

Siouxsie and The Banshees, Spiral Twist

Home is where the rain is soft and soothing
Home is where the comfort is confusing
Chase the cord and burning bridges following tracks across my hand

Home is moving in the wrong direction

Animated statue eyes are blinking
Reflex of asphyxiated thinking
Suspended summers badly destructed out of touch I'm out of reach

Struck by a car
Crushed by a tree
Fork in my tongue
Blossom sleep
I snap the rope, snap the wrist
Feel it in my ear the spiral twists

This is the time when our minds begin stalking
Jamming along when the lips have stopped talking

Simple people, simple needs
Fingers finger, endless pleas
Chortling benediction then, hear this circling spiral swing

Home is moving in the wrong direction
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