

Underworld, Push Downstairs

- it was coming out from texas...something like texas.
- maryland?
- maybe maryland, yeah.
- yeah...yeah, i remember that now...i can remember that now.
- it's funny how things you actually record...because...let's say the type of channel was, uh...

push...

tina...

ah, tina lives in berlin her voice so seldom on my machine is here tonight and i'm on the market and when i'm on the market words move faster wire and clouds move thin between us like a skin like a salty skin for a seed of fat circles smiling smiling her voice so intentionally smiling in the clouds between us

these are my intentions...

pushin...
push
pushin...

it's me i see you i've seen you before i know about you i been told about you you were waiting and the wind was waiting for me to call you were waiting in the air where it's thin

comin through the tiny holes □ your number
comin through the tiny holes □ your vapor
comin through the tiny holes □ in the edges of the night
and the tips of your wings are comin through the tiny holes

pushin...
push

ah

these are my intentions...

through the club a blonde is carryin somethin is carryin me im someone i used to be a grey plastic someone blue plastic girl your cream is pushin pushin and

pushin...
pushed away
your body is-a
pushin...
pushed away
come before the unbelieve

carryin some lipstick for the boyfriend blonde between the rolls of sheets is professionally poised the faces are watching her she's watchin the faces watchin her

watchin her...

these are my intentions...

...winter...

push...

tina...

push...

tina...