

Hugh Cornwell, Rhythmic Itch

Some say it was the style of the way he wore his clothes
Some say it was the action of a man who surely knows
But the bottom line is always on a path where no-one goes
So jump and shout yank it about

The feeling gets so strong the way you grab at me that way
The texture of the fabric rubs me raw with each day
Now they closed down all the exits
Makes me guess we gotta stay
And take the blame its always the same!