

My Spine (Is The Bass Line)

Shriekback

No Guts, No Blood: No Brains At All
(repeat 4X)

My spine is the bassline, and the top line
could be broken glass
all amusing views of those better men
dirty habits' hand on the purses' strings

Quiet fear of the passing time
gently magnify the dividing line
all this history could be blown away on a breath of
lust

Trajectory, synchronicity, how the choice is made with
a fresh resolve
jamming tight up to the barrier
down a string of nerves so these feelings go

My spine is the bassline and the top line is the
distant past
all that history, all those books have gone
they've been blown away on a breath of lust

No Guts, No Blood: No Brains At All
(repeat 4X)

(spoken)

He can rip out the chassis and gearbox, could replace
it with the neck and the chest
He can feel it in the back of the ribcage, he can kick
it 'til it gets in the sense
He's been thinking about dying in public, he's been
tensing up his arms and his legs
He can have you home in a heap in a heartbeat, He'll go
messing with the Civil Defense
There's no joy in the squander of resource, there's
more passion in the pump of a plug,
he can leave you at the club with the cashbox, he can
push you at the pressure above
(repeat, and fade)