Siouxsie and The Banshees, B Side Ourselves

Release the angels
Go on release them
Rose petal squadrons
The bees are swarming
Warming your cold skin

Such a womanly man
Such a boyish girl
Clutching at strings
Of blackened pearls
Warming your cold sting

Didn't they teach you anything at all?
Something's not better than nothing at all
B side ourselves
B side ourselves
B side ourselves

Now you belong
Where we belong
Into the landslide
Clandestine beside the real world

Raw senses bring us beside ourselves
Instincts to guide us through this foggy world
We're beside ourselves
B side ourselves
B side ourselves

B side
B side
B side
B side ourselves
B side ourselves
B side ourselves