Kate Bush, The Song Of Solomon

The Song of Solomon
The song of everyone
Who walks the path
Of the solitary heart
The soul cries out
Hear a woman singing

Don't want your bullshit, yeah
Just want your sexuality
Don't want excuses, yeah
Write me your poetry in motion
Write it just for me, yeah
And sing it with a kiss

Mmm, just take any line
"Comfort me with apples
For I am sick of love
His left hand is under my head
And his right hand
Doth embrace me"
This is the Song of Solomon
Here's a woman singing

Don't want your bullshit, yeah
Just want your sexuality
Don't want your excuses, yeah
Write me your poetry in motion
Write it just for me, yeah
And sign it with a kiss

And I'll do it for you
I'll be the Rose of Sharon for you
I'll do it for you
I'll be the Lily of the Valley for you
I'll do it for you
I'll be Isolde or Marion for you
I'll do it for you
Ooh I'll come in a hurricane for you
I'll do it for you
A wop bam boom

Don't want your bullshit, yeah
Just want your sexuality