

Ultravox, My Sex

My sex
Waits for me
Like a mongrel waits
Downwind on a tight rope leash
My sex
Is a fragile acrobat
Sometimes I'm a novocaine shot
Sometimes I'm an automat
My sex
Is often solo
Sometimes it short circuits then
Sometimes it's a golden glow
My sex
Is invested in
Suburban photographs
Skyscraper shadows on a carcrash overpass
My sex
Is savage, tender
It wears no future faces
Owns just random gender
My sex
Has a wanting wardrobe
I still explore
Of all the bodies I knew and those I want to know
My sex
Is a spark of electro flesh
Leased from the tick of time
And geared for synchromesh
My sex
Is an image lost in faded films
A neon outline
On a high-rise overspill
My sex
(Repeat and fade)