

Taste the Floor

The Jesus and Mary Chain

It's too cool
To get something done
Too many things move fast
I can't quite get a grip at last
And all the stars don't shine
And all the stars don't shine
And all the walls fall down
And all the fish get drowned

Here it comes
Can't you hear the sound of it
Just like a big brass drum
And some cunt's always scratching it
Just like a voice is pain
Just like the taste is pain
I wish that I could fly
You have to learn to fly

She's singing to herself
As she's singing in herself
And she walk right up to you
As she walk all over you

Don't turn off
I don't expect, I just accept
I'm happy in my box
You got to see the box upstairs

And the sun don't shine
And all the stars don't shine
And all the walls fall down
And all the fish get drowned

She's singing to herself
As she's singing in herself
And she walk right up to you
As she walk all over you