

Shakespear's Sister, Dial F For Freedom

Well maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all
Nothing ever happens around here
Sometimes life is a fate worse than death
Don't you think?
So give yourself the last rites
Of spring that is
You know, Stravinsky and all that stuff
I want some of that field experience
I need a God
So strip him, wash him, and bring him to my tent

Don't say that you want me
Don't say that you need me
Everybody's got to want their way
Everyone finds their own way
Don't say that you want me
Don't say that you need me
Don't try to get inside my head
Dial F for freedom

Don't mind me I'm just finishing touches to my masterpiece
I'm into touching finishes so what do you say?
I haven't had a decent conversation in three weeks
It's one singer, one song baby
I need some sanctified intervention

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It's my poisoned dart
Some say I've got a cold heart
But you can call me if you want to
Millions of people do
In the battlefields of life
You stand alone
But if you live by the sword
You've got to die by it too
Hey I can handle it
Can you?