

The Go-Go's, Blades

I'm feeling artistic
I'm drawing lines
My body is my canvas
I'm making marks in time
Feel the coldness
Feel nothing inside
Caress the smoothness and watch it slide

Uh-oh, here I go
Playing with blades
Again and again
Uh-oh, here I go
Playing with blades
Again and again and again and again

No one seems to notice
That I don't seem to care
It's my decision, my own life
And I don't intend to share
It's not a question of sanity
Or reaction to something said
No desire to be analysed
For fascination with red

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Again and again
Uh-oh, here I go
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Again and again and again and again

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Playing with blades
Again and again
Uh-oh, here I go
Playing with blades
Again and again and again
and again and again and again