

Harry

Bauhaus

Well hello pretty woman  
You're looking good  
With a yellow dot skirt  
And you're swaying hah

You look as though you've ate your one last meal  
You're conceit is all thats left  
You can sing a spiel  
You used to hide away in kiosk land  
Let's find you out and loosen up  
You're so upset

Making coffee for the poor machines  
Stipulate, copulate for all his schemes

I have you  
You have me  
We go where we want to be  
We have it  
We have fun  
We go places to have some hah

Well they're as stiff as New York  
With the right wing lights  
And the babies get for real if the group is right  
Following her swallowing some two-tone pills  
They said he's looking crazy but he's so well built  
You're moving steady, soon you'll be that star  
Don't wrap up my tomorrows in your infectious car  
They'll line you up and strip you down you'll see  
That you're still the horny two-eyed bitch you used to be

Harree aee ah

Your mothers and your fathers and your boyfriend too  
They're hiding places can't and won't expect you to

But he's seen shadows upon that ball  
Fix the cast or fix to catch the things they install  
They'll soon realize that stardom's going to your head  
They'll visualize you rising my poor blood is dead...

Your mother father brother sister too  
Natural best  
All the best go on you

I have you  
You have me  
We go where we want to be  
We have it  
We have fun  
We go places to have some

(Harree aee ah)

Lalalalalalalalalalala la  
Lalalalalalalalalalala la

Lalalalalalalalalalala la