

# Thomas Dolby, Urges

Early evening he get these urges  
Skin tension under leatherette  
A back bar somewhere in clubland  
Cigarillo and the scene is set  
See the bodies - now things're moving  
Little twitches people can't explain  
Young bodies, listen to them talking  
New languagism in their veins

Same face in a new situation  
The mirrorball holds mesmerised -  
He looks around, he's the new Clark Gable...

Urges, urges - he get these urges  
Don't wanna talk about -  
Heartfelt urges - he get these urges  
He's not supposed to talk about  
Urges, urges - these restless urges  
he don't wanna talk about -  
Urges, urges - can't stop the urges  
Lock them out.

She's here, the heat is rising  
He move slowly she's a china doll  
By degrees, he'll loosen her composure -  
She knows he knows she knows he knows.  
One word to the man in the pulpit  
She start twitching and she can't sit still  
Seven inches of a black star liner ...

Try to contain the stuff that's in your body  
Bit silly when your head's no good  
When you're ashamed of things about your body  
You keep drinking like you knew you would  
In the footlight the ape in motion  
Spins circles all across the floor -  
Mouth the words, assume the positions  
For a second we can fool them all  
girl this time it's a new sensation  
It's never been this way before.  
I look at you and I feel half human ...