

# Throw Your Soul Down Here

Steve Harley

No more selvedge, there's no more still left  
No more champagne please and no more delights  
No more attacks 'till we've buried the dead  
No more magnificent testimonies, paper phonies

Show me your colors  
Show me your colors, please  
Then throw your soul down here

Check out senorita, the cloth has appeared  
With gold in his fingernails, tinsel in his beard  
He's preaching again and has boring us stiff  
So I'm off to tintagel to climb the steps with the midnight chi  
eftain

Halloe'en staff did so fanciful fly  
'All Men are Hungry', who said that tonight  
Behold this battle goes on every day  
Between all the gangs on the costume build platform, dreamland

Show me your colors  
Show me your colors, please  
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(Look-)Out! don't you feel it the reds in your hair  
That's pulled down in your pocket 'cause you have eaten your sh  
are  
Behold to distinguish the blacks from the white  
You're gonna have to open your Pandora's box here tonight, then

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Show me your colors, please  
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