

Cuts You Up

Peter Murphy

I find you in the morning
After dreams of distant signs
You pour yourself over me
Like the sun through the blinds
You lift me up and get me out
Keep me walking But never shout
Hold the secret close I hear you say
You know the way It throws about
It takes you in And spits you out
It spits you out When you desire
To conquer it To feel you're higher
To follow it You must be clean
With mistakes That you do mean
Move the heart Switch the pace
Look for what seems out of place
On and on it goes
Calling like a distant wind
Through the zero hour we'll walk
Cut the thick and break the thin
No sound to break no moment clear
When all the doubts are crystal clear
Crashing hard into the secret wind
You know the way It twists and turns
Changing colour Spinning yarns
You know the way It leaves you dry
It cuts you up And takes you high
You know the way It's painted gold
Is it honey Is it cold
You know the way It throws about
It takes you in And spits you out
You know the way It throws about
It takes you in And spits you out
It spits you out When you desire
To conquer it To feel you're higher
To follow it You must be clean
With mistakes That you do mean
Move the heart Switch the pace
Look for what Seems out of place
It's o.k.
It goes this way
The line it twists
It twists away

Cuts you up
and spits you out
Keeps you walking
But never shout.

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