

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 ...