

Soft Cell, Heat

It was the heat of the night I think
Or it could've been the effect of the drink
But I had to brush away the flies
That started to collect around your eyes
I've still the taste of the sweat and the dust
You're still playing games and abusing my trust

In the heat of the night
In the glow of the light
It's the back and the bite
That's feeling alright
Do you use up bodies like cigarettes
Do you need them for ego
Do you need them for sex

It was a bite of a night gone wrong
And the effect of listening to negative songs
Stuck in a love scene from blood and sand
And the way the room keeps spinning around
I steal the taste of the sweat and the dust
(Now I know what they mean by looks can kill)
You're still playing games and abusing my trust
(And they're having a strange effect on the way I feel)

In the heat of the night
In the glow of the light
It's the back and the bite
That's feeling alright
Do you use up bodies like cigarettes
Do you need them for ego
Do you need them for sex

And you're moaning about your wasted life
Lying there listening to "Spanish Eyes"
With the cups on the floor
And the plates in the sink
And the room full of smoke
And then you full of drink

You skin's going dry
And the colour of sand
Ignore the cigarette burning your hand