

Devo, Strange Pursuits

intersecting love lines drew us closer every day
always kept your distance when you felt my presence near you
love keeps on rolling over
you'd fly in retreat I would follow without shame
a stupid spud staggering to the flame
to be had and rehad
an innocent victim of the pain
now its strange, it's a strange pursuit
I come running like a fatboy in lead shoes
like the fatboy i'm huff puffing after you
it's hopeless to hope for the one thing I am wanting
cause its strange, it's a strange pursuit