

Japan, Transmission

Your confiscating transmission
Of liberty, no sympathy
Don't interfere with direct invitations
She's talking of communal love

If you had what it takes
Well you wouldn't be afraid
But you got no I.D.
No identity

Don't break your heart over me baby
Your body falls, too unpredictable
But I'm dancing
The game is up
Your contraceptives love

You programme love insatiable crime
Imprisons me in liberty
Your chauvanism's a sensuous smile
Transmission of commercial love