

Wildhearts, Now Is The Colour

Hey there sweet thing check out the scene
The makers of taste are all peachy and keen
The pace is of summer and the height is a climb
Now is the colour and blue is the time

Hey there sweet thing throw in your keys
The party isn't over 'til you're down on your knees
Pick out your brother the choice is sublime
Now is the colour and blue is the time

Sit yourself back while the enemy tire
We're chocking down fuel just to piss on the fire
There's people brought down by the need to be beat
In a bid to be rid of the stench of defeat
There'll be a hundred dead kids in every block
A hundred blind pigs all sick from the shock
And waddya know? The shit's all ready to blow

Hey there sweet thing, feeling secure?
They need a disease cuz they invented a cure
The city's asleep in the height if its prime
Now is the colour and blue is the time

Hey there sweet thing, cop a class A
You got to keep illegal while the kids are away
It tastes a lot better when you know it's a crime
Now is the colour and blue is the time

Feel the modern air and the tension above ya
Kiss your mum and dad coz you know that they love ya
Supply and demand for the culture at hand
He's a boy-girl 21st century man
There's a scream in your gut as you cry in your beer
Well that's all well and good but it can't happen here
And waddya know? The shit's all ready to blow