

## Dirty Epic

## Underworld

Sweet in winter sweet in rain  
Shake well before use she said  
You never touch me anymore this way

Connector in. Receiver out  
You let me in through the back door  
Ride the sainted rhythms on the midnight train to Romford  
Ride the sainted rhythms

Sweet in winter sweet in rain  
Shake well before use she said  
You never touch me anymore this way  
Oh no  
Connector connector connector connector  
You're a connector connector connector connector

I'm so dirty  
And the light blinds my eyes  
You're oh so dirty  
And the light it blinds my eyes  
Here comes christ on crutches

Call me wet trampoline she said today  
Well I was too busy with my hand  
Shake well before use she said  
But you never touch me anymore  
I was busy listening for phone sex  
Coming through the back door  
In skin-tight trunks  
And we all went mental and danced

I get my kicks on channel six  
I get my kicks on channel six

To the off-peak electricity  
And the light blinds my eyes  
And I feel dirty  
And the light blinds my eyes  
And I feel so shaken in my faith  
Here comes christ on crutches  
And here comes another god  
Here comes another god  
Like a buffalo thunder  
With a smell of sugar and a velvet tongue  
And designer voodoo  
And I got phone sex to see me  
Thought the emptiness in my 501s  
Freeze-dried with a new religion  
And my teets stuffed back in my head

I get my kicks on channel six  
The light it burns my eyes  
And I feel so dirty  
Here comes christ on crutches  
I will not be confused  
Will not be confused  
They left me confused

I will not be confused with another man

This pressure of opinions

Lighten up

Listen to your eyes you said

But all I could see was Doris day

In a big screen satellite

Disappearing down the tube hole on farringdon street

With whiplash willy the motor psycho

And the light it burns my eyes

And the light it burns my eyes

I get my kicks on channel six