that water in his river

It's a shame he can't give
Give what he's got
He's got to learn to relax, man
Give the world a shot
Looking for the next world
It's a natural thirst
But the next world is made up
Of what you make of this one first

Pray that he makes it
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Pray that he makes it