

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...