

Siouxsie and The Banshees, Bring Me The Head

Following desire in your eyes, in your eyes
You're mine, you're mine, all mine
Following the signs in your mind, your crazy mind
You're mine, you're mine, all mine

Bring me the head of the Preacher man
From the sickening daze...

Oh the rotting sun washes down
The moonshine boys
The vultures drool
They pluck the gold dust from his eyes
And pick his bones until they're clean
The book of sorrows - The American dreams
The book of sorrows - The American dreams

Bring me the head of the Preacher man
On the blazing trail...

Heaven holds lone star promise
El Dorado - the insane theatre
Once more we rise
To drain the last of liquid sleep
The gift of chance
Eating the worm
The viper drops and dances
And everything stops and dances

We tumble down these lonely days
We tumble down...