

Dexy's Midnight Runners, Let's Make This Precious

Pure, this must be, it has to be.
Pure, let's make this pure,
(Do you mean it?) Yes I do,
(Then let's sing it) Certainly, but
First bare your hearts and cleanse your souls
(And then?) Let's try and make this precious, like this.
Let's make this precious.
We're striving over here
(Ever nearer?) I think so
(Visions clearer) of course, of course.
But still we must forsake all to win
(All temptation?) everything (for salvation?) now you're talking
Then let this apply to all we do
(And then?) Our striving will guide us
And somehow I think that we'll win.
Let's make this precious,
First let's hear somebody sing me a record
That cries pure and true.
No not those guitars. They're too noisy and crude.
The kind that convinces refuses to leave,
There's no need to turn it up.
If it's pure I'll feel it from here
Let's make this precious, (I think we probably will)
Let's make this precious, (I think we probably will)