

Richard Hell, New Pleasure

Your mind's a wreck but that's fine
It corresponds to mine
We're in a room the door closes
Automatic auto- (hypnosis) -matic automatic auto-

New pleasure, new pleasure
(Whisper in my ear, we go away)
New Pleasure, new pleasure

Too weak for life you have become
You can't get dressed you're too numb
But we assume sublime poses
Deep in true to life (hypnosis) true to life in true to life in

New pleasure, new pleasure
(Whisper in my ear, we go away)
New Pleasure, new pleasure

You're in too deep you can't survive
Or can't be you past twenty-five
A day's a week the monster dozes
Deep in passionate (hypnosis) passionate in passionate in

New pleasure, new pleasure
(Whisper in my ear, we go away)
New Pleasure, new pleasure