

Siouxsie and The Banshees, Cocoon

Here in my cot -- where my cot loves me
I'll stay here a while -- in the cotton wool cocoon
'Til the chrysalis is ripe -- 'til the time is right
With this feeling of insecurity
I have to shrink back inside -- run and hide

Back in the cocoon -- hugging my knees
Watching my insides -- the skinned glow-worm writhings
Lying in blankets -- I've been here a while
Tapping out rhythms -- against the mattress and wall

The heat melts the sheets -- another layer is peeled
Tapping out rhythms...
Just my cot, the wallpaper and me
I've been here awhile -- tapping out rhythms

Still finding charms in the memory of those constrictor arms
Glowing in the dark in my luminous green
A pearl beaded lizard -- bathed in a gossamer scent
With my heat detector lip-pit -- pulling at the newly formed tissue
Lying in blankets -- I've been here awhile
Tapping out rhythms... against the mattress and wall

Waiting... to loose the bandages
Waiting for new appendages
Lying in blankets -- I've been here a while
I've been here too long -- banging out rhythms
Listen for other tappings...
Banging out rhythms
Back in the cocoon