

# Peter Hammill, A Kick To Kill The Kiss

He'd like you to call him lucky,  
the original self-made man;  
no sense of wide-screen vision,  
no gender strangeness he can understand.

Roll on the old, old story,  
you can call it original sin;  
yeah, stamp that one in his passport,  
paste it and colour it in.

Colour in a history of pride and prejudice;  
what he wants is mystery, but what he gets is this:  
a kick to kill the kiss.

He thinks it fair competition,  
somehow having and eating the cake,  
when the women are in their bodies  
and the men are all over the place.

What he wants is Paradise, of which he has no clue.  
What he wants: Oblivion. ("...Baby, all I want is you.")  
What he wants and what he needs are very different tricks...  
Got some strange philosophy through going for that dictionary tic  
and the kick of kiss-me-quick.

A kick to kill the kiss  
and he says  
"Baby, all I want is you."