

Pete Townshend, Body Language

Mix it up and make it nice.
Cussed it once and cussed it twice.
Talking chrome and whispering steel.
Escargot and lemon peel.
Body language
Body language
Remove the bandage.
Body language.

Beasting lips.
And private art.
Treat it like an auto part.
Bored, ignored and charred too much.
Now it's me who's out to lunch.

Body language.
Knee bone's let it.
Martian Landing
Body language.

And I, claiming warm welcome
Breast fed
Promises of buss lips.
and then sleep.
dreams of tossing turning
In the market rubble
Like a rat comfortable and secure in hell.
Mouths never speaking
All inferred, deferred.
Not even spluttered, never screamed or shouted.
All that's long gone
Face dancing, body language

Plastic metic flush it harder
a cold medusa working larder
Never try to touch me with out that thing.
It's far too rusty.
Body language.