Scorpio Rising

Brett Anderson

There's anger in their skin It's just a style for them They move with murder in their vein A cardboard filled indoors They pass the daylight off And kiss their innocence away Scorpio rising Scorpio rising Scorpio rising It's on the wind Their lies are analysed By intellectual types Who know the depth of their disease And love is just a game To pass the hours away To spend endeavours on your knees Scorpio rising Scorpio rising Scorpio rising It's on the wind Scorpio rising Scorpio rising Scorpio rising It's on the wind It's on the wind It's on the wind It's on the wind