

# Spastica

## Elastica

A morbid fascination  
With all things in extreme  
The limited sports  
Will leave a spot on me  
Early in the morning  
I give it up for sleep  
I'm going to need attention  
But all I hear is my heart beat Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh His spastic aspirations  
Would make a man out of me  
Bleeding from his brain, Such sensitivity  
Monsters of the present  
Are the Monsters of the past  
Took a look in your lyric book  
Your head's right up your arse  
Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh It's unbelievable  
The way you've got it all  
It seems too probable  
Oh, Oh The Inner-city fauna  
Is crawling round your feet  
a morbid fascination with all things in extreme  
a limited sport will leave its spot on me  
early in the morning, i've given up on sleep  
i'm in need of attention, but all i hear is my heart beathis spastic aspirations will make a man of  
me  
brought him for displaying such sensitivity  
monsters of the present are the monsters of the past  
took a look in your lyric book, your head's right up your arseit's unbelievable, the way you got  
it all  
it seems improbable  
the inner city fauna is crying round your feet  
i never really noticed how your eyebrows seemed to meet  
in perpetual fear of being swallowed whole  
beached in the suburbs in the body of a whale

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>