

# Accumulates

David Gray

Well, it grips and it grins  
It cavorts and it gyrates  
And it whispers from the wings  
Knowingly insinuates  
Shines a certain light on things  
Emphasising your least likeable traits

Baby, it accumulates  
Baby, it accumulates

In the depots, in the silos  
On the pallets, in the crates  
Down the aisles, wreathed in smiles  
In great mountains, on our plates  
Like the love of God, it enters you  
In all kinds of amorphous states

Baby, it accumulates  
Baby, it accumulates

Mindless need is loosed among us  
In our homes and down our streets  
Singing like some mythic creature  
Of great Edens, through the gates  
And you can have better suction  
Even wanton destruction  
And all of this at very competitive rates

Baby, it accumulates  
Baby, it accumulates  
Baby, it accumulates

Looking down from the highrise  
Staring back with your own eyes  
Playing games with the numbers  
Messing 'round with the dates  
Altering its positions  
Muttering sweet propositions  
Doing its damndest to get you  
Between the sheets  
And you might start out  
Kicking and screaming  
Pretty soon you're gonna wind up  
Sucking on the teats

'Cause, baby, it accumulates  
Baby, it accumulates  
Baby, it accumulates