

Elastica, Spastica

A morbid fascination
With all things in extreme
The limited sports
Will leave a spot on me
Early in the morning
I give it up for sleep
I'm going to need attention
But all I hear is my heart beat

Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh

His spastic aspirations
Would make a man out of me
Bleeding from his brain, Such sensitivity
Monsters of the present
Are the Monsters of the past
Took a look in your lyric book
Your head's right up your arse

Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh

It's unbelievable
The way you've got it all
It seems too probable
Oh, Oh

The Inner-city fauna
Is crawling round your feet
a morbid fascination with all things in extreme
a limited sport will leave its spot on me
early in the morning, i've given up on sleep
i'm in need of attention, but all i hear is my heart beat

his spastic aspirations will make a man of me
brought him for displaying such sensitivity
monsters of the present are the monsters of the past
took a look in your lyric book, your head's right up your arse

it's unbelievable, the way you got it all
it seems improbable

the inner city fauna is crying round your feet
i never really noticed how your eyebrows seemed to meet
in perpetual fear of being swallowed whole
beached in the suburbs in the body of a whale