

# 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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