

Girls Aloud, Graffiti My Soul

Spike heels and skin tight jeans
I've got a fistful of love that's coming your way baby
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I'm hanging on a wire
Spike heels and skin tight jeans
I've got a fistful of love that's coming your way baby
Come baby, come you know what I mean
And the drum beats rising higher
Bang goes my self control
I've got your name on my face
Your face on my mind baby
Come baby, come
Graffiti my soul

We should be getting it on
Fly DJs playing my song
Why don't you take me head on?
We should be getting somewhere
Some kind of cool affair
Don't act as if you don't care
You dream of touching me

Your kisses taste of cyanide
And that's no good for me
An open hearted suicide
Ain't my philosophy
A walking talking mannequin
And never questions anything
I've got to say

No more explanations
You're never gonna know
You killed my reputation
I don't do heavy loads
No more conversation
You can't carve up the world
It's a dangerous occupation
Talking to a girl

I'm complicated
And I celebrate it
Not entertaining
But you're fascinated
I'm complicated
And I celebrate it
Don't entertain it
But you're fascinated
(And nothing more)

Dance if you want till the dirty is done
Cos we're stars at the dead of the night but
If you're looking for romance, there's a chance
Reflecting the sun then I'm gonna put up a fight
Dance if you want til you fall out of space and
Crash in the back of the car
But if you wanna have my keys and my cash
Don't push my love too far

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Come baby, come
Graffiti my soul
Baby come baby, come
Graffiti my soul
And the drum beats rising higher
Bang goes my self control
I've got your name on my face
Your face on my mind baby
Come baby, come
Graffiti my soul