

# Siouxsie and The Banshees, She's A Carnival

In the heart of the night  
She smiles like Mardi-Gras  
Spinning in a dizzy haze.  
Her circus head giggles  
It's a friendly disease  
Catching colours from the air

So with your hands upon the hips  
Of the dancing flesh  
... She's a Carnival...  
And when it's lip to lip  
In a surprise-time kiss  
... She's a Carnival...

Mosaic eye, gypsy eye  
Glowing as it dazzles  
She's a portrait of a poison  
For you to quench your thirst  
A portrait of a poison...