

Hot Roy

Peter Murphy

On top of the game
In a rain playground
Our boys game worth on
Soon it'd be killers' hours

Hot roy in the middle
Could not hear me humming
That something was there
Our future was coming

And then him, he's white
He's rot or he's tight
We're must from the hollow
We're must from the hollow
And better to go
There will be assault
We catch silver bullets
We're saving our heroes

In the blind of wheel snap
It was all we ever wanted
From Harry to alcove
From screen-kiss to tag
No longer a middle
Inimitable icons
A kiss blow to cigar
Our future was coming

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