

Kate Bush, The Craft Of Life

I tried to study it for just a while:
All of the potions, from oysters to seducing smiles.
But I've found it's already inside me:
A big round bubble of sensuality,
Dared to be burst,
But worried about getting hurt.
I know how you like to kiss.
I'll ask you what you're thinking.
Sivers in our dark hair.
The sheets are soaked by your tiny fish.
The craft of life,
The craft of life,
The craft of life,
The craft of life,
Oo-oooh...
Tears spring to mind when I go back in time.
All those lost bodies just seeking security.
Jittering strangers with smutting hands,
Heavy and clever and full of demands.
Well I'm similar to you:
We're familiar with what to do.
I know how you like to kiss.
I'll ask you what you're thinking.
Sivers in our dark hair.
The sheets are soaked by your tiny fish.
The craft of life,
The craft of life,
The craft of life,
The craft of life,
Oo-oooh...