

Terence Trent D'Arby, Neon Messiah

She never wanted to be my neon messiah
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I saw the blood dripping from your caring hands
I prayed it wasn't more blood
Than your mouth could stand
I didn't hear you say
Kick my pedestal away
She never wanted to be my neon messiah
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I saw you suffocating in a wordless pain
A whore/Madonna martyr is all that remains
If Oedipus could rise
He'd probably try me on for size
She never wanted to be my neon messiah
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Roll over tell Stravinsky
She lost herself to please me
I can't handle intelligent women
They're far too deep to swim in
She never wanted to be my neon messiah
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