

Thea Gilmore, Lip Reading

Spare me the psycho babble, the mental rub-down
For the third time today I put his record on
I caught this ailment on the rebound
I'm looking for another one
Just listen to the DJ and follow the instruction
Yeah, you're all so passive you drive me to destruction
Cause you're melting yourselves down into the cogs of mass production
And you're lip reading, you're lip reading

You've gotta see the designer souls in action
Flagging each disaster so you know where they've been
And I may be a sucker but I don't see the attraction
Cause your name is mud round here if you don't come clean
Now the bed-sits and graffiti squats are up for rent
And the rebels here today are just tomorrows accidents
And you've been walking white lines, but you're so hell bent
Cause you're lip reading, you're lip reading

You're not listening, its more than you can manage
Trusting the soul transmission, trusting the body language

In the distance someone plays a music hall classic
And the small time pushers predicting snow again
Someone tells the songwriter to quit the theatrics
I expect revolution before I count to 10
So stand in line behind the Miss World failures
Behind the leading voices and behind the drunken sailors
Put our hands together, pray for these drowning men to save us
But they're lip reading, they're lip reading

Just pick up your bible of practical achievement
Step one is how to catch him and step two is how to keep him
Those halfwits have to check their pulse and make sure they are breathing
Cause they're lip reading, they're lip reading
Lip reading, they're lip reading