Siouxsie and The Banshees, She's A Carnival

In the heart of the night She smiles like Mardi-Gras Spinning in a dizzy haze. Her circus head giggles It's a friendly disease Catching colours from the air

So with your hands upon the hips Of the dancing flesh ... She's a Carnival... And when it's lip to lip In a surprise-time kiss ... She's a Carnival...

Mosaic eye, gypsy eye Glowing as it dazzles She's a portrait of a poison For you to quench your thirst A portrait of a poison...