

# The Cult, Joy

Yeah, I poisoned myself but I survived the thrill of life  
I altered my state of mind so I could fly, mmm  
Yeah, travelled beyond my pedestrian ties  
My innocence, yeah, and those sweet lies  
I rode in that car as far as it would take me, take me

I don't need no gun  
I walk into the sun  
Find what's going on  
Find what's going down  
I don't need no gun  
I walk into your fun  
Fun into the sun  
Find what's going on

Your velvet tear rolled down my back  
Your arms wrapped tight around me  
I felt so good knowing that you could let go with me, yeah

I don't need no gun  
I walk into your sun  
Find what's going on  
Find what's going down  
I don't need no gun  
I walk into your fun  
I don't need the sun  
To find what's going on  
Crazy hippie girl  
Soft lips make me swirl  
More than I can feel  
Mystery to me  
Yeah-hey-yeah

Joy d'vivre, yeah

Mysterious life, what do you hold for us in your cloak?  
I begin to shake, your horses, they are frightening me, well

I don't need no gun  
I walk into your sun  
Find what's going on  
Find what's going down  
I don't need no gun  
I walk into your fun  
I don't need the sun  
To find what's going on  
Crazy hippie girl  
Soft lips make me swirl  
More than I can feel  
A mystery to me  
Had my child son  
I'm a young king now  
Hey mysterious life  
Holy criticised  
Yeah-hey-yeah  
Yeah-hey-yeah

Joy d'vivre...