

# Mike Scott, Savage Earth Heart / Satisfaction

Ooh!

...Let me see the savage  
I want to see the savage  
Coming crashing through your face  
I want to be there  
When the savage comes  
I want to be there  
When the savage comes  
When your savage earth heart  
Cuts through  
I want to be a witness  
Send you respect into your ear that I'll be back  
Trust in the shadows

I want to be there  
When the savage comes  
I want to be there  
When the savage comes  
When your savage earth heart  
Cuts through!

Will you lay all of your deepest wildest secrets bare?  
Will you let all of those rumbling old gods take rage?

I want to be there  
When the savage comes  
I want to be there  
When the savage comes  
When your savage earth heart  
Cuts through!

Then I was taken smoothly by the vulture of the soul  
That hideous strength  
That numbs my tongue  
And he led me like a born sinner  
Through the fields of hell  
To doubt my friends and to hate myself  
But when the savage earth heart  
...Cuts through  
When my savage earth heart  
...Cuts through  
Then my savage earth heart  
...Cuts through!  
And the culture of the soul laid waste.  
The hate, the hate, the hate, the hate, the hate

I can't get any satisfaction  
I can't get any satisfaction  
When I'm driving in my car  
And a man comes on the radio  
He's telling me more and more  
About some useless information  
Supposed to drive my imagination  
But he can't be a man 'cause he doesn't smoke  
Six cigarettes, six cigarettes  
Six cigarettes, six cigarettes

I can't get no  
I can't get any satisfaction  
I can't get any satisfaction  
When I'm driving around the world  
And I'm trying to please some girl  
Saying baby baby come back  
Maybe next week

'Cause you see I'm on a losers street  
I can't get no  
I can't get any satisfaction  
No satisfaction  
No satisfaction  
No satisfaction