

Throw Your Soul Down Here

Steve Harley

No more selvedge, there's no more still left
No more champagne please and no more delights
No more attacks 'till we've buried the dead
No more magnificent testimonies, paper phonies

Show me your colors
Show me your colors, please
Then throw your soul down here

Check out senorita, the cloth has appeared
With gold in his fingernails, tinsel in his beard
He's preaching again and has boring us stiff
So I'm off to tintagel to climb the steps with the midnight chi
eftain

Halloe'en staff did so fanciful fly
'All Men are Hungry', who said that tonight
Behold this battle goes on every day
Between all the gangs on the costume build platform, dreamland

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(Look-)Out! don't you feel it the reds in your hair
That's pulled down in your pocket 'cause you have eaten your sh
are
Behold to distinguish the blacks from the white
You're gonna have to open your Pandora's box here tonight, then

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