

Twist In My Sobriety

Liza Minnelli

It's Liza with a Z, not Lisa with a S
'Cause Lisa with a S goes S, not Z, huh
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'Cause Lisa with a S goes S, not Z, huh

All God's children needs traveling shoes
Drive your problems from here
All good people read good books
Now your conscience is clear
Now your conscience is clear

In the morning, when I wipe my brow
Wipe the miles away
I like to think that I can be so willed
And never do what you say
And never do what you say

Look, my eyes are just holograms
Look, your love has drawn red from my hands
In my hands you know you'll never be
More than twist in my sobriety
(Twist, twist)

We just poked a little empty pie
For the fun that people had at night
Late at night don't need hostility
The timid smile and pause to free

I don't care about their different thoughts
Different thoughts are good for me
Up in arms and chaste and whole
All God's children took their toll

Look, my eyes are just holograms
Look, your love has drawn red from my hands
In my hands you know you'll never be
More than twist in my sobriety
(Twist, twist)

Half the people read the papers
Read them good and well
(Oh, yeah)
Pretty people, nervous people
People have got to sell
(Oh, yeah)
News you have to sell
(Oh, yeah)

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(Oh, yeah)

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(Twist)
(Oh, yeah)

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