

Ladytron, Evil

When a menthol hit, hooks a spatial girl in her summer clothes,
Like a transmission, on an empty channel, all lines are closed.
Taking photographs, speaking slowly through the permanent waves
The taste in her mouth that she read about earlier today

This is happening for your pleasure, at your leisure
Use your evil, when you want

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When the night becomes, automatic sequence joining the day,
Singing something new, someone else is sliding into your way.
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Got to get you off my conscience by Friday,
On Saturday I'll be wide awake, On Sunday I'm your new best friend,
On Monday learn it all again

For your pleasure, at your leisure
Use your evil, when you want.

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