

The A Song (Laid In Your Arms)

Spiritualized

These are the words, they're as old as the hills
Cooked on a diet of mushrooms and pills
One man's crime is another man's thrill
And we're gone

Gonna get beat to the beat of your heart
Gonna get wings on your wings for a start
Take it down easy, won't know where you are
And you're gone

And we're laid in your arms
We're laid in your arms

Summer is easy, the cotton is high
Mama's good-looking, your papa has died
One man's love is another man's crime
And we're gone

Idiot bastard, son of a gun
Heaven is easy, your living is done
Take it down easy, won't know what you've done
And we're gone

And we're laid in your arms
We're laid in your arms
We're laid in your arms
We're laid in your arms

Clock on the wall says it's quarter to four
TV set's on but you've seen it before
One man's crime is another man's cure
And you're gone

Clock on the wall says it's quarter to six
TV set's on but you're sick of the pricks
One man's crime is another man's hit
And we're gone

And we're laid in your arms
We're laid in your arms
We're laid in your arms
We're laid in your arms

Your only love is a love of the gods
Living your life with unfortunate sods
One man's even, the other man odd
And you're gone

You're gone with a wave of your hand
Gone with your head in the sand
Gone, you won't understand
Gone, die like a man