

Sisters Of Mercy, You Could Be The One

All God's children give good phone
I called Jesus, he's not home so
I'm so pleased to talk to you
Trees and walks, I love them too
Threatened species, they adore me
Flower children never bore me

But all the things you share are
Better left unsaid
When you can give me head
And run your fingers through my hair

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, You could be the one
We can meditate
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, you could be the one
Let's call it fate
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, you could be the one
To get your flowers pressed
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, you could be the one
Just get undressed

I'm so glad to find you here
Mystic people, they're so dear
I don't like the rest, your sign's the best
Whatever it is I'm most impressed
I don't need to understand
The laying on of hands
I'm in a hurry to get my karma straight
'Cause life is short and I can't wait
But don't worry about the state
Of this pretty little thing in the armour plate

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Let's call it fate
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, you could be the one
To get your flowers pressed
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, you could be the one
Just get undressed

I'm so pleased that you believe
Now open up a little let the good times heave
We're going for a ride
Destiny can't be denied
But all those precious things are better left unsaid
When you can give me hair
And run your fingers though my head

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Love
Is all you need.