

# Steve Kilbey, English Kiss

D'you remember the story  
In the bloody chamber  
About the mad tiger  
He licks the skin off of women.  
I tell you samantha  
I could wear those stripes (straps ? !) for you.  
Have you prayed, have you chanted  
With the symbols and incense  
To both krishna and buddha  
And the goddess of fortune  
For an indian lover  
To wake kundalini  
Your beautiful yonni  
But also iscariot  
Who comes to betray us  
With just one english kiss.

Deep in the autumn  
I lie in my bedroom  
Just one more long shadow  
Fall into the corners  
I reach for a woman  
Who harbors in darkness  
She lands on a mountain  
Sways for a moment  
Crashes in pieces all over my eyes.  
All over my eyes

And when you get tired  
Of fake little evenings  
Slip through your fingers  
And don't keep their promise.  
Such a sad vision  
It breaks up my daydream  
Such a sad vision, breaks up my daydream

Look up that sleeve, where is the rabbit  
Already secreted along with the dove  
Where is the passion, already depleted  
Just like the love.

Can you imagine what I can manage  
With your permission, with your consent.  
I know what you're thinking  
Hear what you're saying, how could I ever?  
I know what you like.  
I think I know what you like.  
I'm sure I know what you like.  
You should give it attention  
You should give it attention  
You should give it some thought  
You should give me a night  
You should give me a night  
I know what you like