

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